

The Times

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FIVE CENTS

THEATERS—WITH Dates of Events.
RPHEUM—A Big Bouquet of Vaudeville Beauties.

—Five New Acts—13 New People—13

GUTHRIE MANFIELD and
CARL WILDE,
in "A French Novel."JOHNSON and DEAN,
Color-Coded Entertainers.HOPKINS and FULLER,
Los Angeles Trick Cyclists.WHITE WALL and WALTERS,
"Music to Dance."

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boy wore. That
for little boys
sisters. Double
sisters. Mid-
the little sisters
are strongly sewed
sisters, stylish andJessie Bartlett Davis, Next Week.
WAIT and WATCH for the announcement about
"Jessie Bartlett Davis Day."
It will be the queen of day for the Queen of Song
Sept. 26, 27a, 10a. Matinee, 9a, 25c. Phone M. 1447
CROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER—OLIVER MOROSCO
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TONIGHT—ALL WEEK—ONLY MATINÉE SATURDAY.

THE OLIVER-LESLIE COMPANY,
Coming for the first time in America for less than \$1.50 price, the beautiful
and powerful drama

JUDAH. 77

ARTHUR JONES, author of "The Daring Girl," "The Beggar's Comedy," "The Madwoman," etc. Picturesque Settings. Dramatic Suspense. Great Music. GENE PRICE—10a, 28a, 35a, 50c. Tel-
ephone 1254. NOTE—Phone called by telephone held until 8 p.m. on the eveningENTERTAINMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—
WITH Dates of Events.

WICH FARM, SOUTH PASADENA—

Open Sundays from 1:00 P.M. to 6:00 P.M.
OSTRICH FEATHER BOAS
OSTRICH FEATHER FANS
PLUMES AND TIPS.You can have them 25 to 40 per doz. by
buying your feathers direct from the producer.COMPLETE CATALOGUE MAILED ON
REQUEST OF 2-CENT STAMP.

LKS' HALL—SATURDAY NIGHT—DANCE AND HARRIETTE

LANCHARD HALL—Can be opened for private parties, receptions
and general public purposes. Standard Building Music and Art Studio.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL—

MEAL TABLE—

Redondo Beach..

Fine Fishing from the
two long wharves, surf
and plunge bathing.

Ten-ride Tickets \$1.50

Good for yourself and friends.
Tickets interchangeable.

THE GOLDEN COAST QUARTETTE—

Composed of Mrs. Edward Quigley, Misses Alberta Merritt, Zella Barker
and Grace Clark, will sing at

TERMINAL ISLAND Sunday, September 23d

There are exceptionally fine and you should make the musical tour offered

TERMINAL RAILWAY

Daily Train Terminal Islands—Leave 4:00 P.M., 5:00 P.M., 10:25 A.M., 10:35 A.M., 12:35 P.M., 1:35 P.M., 2:35 P.M., 3:35 P.M., 4:35 P.M., 5:35 P.M.

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M.T. LOWE RAILWAY—
"Greatest Scenic Trip on Earth."
Sunday ExcursionROUND TRIP \$1.75 "Linen Bag"
Linen Bag Train—Leave 4:00 P.M. to Los Angeles Terminal.
Passenger and Luggage Office 220 Spring Street, Tel-
ephone Main 650.Millinery Open
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—105 North Spring Street

CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS—

ARROWS—They picture a world of art
—17—Models—17.McKINLEY AND ROOSEVELT—
Hon. Samuel M. Shortridge

Will address the people of Los Angeles on FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 28,

President Roosevelt and Hon. Samuel M. Shortridge, members of the delegation to the Pan-American Exposition, will speak at HAZARD'S PAVILION, Tuesday evening, Sept.

CHAS. A. TOWNE, Chairman Republican State Central Committee.

GENERAL BARRETT, Mining

miners showing signs of weakness.

Work of clearing Galveston now on.

Train robbery in Nebraska.

MONTEGO BAY, Notables on closing day

of the Stockton fair...Nick Young to be

deposited...Race results at Glenwood and Hawthorne and Elkhorn Park.

Oakland meeting open...Blasters and

Coast baseball.

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AMERICA MAKES ANSWER TO INQUIRIES OF ALL THE POWERS.

Started for the train, Mrs. McKinley was stopped by a roadster, him, the President took his coat, and Governor Coolidge took the remaining seat. Good-bye were exchanged at the station after the train arrived.

"It is said one of the objects of your visit to California is to ascertain the best to take an active part in the campaign, especially to have him make some speeches in the West," a reporter said to Senator Hanna.

"This was never true—it was not even thought of," said the Senator. "I am on my way East; I will stop in my Cleveland home until Sunday evening. There was nothing decided on as a result of my visit, nor was it expected that there would be as I merely wanted to talk over the campaign in with the President, and to see how things are progressing."

BOOKETT IN WYOMING.

GIVES PROSPERITY TALKS.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

GREEN RIVER (Wyo.). Sept. 22.—The Roosevelt train, on its journey farther, today, stopped at Evanston and Green River. At each place the Governor made brief speeches. At Green River the Governor said:

"Under the administration of President McKinley there is bound what we call prosperity. I want you to compare the conditions as they existed six or eight years ago with the conditions as they exist now. Then it was not easy to get work; now, any man who wants to work can get it. You must not let the country down. Want the present conditions to continue or whether you want to take the chances of going back to the old conditions."

TEDDY AT EVANSTON.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

EVANSTON (Wyo.). Sept. 22.—Gov. Roosevelt's special train arrived here at 10 o'clock this morning, and remained two hours. The Governor made a speech in the opera-house. He said:

"Four years ago it was exceedingly difficult to find work, there was little work in abundance, and no ample supply for all, so that the condition of the wage workers, and especially of the business men, and the merchant, is immensely improved."

"In your votes this fall, you should not endorse the men who have tried to deceive you with false prophecies, but rather those whose promises have been kept."

HARD FIGHT AHEAD.

SACRAMENTO NOT OVER-COMPETITIVE.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON. Sept. 22.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Representative Babcock, chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, got here today from a trip through the West and said frankly that the Republicans had not yet been able to find time to carry the next House of Representatives. Mr. Babcock says he apprehends that if the strike in Pennsylvania grows worse, instead of better, it is likely to mix things badly in that Republican State, and nobody can tell just when the election will be on election day. He said the committee was going to work hard, however, and he entertains strong hopes that it may pull the House through all right.

HOPEFUL JONES.

BAPTIZED WITH NEW YORK.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

CHICAGO. Sept. 22.—Col. J. M. Jones today emphatically denied the story that Col. Bryan had caused his speaking engagements in Illinois and other Western States in order to hurry to New York at his request. Senator Jones stated that Col. Bryan will proceed to New York to speak on October 24, as announced, and not before that time.

"I am thoroughly satisfied with the situation in New York," said the Senator. "We will have a big majority there."

GOOT TO TALK WELL.

MONTANA STUMPS IN AUTOMOBILE.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

LINCOLN (Neb.). Sept. 22.—Mr. Bryan today continued his canvass of the First Nebraska Congress District, starting out early in an automobile. He intended to make three speeches before returning late tonight. The first stop was made at Waverly, in Lancaster County, where he talked in a family strait to old men and women dwelling socially on the "civics" of "conservatism" and "militarism," as he views those questions. This afternoon he spoke at Wirth.

Montana Politics.

MT. PAUL. Sept. 22.—A Helena, Mont., special correspondent said:

"Although the Clark Democrats offered a fusion with the Populists, they lost the Labor party and the Dixie faction. It looked for a time last night as if the Populists would be defeated also. As it is Montana will have four State tickets; the Labor party already having named J. A. Ferguson for Governor. Their tickets will be completed today."

Santa Cruz Republic.

SANTA CRUZ. Sept. 22.—At the Republican County Convention today George G. Radcliffe received the nomination for Assembly. J. S. Collins and J. D. Moore were nominated for State Auditor. There was a deadlock in the San Lorenzo supervisorial nomination. Tumultuous ballots were taken. The name of Assembliesman Radcliffe was chosen. Tumult in the last Legislature was induced.

San Diego Democrats.

SAN DIEGO. Sept. 22.—The Democrats formally opened their campaign this evening with a meeting in Santa Fe Hall. A. E. Davis presided. The G. Tolson of Ventura, member of the State Board of Equalization. His name was largely devoted to trusts and imperialism.

Placerville Nominations.

PLACERVILLE. Sept. 22.—Today the Democratic County Convention met in this city and nominated S. W. Irving of El Dorado for Assembly and the G. Tolson of Ventura, member of the State Board of Equalization. His name was largely devoted to trusts and imperialism.

Andover Without Opposition.

SUQUIM. Sept. 22.—J. B. Snell, the Democratic nominee for Assemblyman of the Kitsap County district, won today. This leaves Assembliesman Alden Anderson, the Republican nominee, without opposition.

Democrats Challenge Name.

LINCOLN (Neb.). Sept. 22.—Vice-chairman of the Populist National Committee has sent a joint resolution to Senator Hanna to a joint discussion.

Town in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO. Sept. 22.—Charles A. Towne opened the Democratic campaign in San Francisco yesterday. He was cheered by a large crowd.

toward various phases of the Chinese problem. The forecasts of these notes made in the press appear to have been accurate, for, although nowhere in the text is reference made to the withdrawal of the United States troops from China, the official statement issued by the Navy Department in advance of the publication of the notes, bears out the prediction that the government finally has decided upon such a material reduction of its military force as will amount to a withdrawal of the army as an offensive instrument. This statement from the Navy Department, moreover, is full of significance of a purpose on the part of the government to see to it that if there is any subsequent attempt at territorial aggression on the part of the powers who already have declared themselves as willing to abide by the expressed determination of the United States to refrain from seizing upon Chinese territory, then the United States is to lose no right or privilege which it now enjoys by such action.

The notes themselves are brief, considering the importance of the topics treated. The Russian and Japanese answers, being in the form of diplomatic memoranda, are short to a degree rarely seen in diplomatic exchanges. But in both cases, being completely responsive and favorable to the inquiry, they will escape criticism on that score.

The answer to the German note is carefully phrased, so as to soften the unqualified refusal of the United States government to make the punishment of the Chinese ringleaders a condition precedent to negotiations. Also, it is noted that in the expression of a purpose to reduce the ultimate and prior punishment of these offenders, the State Department goes far beyond the German declaration on the subject.

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The text of the correspondence follows:

Chinese correspondence, September 15, 1900.—Proposal of the German government in regard to the delivery of the responsible authors of recent crimes committed in Peking and the reply of the United States thereto.

GERMANY'S NOTE.

(The Imperial German chargé d'affaires to the Secretary of State.)

PRINCIPAL GERMAN ENCLAVE,

Washington, D.C., Sept. 15, 1900.

Mr. Secretary: By direction of the Imperial Chancellor, I have the honor to respectfully communicate to Your Excellency the following: The government of His Majesty, the Emperor, considers as a preliminary condition for entering into diplomatic negotiations with the Chinese government, a surrender of such persons as are determined upon as being the first and real perpetrators of the crimes committed in Peking against international law.

On the other hand, this government is disposed to hold that the punishment of the high responsible authors of the wrongs, not only in Peking, but throughout China, is essentially a condition to be embraced and provided for in the negotiations for a final settlement.

It is the purpose of this government, at the earliest practicable moment, to name its plenipotentiary for negotiating a settlement with China, and the government of His Majesty, the Emperor, is held to be the first and real perpetrator of these wrongs.

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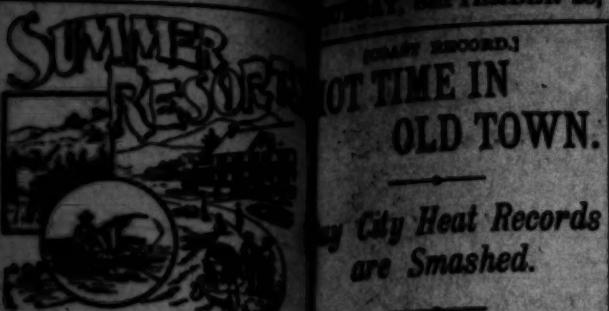
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Warm Days
IN

September

SHOULD BE SPENT AT

Hotel de...
Coronado

ALWAYS
COMFORTABLE

CORONADO AGENCY,
200 S. Spring St.
M. H. Morrison, Agt.

HOTELS OF FIRE.

SHANTY SECTION VISITED.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

SACRAMENTO, Sept. 22.—Several houses of this county were swept by the high wind of Friday night. One near Patterson, about one mile northeast of town, was burned, the porch of which caught fire, destroying a large barn, two houses of one and one-half story, outhouses, fences and many tons of hay in the stack. The loss amounted to several thousand dollars.

At the same time a grass fire swept through Gottsch's stable, above town and burned over the lower west of foothills, sweeping everything before it. Over a thousand tons of feed were destroyed and fence posts.

At the same time a fire started near Mill Creek, about eighteen miles up the American River, and burned over a thousand acres.

At the same time a fire burned over the ranches near Franklin, in the eastern part of the county, destroying several hundred acres of feed and over one hundred tons of hay. The fire was started on the home ranch of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Estes, Johnstone, a barn, a full ton of hay, 200 sacks of feed and 100 tons of baled hay belonging to the Farmers and Merchants Bank of this city, were consumed.

The fire was received here that a stub.

in the vicinity of Lincoln, San Joaquin county, had done much damage, especially to the new, recently erected houses in the town.

AROUND SANTA ROSA.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

SANTA ROSA, Sept. 22.—Forest fires were raging in several localities near here. Yesterday the hills in the vicinity of Occidental were burned over, 800 tons of timber being destroyed. The fire bridge at the bridge at Occidental was burned, and the school house narrowly escaped being destroyed.

At night the flames were burning almost at the edge of town, and everybody who had fighting to do was soon out. The church had a somewhat similar experience. The church was saved only by the most heroic efforts of all the men, women and children in the town. The fire, however, was caused by the burning of the high grass.

One of Cleorwold and east of Plea-
seerville, on the Lake County side of the range, near Utah a fire was also burning, and another near Calistoga, where the west was still burning, in the mountains. The fire bridge at the Calistoga station, it has swept all before it. Pasture and timber have suffered accordingly. The heat and smoke from the burning of the grasses in the mountains of Northern California were considerable for a time at San Francisco because of a fire that was taking the Coniferous forest. The smoke worked its way until the flames were uncontrolled. The blaze started in some trees.

GREAT LOSS IS FEARED.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

SAN RAFAEL, Sept. 22.—The fire which started in the San Geronimo hills between San Francisco and Novato continues to burn fiercely. All the shacks have been destroyed, the San Rafael, and the sun dried out the ground and timber land. The fire has spread to the south and west, and a large area of land is now covered. The third week a fire has been burning among the thousands.

SEVEN MILES BURNED.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

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single plant was in flames. The loss will be heavy.

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MUCH LUMBER IS DESTROYED.

TRUCKEE, Sept. 22.—At 6 o'clock tonight fire caught in the lumber yards of the Truckee Lumber Company. It originated from sparks from a saw-dust burner. In a few moments 1,000,000 feet of seasoned lumber was ablaze in the middle of the vast lumber yards in the upper end of town. Volunteers with streams from the factory pump, mill pump, McGlashan water system and from the railroad and fire truck from the Fire Department surrounded the blazing lumber piles and kept the fire from spreading. Piles of lumber a few feet away and the flames were saved. The fire is now thoroughly subdued, though at one time the entire town of Truckee was considered lost. The loss is 1,000,000 feet of clear lumber, covered by insurance.

**HELD UP A TRAIN
SINGLE-HANDED.**

**BOLD ROBBERY ON THE NORTHERN
PACIFIC—SHOTS EXCHANGED
WITH CONDUCTOR.**

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

SPOKANE (Wash.), Sept. 22.—Single-handed, a masked robber held up the west-bound passenger train on the Northern Pacific at 1 o'clock this morning, and succeeded in getting away with between \$400 and \$500 in cash, several watches and a quantity of jewelry. The robbery occurred after the conductor had stopped the train at Rathdrum. The hold-up was evidently carefully planned, and was executed with a cool deliberation which showed the robber thoroughly understood his business. Until he left the train few of the passengers realized that only one man was in the plot.

Conductor was the only passenger on the train who offered serious resistance, and a few shots from the robber's gun effectively silenced the trainmen. At the robber stepped off the train and the conductor came out of the tourist car and fired twice at the robber. The latter returned the fire, clipping a piece of leather from the conductor's coat. The conductor was the lead of the hold-up, but every occupant of three cars was terrorized.

The man boarded the train at Sandpoint, Idaho, and was shot twice. He is described as being a little over five feet in height, of slight build, had a light mustache and wore a dark suit of civilian dress. He was wearing a watch chain and a ring.

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The country in which the robber hunt is being conducted is extremely impenetrable, and the bandits are believed to follow from one mountain fastness to another with the speed possible in such a region. A number of horses are now at the end of their resources in the way of securing fresh mounts, while the pursuers are making headway. A short search made of a coat sleeve. For some reason he did not use the sack, but slipped money and valuables into the pocket.

ROBBERY NEAR ROME.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

WINNEUMCCA (Nev.), Sept. 22.—Todays news is received that only one man was in the plot. Conductor was the only passenger on the train who offered serious resistance, and a few shots from the robber's gun effectively silenced the trainmen. At the robber stepped off the train and the conductor came out of the tourist car and fired twice at the robber. The latter returned the fire, clipping a piece of leather from the conductor's coat. The conductor was the lead of the hold-up, but every occupant of three cars was terrorized.

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SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 22.—The German transport Frankfurt has arrived here from Japan and will at once be prepared for the carrying of horses to China. Soon after the vessel entered the harbor of San Francisco, it was discovered that the horses were placed below deck without having been secured to the muzzles, while covering them with a formidable-looking revolver. Some of the passengers insisted that the hands were full of work, but the horses were secured to the muzzles of the revolver.

The first consignment of coal, consisting of 600 sacks, has just been hauled from the mines by team.

ENGINEER'S FATAL SHIP.

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THE CROWN OF LIFE.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

PHOENIX (Ariz.), Sept. 22.—The Northern Pacific offers \$2000 reward for the capture of the lone highwayman who held up the west-bound train near Athol, Idaho, at midnight yesterday. A large sum was paid in reward of the information which led to the apprehension of the robber. Instead of occurring early this morning, the attempted robbery occurred at 7 o'clock last night, and is believed to have been committed by the same man. The robbery was caused by the alarm which was given to the few people at the Rathdrum station.

OFFICIAL SILENT.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

ST. PAUL (Minn.), Sept. 22.—The German officials in this city at first discredited the reported hold-up of one of their trains early today near Athol, Idaho, but later confirmed the facts, and said that the conductor was captured before it reached the station. The conductor was captured before it reached the station.

At night the flames were burning almost at the edge of town, and everybody who had fighting to do was soon out. The church had a somewhat similar experience. The church was saved only by the most heroic efforts of all the men, women and children in the town. The fire, however, was caused by the burning of the high grass.

One of Cleorwold and east of Plea-
seerville, on the Lake County side of the range, near Utah a fire was also burning, and another near Calistoga, where the west was still burning, in the mountains. The fire bridge at the Calistoga station, it has swept all before it. Pasture and timber have suffered accordingly. The heat and smoke from the burning of the grasses in the mountains of Northern California were considerable for a time at San Francisco because of a fire that was taking the Coniferous forest. The smoke worked its way until the flames were uncontrolled. The blaze started in some trees.

GREAT LOSS IS FEARED.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

SAN RAFAEL, Sept. 22.—The fire which started in the San Geronimo hills between San Francisco and Novato continues to burn fiercely. All the shacks have been destroyed, the San Rafael, and the sun dried out the ground and timber land. The fire has spread to the south and west, and a large area of land is now covered. The third week a fire has been burning among the thousands.

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BOGLE CASE ENDING.

EVIDENCE IS ALL TAKEN.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

SANTA ROSA, Sept. 22.—The Bogle case was finished today as far as the introduction of evidence is concerned. At the afternoon session of court Dr. Bogle, the defendant, took the stand and for the first time told his story of the killing and of the circumstances which led up to it. He told of falling out with Miller over the settlement of the disputed account of Miller's threats and suspicious actions, and of his efforts to avoid trouble, and finally of the time when he shot Miller. Bogle was coming down the hill past the Miller premises. As Miller caught sight of him, he started down the hill, and Bogle shot him, hitting him in the back pocket.

"Stand back," cried Bogle.

"I do not want to have any trouble with you."

"I am not your friend," said with an oath.

In the meantime Dr. Bogle heard two sharp clicks, resembling those following the cocking of a revolver, and hurriedly drawing his pistol, he fired four shots and killed his friend.

After hearing the fact that assistance was near at hand, Bogle then walked down town and gave himself up. It was announced that the case would go to the jury some time Monday.

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STRIKERS ARE WEAKENING.

English-speaking Men Want to Work.

Quiet Throughout the Coal Region.

Efforts Made to Start all Idle Mines Monday—Owners' Peace Terms.

11 P. M. NIGHT REPORT.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 22.—At the end of the first week of the strike in the coal fields there are not many signs of the miners' return to their work. This sentiment is generally confined, so far as reported, to the English-speaking element among the mine workers. Experience has shown that these men are the most conservative, the foreigners being impulsive and hot-headed in strike times. According to the miners' committee negotiating the sending of troops to Schuylkill county, everything is reported quiet in the entire coal region today. There is a feeling that efforts will be made in all districts Monday to start mines that are now idle. The persistence of corporations and individual mine owners in asserting that they will not give in to the demands of their employees individually, but will never under any circumstances treat with the United Mine Workers, has undoubtedly had its effect, and it would not be surprising if many mines that have been closed since the strike began will resume operations, at least partially, the beginning

of the strike.

TROOPS KEEPING ORDER.

SCHUYLKILL REGION QUIET.

11 P. M. DAY REPORT.

HARRISBURG (Pa.), Sept. 22.—Gen. Stewart received a telegram from Gen. Gobin at 10:30 o'clock from Shenandoah, saying "everything was quiet in the Schuylkill region and under his control." He reached Shenandoah at daybreak with six companies of infantry and a report that he was to be relieved by the popular Major of the militia called to him and announced that they would cooperate with him in maintaining order. Gen. Gobin has begun to locate the troops in the region, and he expects to have them all in command by noon. The camp which was discovered at the Arsenal early this morning, and reached Shenandoah at 10:30 o'clock in charge of Col. Miller.

Gen. Stewart was on duty all night at the National Guard headquarters, and is meeting himself in touch with Gen. Gobin by telephone. The first train to arrive in the morning were Major Gen. McLean and Postonville, of the State Militia; and the 8th Regiment, attached to the Pennsylvania company, attached to the 1st. Col. Miller reached here at noon from Franklin, Pa., to consult with Gen. Stoen and Gen. Stewart, and personally to advise him of what he could do. Major Gen. McLean arrived during the day from Indiana, Pa., to advise with the military officials on any legal matters which may come before them. Gen. Gobin has issued a general order of the guard. An order has been issued by the major-general directing the commanding officers of the militia to remain at their posts, and the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 43d, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52d, 53d, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62d, 63d, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72d, 73d, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82d, 83d, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92d, 93d, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102d, 103d, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122d, 123d, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132d, 133d, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142d, 143d, 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1022d, 1023d, 1024th, 1025th, 1026th, 1027th, 1028th, 1029th, 1030th, 1031st, 1032d, 1033d, 1034th, 1035th, 1036th, 1037th, 1038th, 1039th, 1040th, 1041st, 1042d, 1043d, 1044th, 1045th, 1046th, 1047th, 1048th, 1049th, 1050th, 1051st, 1052d, 1053d, 1054th, 1055th, 1056th, 1057th, 1058th, 1059th, 1060th, 1061st, 1062d, 1063d, 1064th, 1065th, 1066th, 1067th, 1068th, 1069th, 1070th, 1071st, 1072d, 1073d, 1074th, 1075th, 1076th, 1077th, 1078th, 1079th, 1080th, 1081st, 1082d, 1083d, 1084th, 1085th, 1086th, 1087th, 1088th, 1089th, 1090th, 1091st, 1092d, 1093d, 1094th, 1095th, 1096th, 1097th, 1098th, 1099th, 1100th, 1101st, 1102d, 1103d, 1104th, 1105th, 1106th, 1107th, 1108th, 1109th,

THE OIL INDUSTRY.]**NEW DISTRICT.**

Has an Oily Prospect in Local Field.

Derricks Moving Closer to Whittier.

Jumpers' Operations in Kern County—A Light Business in Stocks.

Although a total of 40,000 shares changed hands on the floor of the Los Angeles Oil Exchange yesterday, the average price paid per share was a trifle above 4¢ cents.

Prices opened on a decline, and although they made a slight rally in several cases, closing quotations were under the closing prices of Friday.

Whittier opened at 25¢ cents, advanced to 26¢ cents, a quarter of a point lower than the day previous.

Southern Consolidated found a market at 25¢ cents and closed at 25¢ cents.

Unlisted stocks were the most active.

Transactions in listed stocks were as follows:

	Shares	Price
Southern Consolidated	1,000	25
Western Consolidated	1,000	25
Whittier	1,000	25
Winton	1,000	25
Wood Ranch	1,000	25
Fullerton Oil	1,000	25
Yerba Buena	1,000	25
United Crude Oil	1,000	25
Union Oil	1,000	25
Standard Oil Co.	1,000	25
Standard Oil Co. of Calif.	1,000	25
Total	4,000	25

Bids and offers were: Alpha, 21¢ cents; Central, 20¢ cents; Kern Oil, 20¢ cents; Standard: Whittier, 15 cents bid; Central, 20¢ cents asked; Continental, 75 cents bid, 80 cents asked; Parker, 20¢ cents bid, 20¢ cents asked; Kern, 15¢ bid; Western, 20¢ cents bid, 20¢ cents asked; Union, 20¢ cents bid, 20¢ cents asked; United Petroleum, 20¢ cents bid, 20¢ cents asked; Whittier Consolidated, 10¢ cents bid, 10¢ asked; Wilson, 10¢ cents bid, 10¢ asked.

Stocks of the companies during the call were as follows:

	Shares	Price
Union Jack	1,000	25
Oil City	1,000	25
Oil River	1,000	25
Oil Creek	1,000	25
Oil King	1,000	25
Oil Queen	1,000	25
Total	4,000	25

CALIFORNIA EXCHANGE.

On the California Oil and Stock Exchange yesterday business was slow.

The transactions reported for the day were:

	Shares	Price
Southern Consolidated	1,000	25
Standard Consolidated	1,000	25
Whittier	1,000	25
Winton	1,000	25
Wood Ranch	1,000	25
Fullerton Oil	1,000	25
Yerba Buena	1,000	25
United Crude Oil	1,000	25
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Oil Creek	1,000	25
Oil King	1,000	25
Oil Queen	1,000	25
Total	4,000	25

PROGRESS IN THAT TERRITORY.

FULLERTON.—[Regular Correspondence.] The Columbia Oil Company is having a new rig built.

The Fullerton-Riverside Oil Company has enough money in the treasury to put up a rig and drill its first well, owing to the fact that the directors provided \$6000 worth of stock.

The Standard Crude has its well down 300 feet. Water was struck near the bottom. The well is about forty feet in the hole. Work of casting off the flow is under way.

Mayor Hole has sold sixty acres of land in the Habra Valley, N. W. of Fullerton, to Mr. and Mrs. John C. Johnson and Dr. John C. Johnson.

Whittier will be about one-half mile from the oil fields.

All correspondence is strictly confidential.

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PASADENA.

Republican Meeting
Last Evening.

and People Heard
Sherridge.

Issues Discussed in
Manner by the
Gifted Speaker.

Sept. 22.—(Regular Correspondence.) The largest and most interesting meeting of the year thus far held this evening at the more than three thousand persons gathered to hear Samuel M. Sherridge, of Pasadena, present the case of the Republican party. The hold the attention of his audience for more than an hour, and frequently repeated that he had before the meeting of intelligent and discerning people arrived in Pasadena at noon, having been invited by John A. Cox of the Committee of the Republicans. Immediately upon his arrival for an automobile ride to company with Acting Senator, Harry Geoghegan and son. After dinner Mr. Sherridge, from the prominent position of the city, proceeded to the splendid city, provided by the Reception Committee, to the Wigwam by the side of Mt. Wilson, where he remained, and those who were present with the speaker were Crawford, Judge W. W. Morrison, William Brown, Dr. J. A. Weir, Harry Geoghegan, John A. Cox, and others. The chairman Mr. Geoghegan, who, after a campaign song by the Club, made a brief address of Mr. Sherridge, and the audience of the hotel.

It is a great honor and pleasure to look into the much of the intelligence, and the progressive, in-

teresting, what else could be said that question type of politics.

The speaker said the people from Atlanta to Georgia will stand by the President, and that they cannot afford to make a change at this time, because our duty as a nation must be fulfilled toward the Philippines. The speaker also showed how the balance in the country had increased, and the balance of trade turned in our favor.

In 1898, he said, we had a

large and strong protest predicted that if McKinley were elected, and if there should not be the free coinage of silver at the eternal and sacred altar of the Constitution, then the dollar would strike a dead bar and go down. Heaven was smiling on us in 1898, even as I believe it is smiling now. William McKinley was elected, as I believe he will be again, and the country did not go to ruin. Any American dollar is worth 100 cents whenever civilization exists; in Honolulu, in Africa, and in Timbuctoo.

All the predictions of disaster have failed. And when the day comes when your lights like the knights of old against this bugaboo of "imperialism."

The serious things of the campaign are the currency, the tariff and trade expansion. We hear no discussion of the practical issues from the Democratic.

Under the banner of McKinley, among the greatest, perhaps the greatest, of all the Presidents. Stand for the principles which are now in the Republican party of 1890.

On the banner of the Whigs,

the other patriots who strug-

gled for this glorious country,

to the end that we shall go forward to prosperity and peace.

What is the American

and statesmanlike adminis-

tracy has ever had. I have

seen no California will vote,

and the same day wherever it

was the value and the blood of

the American party at Philadel-

phia, as far as I know, but I

have seen none Populist or

Bryanites.

A special service, at which a collec-

tion at Galveston will be held at 7:30

o'clock Sunday evening at All Saints' Church, Dr. George Thomas Dowling, rector of Christ Church, and Rev. Mr. Dowling, an additional collection.

Mr. Gardner, Minister of the First Presbyterian Church, and there will be a special service before the body is taken East.

Twenty patients were cared for at the Pasadena Hospital during August, and the amount spent was \$1,000.

The amount received from patients was \$204.50, and the expenditures were \$400. During the summer sixteen free patients were accommodated.

The junior athletes of the Y.M.C.A.

were given a dinner at the association rooms. About fifty boys sat at the tables. Addresses were made by Rev. George Thomas Dowling, State Secretary W. M. Parsons and George Brown.

New H. S. Gage of Long Beach, for-

mer pastor of the Arlington Presby-

terian Church at Riverside, will ad-

dress the afternoon meeting of the

Y.M.C.A. Sunday Mr. Gage will speak at the annual meeting of the First Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Mary Delaney, the newly-ap-

pointed teacher of Greek and Latin in

the High School, arrived this morning

from the residence of J. M. Becker,

corner Euclid Avenue and Walnut

streets.

Mrs. Martin D. Durand, familiarly known as "Aunt Martin," died at her home in North Pasadena, Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

The funeral will be held Sunday

afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at Friends' Church, Raymond Avenue.

The contract for the construction of

the new Dry Goods Block at the corner

of Colorado street and Fair Oaks ave-

nue has been let to Weymouth Crowley of Pasadena. Mr. Crowley's bid was \$11,000.

His new Congregational Church is be-

ing built at Eagle Rock and the pastor,

Rev. H. G. French, arrived from his

vacation vacation, which was spent in Bear Valley, and will occupy his pulpit Sunday.

Contributions to the Board of Trade

Fund for Galveston sufferers are being sent slowly and steadily, and have been received. The total amount

subscribed to date is \$277.71, the last in-

stallment of which was forwarded to Galveston today by Secretary Sickler. About eighteen hundred pounds of supplies have been forwarded by a local transfer company.

The officers of the American Club no longer consider themselves as genocentric makers, a supply of regu-

lar arms having just been received from the arsenal at Benicia.

General Montgomery will speak at St. Andrew's Catholic Church. His topic will be "A Critic in the Religious World, and How to Avert It."

An Alhambra orange grower has become the fifth year a mischievous child of "imperialism." The man, who has been here for twenty years, is a member of the Imperialist Club, and is a resident native. In California, crowded with her fifty years, a mischievous child of "imperialism?" Were the pioneers a gang of marauders? Are the Native Americans the descendants of "imperialistic" freebooters? If so, will down the Stars and Stripes from the dome of our capital and tell Gov. Gage to give way to an imperialist? Will the fathers of California turn traitors when they scaled the mountains and took possession of this wonderful country? If it is "imperialism" to expand and grow, then what gives "imperialism" its name? What becomes the descendants of "imperialistic" freebooters?

If it is to pull down the Stars and Stripes from the dome of our capital and tell Gov. Gage to give way to an imperialist? Will the fathers of California turn traitors when they scaled the mountains and took possession of this wonderful country? If it is "imperialism" to expand and grow, then what gives "imperialism" its name? What becomes the descendants of "imperialistic" freebooters?

J. Quimby and daughter have returned from a two weeks' stay in the mountains.

Mrs. J. J. Rosow, teacher of ballroom and fancy dancing, will have classes at K. F. Hall this season, beginning October 1, for children's classes, and 5 p.m. for adults. For particulars call or address No. 19 Raymond avenue.

Every roll of wallpaper in the store will be sold Monday at some price, including goes. Drawbaugh 42 North Fair Oaks.

For next Oct. 1—Space in store, north side street, between Fair Oaks and Raymond. Address Box 62, Pasadena.

For pianos, pianettes, organ, or furnace, write for lower price, go to Murphy & Griffith Co.

Best 11 kid glove on earth, new fall shades just arrived. Dorman's, 20 East Colorado.

This pleasant looking citizens are the ones who reside at Brether's City Market.

Candy will be cheap at McCamey's school sale Monday and Tuesday.

School books and supplies; cheap prices. Call at Glasscock's.

You can always get what you want in fine groceries at Layton's.

Columbia Chainless Bicycles; light, easy running, graceful.

Poster mounting board; all colors, to size at Glasscock's.

The leading grocer—W. J. Kelly.

THROUGH WITH BEETS.

The Los Alamitos sugar factory finished with beets the first of the week after a successful run of almost a month. The factory is now busy running syrup with a good prospect ahead of several weeks' work before this is finished.

The manager of the factory has been very successful, the ranchers receiving good prices. The percentage of saccharine matter in the beets raised on damp lands can vary high.

ORANGE COUNTY ACTIVITIES.

Opening of the Political Campaign—Farmers Had Good Luck With Beets.

SANTA ANA, Sept. 22.—(Regular Correspondence.) The political pot is beginning to boil in Santa Ana, and present indications are that the campaign will be a very warm one. The Democrats and Populists are not as harmonious as the party leaders would desire, but efforts are being made to patch up the local differences and to present a solid front against the Republican party on November 4.

Orange County Central Committee has been quick to buy the week arrangements for meetings. C. C. Wright of Los Angeles spoke in Spurgeon's Hall this evening to a fair-sized audience, and next Wednesday afternoon the Populists expect to have one of the largest demonstrations of the campaign, the occasion being the appearance of Mr. Towns, the leader of the Populist party.

Wednesday evening the Republicans will open their campaign with considerable pomp, no little splendor and enthusiasm. E. M. Swartwout of Los Angeles, who is the brightest talker in the State, will be the orator of the evening, and the speaker will be introduced by Superior Judge Ballard. On this occasion the Orange County branch of the Populists will make their first public appearance in the new white duck uniforms with red braid trimmings, and it goes without saying that they will make a fine appearance.

A cordial invitation to all to be present irrespective of former party affiliations is extended by the Executive Committee.

NEW TILE FACTORY.

J. B. Raine of the potters has started up the machinery in his new tile factory, turning out several thousand tiles daily.

A number of men have been engaged in making the tile, and the manager of the factory has been very successful, the ranchers receiving good prices.

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NEW TILE FACTORY.

The Union Veteran Legion entered on their friends at the festival.

Friday evening the members of the Legion will make their first appearance in the new white duck uniforms with red braid trimmings, and it goes without saying that they will make a fine appearance.

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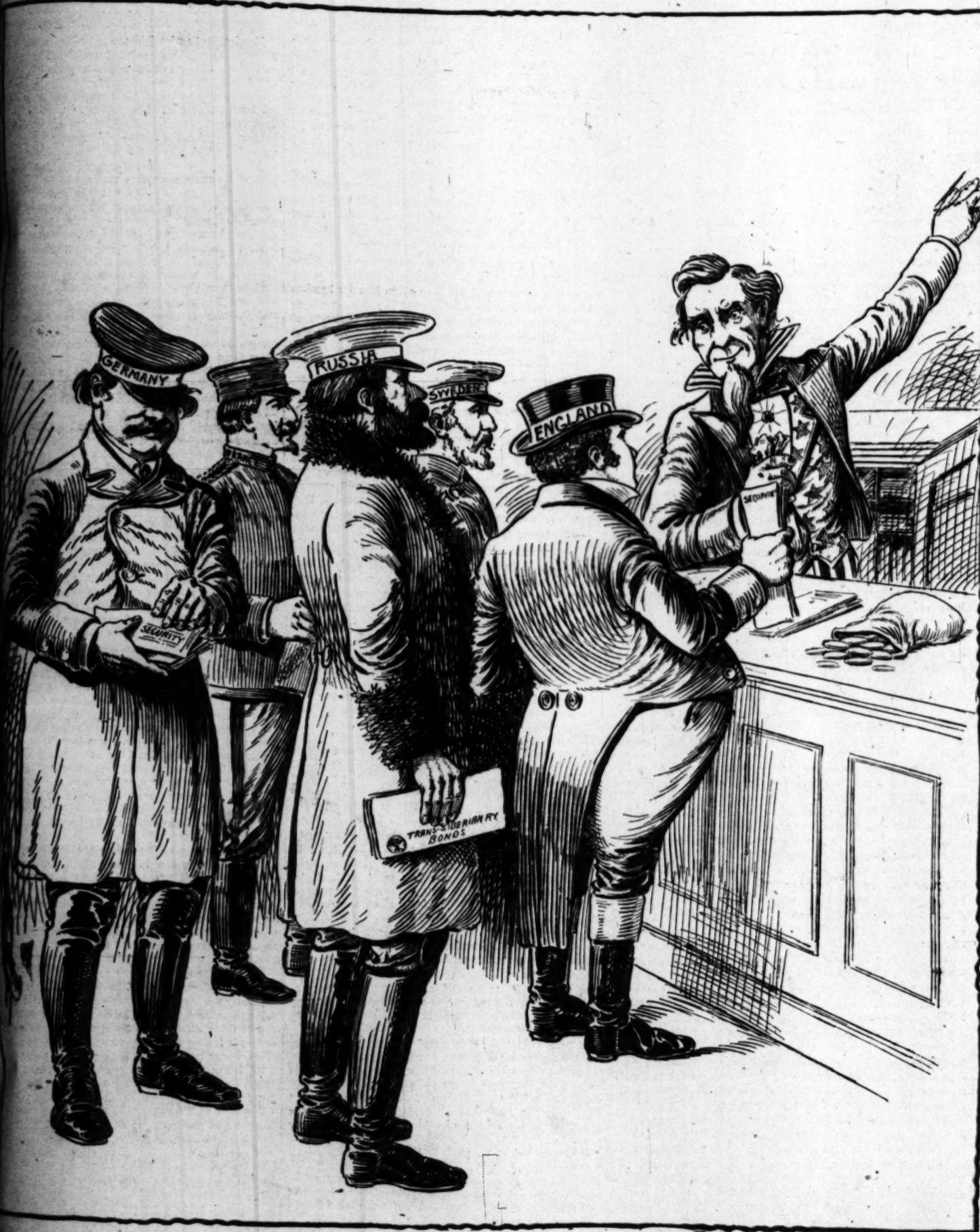
WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

SEPTEMBER 23, 1900.

PRICE PER YEAR.... \$2.50
SINGLE COPY.... 5 CENTS

THEY'RE ALL COMING HIS WAY.



Uncle Sam to the Borrowing Nations: "One at a time, boys. I'm doing a big business these days, but I'll fix you all out in time."

stepped out. Lord Roberts being a back number and too old to take the place to which he might suppose him

perfect is indicated by the experience of the commander of a volunteer force who recently sent to the War Office the

initi, and all the rest of the world were

before me we were treated fairly and considered to be the greatest of the Eu-

E. E. Crandall made a

[September]

September 23, 1900.]

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, though only in its third year, is an established success. It is complete in itself being served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing strong Californian color and a piquant Southwestern flavor; Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches; Frank G. Carpenter's incomparable letters; *Sou' by Sou'west: the Development of the Steamer*; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Timely Editorials; Scientific and Solid Subjects; Care of the Human Body. Romance, Fiction, Poetry, Art; Anecdotes and Humor; Noted Men and Women; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; Stories of the Firing Line; Animal Stories; Fresh Pen Pictures, and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects of keen human interest.

Being complete in themselves, the weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes—thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 20 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,

Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

CALIFORNIA THE ORCHARD OF THE WORLD.

TO THOSE of us who have lived in the East—and that means the majority who read this paper—it seems very like old times to pick up a Boston journal and see the following:

"The cry for rain is becoming more and more urgent in New England. Some localities have had a few showers and some none at all. Some districts caught the heavy rains of August 25 and raved their crops. In other localities there is a drought more or less severe."

"Farming is sadly demoralized. Most of the vegetables saved are stunted and poor. Corn, which stood the dry spell best, is not over-thirsty. Few second growths of grass have been realized. Pastures are everywhere poor, and in some places will hardly support sheep. Dairying interests necessarily suffer. Harvesting has been delayed. The ground is too dry for fall plowing, and things are in a generally abnormal state. At best, New England farmers will suffer more or less loss, while some crops have been ruined."

Nearly coincident with this comes the information that a committee from the largest fruit-growing association in France recently visited the California exhibit at Paris, and, after discussing the climatic and industrial conditions of the State, came to the conclusion that these are as nearly perfect as it is possible for them to be. They were of the opinion that the most profitable fruit cultivation was that wherein all the factors of success were in the hands of the cultivator, and expressed the view that, especially on this account, California was destined to become the orchard of the world.

The assertion has been made many times and appears borne out by this significant outgiving, that the drought from which California has suffered during the last three years has been a blessing in disguise, since it has led to the development of irrigation and drainage that will secure her a permanent and reliable source of water supply—the one thing needful to put her ahead of all other parts of the country in fruit-producing possibilities. She is no longer dependent, like the East, upon the uncertain shifting of the clouds. Past droughts have secured her against the power of harm from future droughts—provided, of course, these be not of abnormal length, sufficient to exhaust the artesian-water supply. Irrigation was all that was required to give her resources stability. Moreover, she has added to her fruit-producing area by it. New districts have been made fruitful, and old ones have increased their yield.

With these resources of irrigation and drainage added to those of climate, it would seem as if California were in truth in a fair way to realize the prophecy of the American committee in Paris, and become the foremost fruit-producing area in the world, unrivaled in her line—which is a very long one. Oriental countries that might possibly compete with us in tropical and semi-tropical fruits are still adherent to ancient methods, that leave them the plaything of chance, and the character of their inhabitants will preclude their development, for a very long time to come, to a condition in which they can take any place as rivals of the inventive and continually-progressive West. Indeed, it is doubtful whether oriental countries can ever compete with Europe and North America where there is as much as half a chance for the latter.

At the dawn of her second half-century of national life, California, taking tally of her advancement, looks back with pride, mingled with amazement, as she realizes the distance that she has covered between the settlement of the forty-niners and now. But the development of the next half-century promises to move with a rapidity which will make that of the past appear small and insignificant. And one of the causes of the promising outlook may be put down as the very drought which has occasioned, for the time being, so much of distress and discouragement. Sometimes adversity is a good thing for a community, as well as an individual. It forces it to develop its resources.

The establishing of schools in all the garrisoned towns in the Philippines and the teaching of some of these schools by soldiers is a most effective way of exemplifying the adage, "In time of war prepare for peace."

A MONUMENT TO BRAVE WOMEN.

MRS. EMILY E. WOODLEY of Philadelphia, Pa., veteran nurse of the civil war and organizer and ex-president of the National Association of Army Nurses, is also the originator of a plan to erect a monument in memory of her fellow-workers who fell on the field of battle during the war. She has herself donated for this purpose a plot of ground in Fernwood Cemetery, Philadelphia, and is giving her services to the raising of funds for the monument.

The plan is one well worthy of success. Whatever may be the present status of medical opinion as to the usefulness of women at the front; whether or not it shall be finally decided that men nurses are to be preferred in the midst of the carnage of war, the brave women who volunteered during the war of the rebellion were practically alone in their field, and performed the work that they undertook with a faithfulness and devotion that earned them the warmest gratitude of the soldiers to whose wants they ministered. The spirit of self-sacrifice in which they abandoned all other tasks to serve those who served their country's need was identical with that of the soldiers themselves, nor were their duties without personal danger. Many of them attended the wounded on the field of battle, under fire from the enemy, sharing the chances of war with the combatants, without those incentives of excitement and enthusiasm that carry men forward in the heat of action, and without the hope of any personal glory or advancement as a reward. Some of the women who went to the front at that time were among the noblest that this country has produced. The splendid service of some of those who died in their work could be attested by many who have survived that time of national discord and stress and by still more who are now no longer living. A monument to the memory of these brave and good women would be but a fitting tribute of gratitude. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Woodley's plan will meet with the encouragement and financial support that it deserves.

President Kruger's desertion of his country and his countrymen in the hour of their extremity will detract not a little from the credit which has been given him for heroism and patriotic devotion. No matter what excuse he may give for his flight, the world will not approve his desertion of his post when personal peril was approaching him. At last we have discovered what it is that will "stagger humanity."

In Southern California September is, generally speaking, the warmest and least enjoyable month of the year. We have had a few warm days the present month, but who that has ever spent a summer in the East would exchange this month here for July, August or September there?

The city of Galveston is today a scene of desolation and ruin. Ten years from now the casual visitor will scarcely observe a mark in the then thriving city to indicate that the place was once visited by a devastating flood. Such is the recuperating force of American pluck.

CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHT.

[Chicago Record:] By next season the Kansas farmers probably will be plowing corn in shirt waists.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] If any one power knows its own mind in the Chinese matter it has not made the fact clearly apparent.

[Buffalo Express:] Legalized boxing is stopped, but the challenging and bluffing go on. Did not the law overlook the most obnoxious part of the business?

[Philadelphia Bulletin:] It might not be a bad idea for New York City to inaugurate an endless-chain-letter scheme to raise the money for a permanent Dewey arch.

[Boston Globe:] The choice of "George Washington" for the name of the new baby born two weeks ago to the secretary of the Chinese legation at the capital is highly diplomatic.

[Kansas City Journal:] Kansas is a great cattle State, but it is doubtful if there are calves enough to go round if the Republicans intend to kill one for each returning Populist prodigal.

[New York Tribune:] Places will presently be found in Cuban public schools for 30,000 children. That fact is a noteworthy tribute to the beneficence of United States control of the island.

[Omaha Bee:] Press dispatches announce that the campaign in Kentucky is open, but as no one has been shot up to date, outsiders will not consider the affair as anything more than the preliminaries.

[New York Tribune:] It is stated that the Polish miners in the coal regions are almost to a man opposed to the strike. They seem to be content with being about fifteen times better off than they were in the old country.

[Philadelphia Record:] It is well for Gen. Chaffee that he went into the army instead of into politics. A man who will waive his own promotion in order that another may be advanced was never cut out for a political career. Gen. Chaffee makes us all think better of humanity.

[Baltimore American:] Li Hung Chang's famous "Black Flags," which were marching overland to the destruction of the allies, do not seem to be available for the escort of the old man to Peking. Probably, as Mrs. Camp would say, "There ain't no such a person" as the "Black Flags."

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Jockey Tod Sloane and his valet have returned to Europe. Lucky Tod. He seems to be about the only man who could cross the ocean to take

a less than two-minute horseback ride, and the richer by at least \$5000, with the horseback ride.

[Denver Republican:] We have heard for years about some terrible war about to break out, but the blow over or the storm passes by and war is not.

We may depend upon it that it will be so in France and Great Britain may smart at such other will not come to blows.

[Kansas City Star:] The class of agitation against the so-called money power are ready with themselves or with their followers in the refusal to recognize and acknowledge the usefulness to the world of the aggregation of employment in carrying forward these communities which stimulate and support labor.

[Philadelphia Ledger:] The same authority a congress to consider plans for universal peace who has rather unexpectedly announced his withdrawal the Russian troops from China. Sovereigns interested will withdraw them. It is taken for granted that Russia would hold on to that she has already secured a claim to, and out for more; but this action looks as if the faith in his peace project, and was willing to example in order to accomplish it.

WHERE ALL ARE HAPPY.

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "The most place it has been my good fortune to visit in the world," said T. M. Gilmore, on his return from the West, "is the little town of Economy, Pa. It is a long journey to see, and the people are the most peaceful I have ever met. The foundation of this town goes back to 1805. It was settled by a priest, Father Rapp, and a number of Germans. There is a society, which was called the Harmony Society, numbered nearly one thousand people at the time. They pledged themselves never to marry, and the town founded there has only been one marriage. It has now dwindled to nine persons, but the town is situated because of the advent of other people and operate the factories. The society even now, land, which is in a high state of cultivation and gas abound. Grapes are raised in great quantity and are made into wine of fine quality.

"The town is very pretty, with wide and with houses covered with vines. They are the only entrance is from the rear. It is encircled on all sides, and when the society is a person, he will get the entire vast estate. It is a place from all parts of the world. Men and women alone and all seem to be happy and contented head of the society is a married man, when he joined it, but he afterward left it. The people recognize him as a leader, and he has back and made their chief. He and his wife have a handsome residence in the center of the town, everything the heart could desire. When he die he or his children will get everything according to the rules of the society that nothing on Earth is certainly the garden spot of the world.

NEVER REAPED A REWARD.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] There has just been M. Lenoir, who, though seldom accorded the title of the father of the automobile.

On January 24, 1860, Mr. Lenoir, a citizen of Paris, obtained a patent for a motor driven by an explosion of gas. He even used electric ignition, battery and Ruhmkorff coil, and actuated it very similar to the style in vogue today. It uses gas at first, but in his specification said that other gases, or even produce a gas at the moment from hydro-carbon liquids, thereby avoiding the employment of petroleum. The system of which the suction of the piston draws in gas for the next explosion, was also done, and still remains the governing principle of his engine. So that in the forty years that have passed since Lenoir's motor there have been few radical changes.

In 1862 he produced a car driven by one of his engines, which accomplished some short trips in the streets, after which, for some reason, it made no more. He seemed to have no luck, his invention was beyond the gratification of his hobby, he became a recluse.

Fifteen years went by before another man produced a motor car again, and it was not till 1876 that he produced his first car, which, to do him justice, is the earliest of the really practicable vehicles.

Poor Lenoir lived to see the motor industry in full bloom, to see honors and wealth and men, and died in humble circumstances without reward.

PAPER MADE FROM GRASS.

[Chicago Chronicle:] The manufacture of esparto grass has been carried on a long time. It was recently made in England that can be made into paper. No special process is required, simply washing in water, treating in hot water, other water bath, then grinding into pulp.

All the common kinds of grass, it has been found, are equally well in the making of this new paper. Grass must be cut before it has begun to ripen.

The fiber of the paper thus obtained has been found to be of great strength, which renders it suitable for writing, drawing and tracing.

It has been reckoned that two pounds of grass will give half a pound of paper—in other words, one pound of grass will give two and a half acres of land.

It is a simple process, and the paper is of good quality.

INJURED INNOCENCE.

[Judge:] (Mother:) "Did you let that boy kiss you?"

(Daughter:) "Certainly, ma. I couldn't

The Merri

bby.

'Oldin' 'up the humans an' the 'osses;

When traffic gets congested, hit's 'im as clear;

For 'is hindax finger's one of London's best;

Standin' like a spar-buoy in the Strand;

Teet and Piccadilly mind 'is finger, willy-nilly;

Jems and cabby 'alt an' move at 'is command;

When there comes a bloody row with the 'a-

fare,

When some bloomin' furriner's in ugly trou-

ble in the air,

When the rioters begin to boil and bubble;

When the overdriven 'bus 'orse is laid out with

When the van an' carriage lock in wrecked or

When there's any sort of messy row or trouble;

Your mighty armlet's gleamin' in the auction;

The Ways of Our Cousins.

What I like more than anything else about

Carson, which the guide tells me lies

little way beyond the mountains, is the

surprises along the way. We crossed

canon without a single case of what Mark

the "Oh, my!" and we have had thirteen day

without a taste of rain or the shadow of a

cloud, and the sun has shone every day.

Well, we have found the city lighted, in the

sun, and that, too, a cloudless sun, with a

which the Mojave Desert might be proud.

It is a long for the heart of the desert afterward,

better off than that I do. But as hot as it

desert or the Needles, the man and his clothes

and separate existences. They have no

with each other. But the London heat is like

the Mississippi Valley—it fuses creature

into one pulpy, steamy, indistinguishable mass.

In fact, when you come to climate, there is a

earth fit for a human being to live in outside

Georgia. That was made by an all-wise Providence

for purposes of habitation; the other places are mere

you visit. I do hope that Carcosa will be

California. Citizens of London alone appear to

not. Visitors too busy to notice it. Only when

writing letters to Times about it. Letter to

singular and most efficacious combination of

Christian Science, hypnotism and actual reme-

ries under sun you ever heard of. No matter who

Englishmen—obnoxious law, extreme heat, m-

esses, sickness in family, ungrateful child, ti-

cked faith, bad debts—anything everything

down and writes letter to Times. And remark-

are complete and instantaneous. One does

The Merry-go-round. By Robert J. Burdette.

[Star:] The class of agitators who called money power are really at work and acknowledge the tremendous world of the aggregation of capital and support labor.

[Ledger:] The same authority who unexpectedly announced his withdrawal will withdraw theirs. It has already secured a claim to, and would this action looks as if the Carrage project, and was willing to do it to accomplish it.

WHERE ALL ARE HAPPY.

[Courier-Journal:] "The most important good fortune to visit in many years, on his return from the East a few weeks ago, to see, and the people are the most interesting. The foundation of this town was settled by a priest, whose name was called the Harmony Society, one thousand people at the time, never to marry, and since the time has only been one marriage. The society now nine persons, but the town is the result of the advent of other persons to factories. The society owns ground in a high state of cultivation.

Grapes are raised in great quantities of fine quality. They are very pretty, with wide and slender stems covered with vines. They have no entrance is from the rear. Economy, and when the society is reached, get the entire vast estate. People parts of the world. Men and women seem to be happy and contented. The society is a married man. He goes to it, but he afterward left it and was recognized him as a leader, and he was their chief. He and his family live in the center of the town, all that heart could desire. When the old children will get everything, as it is in the society that nothing can be wanted in the garden spot of Pennsylvania.

EVER REAPED A REWARD.

[Gas Dealer:] There has just died in though seldom accorded, is willing to buy automobile.

1860, Mr. Lenoir, a chemist, invented a motor driven by an explosive mixture of gunpowder and benzene. This was the first explosion, obtained by an electric ignition, obtained by an electric coil, and actuating a spark plug in the style in vogue today. He explained in his specification said that he could even produce a gas at the rate of 100 cubic feet per hour, thereby forming a carbon dioxide, thereby forming a petrochemical. The system of valve action of the piston drew in the air, the explosion, was also designed to be the governing principle in engines in the forty years that have passed. There have been few radical changes. A car driven by one of his inventions some short trips in the streets of New York, some reason, it made no further progress. No luck, his invention was presented to the public. In the specification of his hobby he had to give up.

went by before another man discovered it, and it was not till 1889 that the first car, which, to do him justice, was really practicable vehicles. He went to see the motor industry, to see honors and wealth happen to a humble circumstance without him.

PER MADE FROM GRASS.

[Daily Mail:] The manufacture of paper has been carried on a long time; but it is only made in England that can be done. No special process is used in water, treating in hot soaps, then grinding into a pulp. Kind of grass, it has been found that the making of this new paper, before it has begun to run is not paper thus obtained has remarkable strength, which renders the paper strong, drawing and tracing. It is known that two pounds of dried grass and a half acres of land will produce a ton of paper—in other words, every acre of paper—

[INJURED INNOCENCE.]

[Daily Mail:] "Did you let that man in?" "Certainly, ma. I couldn't do it."

Bobby.

Bobby's hat the crossin' three hours of heavy day,
Willin' up the humans an' the 'osses;
When traffic gets congested, hit's 'im as clears the way—
For 'im index finger's one of London's bosses.
Right an' left's sends the whirlpool in a steady stream,
Stallin' like a spar-buoy in the Strand;
West and Piccadilly mind 'is finger, willy-nilly—
Jems and cabby 'alt an' move at 'is command.

Then there comes a bloody row with the 'ackney an' the fare,
Was some bloom'in' furriner's in ugly trouble;
Was some burnin' buildin' sendin' up its fireworks 'in
the air,
Was the rioters begin to boil and bubble;
Was the overdriven bus 'orse is laid out with the heat,
Was the van an' carriage lock in wrecked obstruction;
Was there's any sort of messy row or trouble in the street,
Was mighty armlet's gleamin' in the auction.

In Ways of Our Cousins.

What I like more than anything else about the journey to California, which the guide tells me lies now but a mile away beyond the mountains, is the succession of pleasant surprises along the way. We crossed the Atlantic sans without a single case of what Mark Twain calls "Oh, my!" and we have had thirteen days in London without a taste of rain or the shadow of a fog. And so far traveled Americans, clergymen, preachers, doctors, lawyers and respectable members of the laity have told me that I must not think of going to London without a lamp in my house; that I would need it when I landed to pay my way from the train to a cab; that London dwelt in the times of the year under such a cloud of fog and smoke as made it necessary to burn candles—by which the streets are mainly lighted—all day.

Now, we have found the city lighted, in the daytime, by sun, and that, too, a cloudless sun, with a temperature such as the Mojave Desert might be proud. It really outdoes the desert. The desert heat isn't so unendurable as it kills you, and then you don't mind it. Oh, you long for the heart of the desert afterward; you know that about that than I do. But as hot as it may be at home or the Needles, the man and his clothes are distinct and separate existences. They have no connection with each other. But the London heat is like the heat of the Mississippi Valley—it fuses creature and raiment into pulpy, steamy, indistinguishable mass.

In fact, when you come to climate, there is no place on earth for a human being to live in outside of California. That was made by an all-wise Providence, for degrees of habitation; the other places are merely countries you visit. I do hope that Carcassonne will be like California. Citizens of London alone appear to suffer from heat. Visitors too busy to notice it. Only relief is found in writing letters to Times about it. Letter to Times is simple and most efficacious combination of faith cure, Christian Science, hypnotism and actual remedy for all ills you ever heard of. No matter what happens to Englishmen—obnoxious law, extreme heat, military rule, sickness in family, ungrateful child, tight boots, bad faith, bad debts—anything—everything—he sits down and writes letter to Times. And remarkable thing is complete and instantaneous. One dose does it. See a second letter from same man on same subject; trouble all gone; every symptom disappears; never comes again. Only costs penny stamp and sheet of paper.

Letters are never referred to in Times; no editor drabacabra pow-wowed over them; just printed, that's all; trouble disappears. Greatest remedy on earth. Living in America like it. Print man's letter in one of papers, only encourages him to write more and more ones." Makes his trouble worse. By end of week, man is writing every day, letters column long. Daily editor, to save space for President's message, cuts letter to half-column. Man stops paper—eighteen months in arrears—and carries same patronage and support to loathsome contemporary.

Glacial Period.

Now in number of shops—are no "stores" in England, except depots of naval and military supplies—most ingeniously method for cooling shop, to great comfort of customers and employees. Large lump of ice, weighing at least ten tons, set in nest of moss, in center of shop. Had same effect of lowering temperature of room that same amount of ice would have on thermometer if placed in midst of sun on hot day. Only wonder that it was set there at all. Must be apparent to inventor that ice carts driven through city streets would cool off whole city. Put on few thin ice carts, snow come down. Great suffering among people who wouldn't be ready for it. Perhaps that is reason why it is not adopted. Thoughtful people.

However, the Londoner is not an ice eater. Zero or boiling point cuts no ice with him. He doesn't know how to eat it when it is frozen and cut for him. When a man has installed his system with few of the temperance beverages, the London caterer hands out to the thirsty public, it is to wonder that over against its 1400 churches, there are about eight thousand public houses. Only wonder that there are not more. If one drink of a liquid lemon horror they call "lemon squash" won't drive man mad, two will. There are other non-alcoholic "cooling" drinks, but all much worse than this, which is a little the most thing human being ever slushed his astonished face with. Tastes just as the name sounds. Sort of non-alcoholic drink.

This city of about five million people gets along with more tons of ice per year; about as much, I reckon, as they do in Los Angeles; somewhat more than the annual consumption in Olathe, Kan. "May be he doesn't need so much as the rest of the world?" Well, it gets tepid, in London. July 24 the thermometer marked 93 deg. in the shade, 123 deg. in the sun. The day following

it was 90 deg. in the shade, 128 deg. in the sun. It was so "mild" that week that two of the Supreme Court Justices removed their wigs and the bench gave the attorneys permission to do likewise. And many of them did so! No wonder we are having trouble in China and wars all over the world!

Nay, more; during the same week Englishmen of high social standing, some of them glasses of fashion and others molds of form, appeared in Hyde Park wearing straw hats and sack coats. And when English gentlemen walk, ride or drive in Hyde Park not wearing frock coats and silk hats, anarchy is not far away; the cup is filled to overflowing, and it is questioned if the bottom be not fallen out of things. "No buckles on his shoes? Then, monsieur, all is lost!" The student of Carlyle will remember that this was the first premonitory shudder of the French revolution.

Same Old Season.

However, in explanation of all these portents, they told me that "this was an exceptional year." This brought tears to my eyes. My soul overflowed. My lady wept, and the boys cried, "It is to laugh!" It was such a dear, familiar American sound. It used to have a California patent and copyright, but it has been shamefully infringed all over the world. The same old "exceptional year." I have been living in it and traveling through more than fifty years. I have never seen one "usual season."

"Bobby."

Now, his ignorance of the uses—possibly of the existence of ice in hot weather surprises me, because, in my residence of fifteen minutes in London the thing that most impressed me was the plain, everyday, solid, practical common sense of the Englishman. I like his mingled independence and reverence for law. He controls the greatest city on earth without a club. The London policeman wears no belt, his blouse is light and comfortable, there isn't the suggestion of the soldier in his service uniform, and his weaponless hands are bare. But when he merely lifts a finger the street stands still. And I haven't heard him yell at a soul. Lost childhood, apprehensive age, and bewildered "cookies" strayed from their flock find in "bobby" a friend and guardian. I don't care where you question him, he directs you to remotest corners of London as though his beat extended over the entire city. To us he has always been ready with a little more information than was asked for. I have never observed the slightest approach to haughtiness in his bearing, save toward the cabbies, who appear to be his natural enemies. If he is a "city" policeman the stripes on his armlet are red, whereas those on the "metropolitan" officer are blue. And the "city" helmet is more elaborate. The pictures of this helmet always look heavy enough for war. It is as light as the ordinary derby hat. And the "armlet," made familiar to American eyes by London pictures, merely indicates, being buckled on the arm, that the wearer is on duty. The sergeant wears the lightest and simplest chevrons on his sleeve; that is all that distinguishes his rank. His cousin on the American force of his own grade looks like a colonel in the regular army.

The London police force impresses one all the time with the sense of "service." And I hesitate to write this, because I know it will not be believed in America—but the London policeman speaks English without a brogue in it. Several of him have assured me that they were born in London. I knew, of course, that this could not be true, and yet I had been assured that a London "bobby" never joked, and I was certain that the discipline of the force should prevent them from giving misinformation to a stranger. One man assured me, solemnly, that although his grandparents were indeed Irish, he had resided in London for eighteen years before he was placed on the force. I suppose the man had some reason for concealing the facts of his case from me, and of course I had no right to insist on the truth. Still, it is a pleasant fiction for an American citizen to dream over. To be dwelling in a city guarded by a constabulary of its own home-born citizens! That is utterly un-American, I know, but it's pleasant, and I'll say so if I go to the Tower for it. Going there any-

Building to Last.

And another simple street idea; when our Cousin John erects a scaffolding for building operations he shows what a born sailor he is, for he lashes the great masts and poles and plank together with ropes, and thus he builds his six-story scaffolding firm and staunch as the rigging of a ship. Then when he takes it down he doesn't pound and knock it to pieces; he shakes loose his sailor knots and lashings, takes it down like the old rigger that he is, and it is good and ready for the next work. I sometimes forgot to look at a building 15,000 or 20,000 years old, where somebody was beheaded every other day for a thousand years—different bodies, you know, and not same heads of course—in the interest I felt in a sailor-like scaffolding going up for the new building next door, where busy men, instead of cutting off each other's heads, would hire, with good coin, heads wiser than their own to think and live for them. Surely, beloved, the new building is the better worth the looking at. It is always better to build than to tear down. London has no skyscrapers to build twenty-story scaffoldings for, to be sure. Which shows how far behind her hustling younger sisters of the mighty West she is. Oh, the dome of St. Paul is 365 feet higher than the sidewalk, but it is no steel and terracotta "shack." It is an old thing built about two hundred years ago, in the days when they began at the foundation of a building and built up. Now they seem to begin almost anywhere in the air along the line of the wall, and the men who work the fastest get their story done the first and go down and help the men who are putting in the foundation. Understand that St. Paul hasn't fallen down since the present building was finished. Must be owing

to some peculiarity of construction. Which, in our modern buildings, architects have in many instances successfully corrected.

Good as Wheat.

Another thing put down in notebook I have missed. That is the cold, selfish, unapproachable, isolated Englishman. He must exist because the old traveler had warned us against him. Only, we haven't happened to meet him. Didn't know a soul in town; never in London before; didn't care for guide after first experience with one who got lost twice and didn't know so much about London as we did. Citizens recognized us in all our wanderings. Easy enough to recognize party of Americans if any girls in crowd—sailor hat and shirt waist supposed to be national costume. But Englishmen identify the men just as quickly. Never had to ask more than one question. Never met with readier, pleasanter, less obtrusive courtesy from strangers than here in London. Information, suggestion, advice—all volunteered so graciously and cordially that wondered sometimes whether it was Old England or New England we were in. Blotted that page out of notebook. Glad I made fun of that type of Englishman before I met him. Find it much safer as rule, to make fun of all sorts and conditions of men before you meet them. Then are not hampered by facts. More than ever convinced now that people resemble people more than anybody else. And, as a rule, people are about as pleasant a class of human beings as one meets on this planet. Of course, once in while find person who is not in touch with people nor in sympathy with folk. But that is because he is an ass. Which is another race of beings. And he is not at all numerous. Never met an ass in my life that his very presence did not give me assurance that there were human beings somewhere near. For he cannot exist without them, and the more superior he considers himself, the more he thrusts himself into places where he may be seen and heard of men. It is the nature of the brute.

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WOMEN OF NOTE.

Princess Clementine of Belgium, who has been staying with her mother, Queen Elizabeth, at Spa, has gone to Germany to take a course of waters at Ems.

Three women will lecture at Swiss universities the coming winter: Miss Tumarkin at Berne, on the history of modern esthetics; Miss Redrigue at Geneva, on "biologie florale," and Mrs. Zebrowski at the Neuenberg Academy, on German literature.

A large family gathering is to take place at Copenhagen soon. The Prince and Princess of Wales hope to attend it, as do also the Czar and Czarina, the King and Queen of Greece, Princess Marie of Greece, the Dowager Empress of Russia and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

The executors of Mme. Charcot, widow of the famous physician and hypnotic expert, have sold the most valuable item of her property, namely, the secret process for a preparation of toilet water—for the sum of \$120,000. Few people knew the great Charcot dabbed in colognes.

Miss Gwendolyn Dunlevy Kelly of Columbus, O., is probably the only American who wears a decoration conferred by Queen Margherita of Italy. About five years ago Miss Kelly painted a portrait of the Queen, which pleased the royal subject so that she conferred the favor of decoration on the artist.

The ladies of Pietermaritzburg are getting up a memorial to the late Lieut. Roberts, the son of the British commander-in-chief in Africa, who was killed in the endeavor to save the guns at Colenso. It is to take the form of a stained-glass window in the garrison church, and is intended not only as a mark of honor for the deceased officer, but also as an expression of sympathy with Lord and Lady Roberts.

SHE DESCRIBED IT.

[Denver Times:] It was the first day of school. The bell had tapped and the little people of the secondary primary were sitting upright in their seats, hands properly folded and with round eyes fixed on the teacher, taking a mental inventory.

She was a bit nervous. It was her first school. The children made her "fidgety," they stared at her so hard and watched her so narrowly.

She began to feel like a mouse that is within the clutches of a cat. She cast about wildly in her mind for some occupation to begin the first day. She regretted bitterly that she had not arranged some definite plan of campaign. Then her face brightened. She would find out what the children already knew. Question followed question, touching on divers subjects.

"Now, who knows what a skeleton is?" asked the teacher, smiling coaxingly.

The little girl wearing the pink gingham apron and occupying the back seat, waved her hand wildly and worked her mouth in frantic endeavor to get "teacher" to look at her.

"Well, what is it?"

"A skeleton," said the tot, twisting her apron in her fingers, "is a man who has his insides outside and outside off."

PERFECTLY WELCOME.

[Indianapolis Press:] "I should like to know," said the reporter, "if you are going to allow shirtwaist men to eat in your dining cars?"

"My dear boy," said the genial railway magnate, "I will leave it to yourself if you think it time for quibbling when a man comes along with a dollar to hand over for a 40-cent dinner?"

[September 23,

September 23, 1900.]

HER PATH OF EXILE. HARD ROAD THE CHINESE EMPRESS HAD TO TRAVEL.

BY ISAAC T. HEADLAND.

Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Peking.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—Hsianfu or Siganfu, the ancient capital of China, to which the Empress Dowager is said to have fled, is one of the most important as well as one of the most interesting cities of the Middle Kingdom. More than three thousand years ago, or about the time of Solomon, this ancient city, under the name of "Perpetual Peace," was the capital city of one of the feudal princes of the Chou dynasty, and from that time to this, under various fortunes, it has been either the first or the second city of the empire.

It is situated more than six hundred miles southwest of Peking, behind range after range of mountains. Next of the Chinese cities in size to Peking, it is of an entirely different character. Let us imagine we are taking the trip thither with the Empress Dowager, if the "old lady" is not hiding in some of those wonderful wayside temples in the mountains, and notice the road as we pass over it.

The old Empress, if she followed the custom of the Chinese, would have to leave the city by the "East Side Gate," the "West Side Gate" or the "Back Gate," for it is an understood law that no woman connected with the palace dares to leave the Forbidden City through the Chien Men or "Front Gate." She would then pass down to the southwest over the eastern plain, crossing the "Muddy River" (Hun Ho) on the great stone bridge, which is called "Marco Polo's Bridge." This is one of the most remarkable bridges in China. On the top of every upright stone which holds the panels there is a lion carved and the Chinese say that it is impossible for anyone to count correctly the exact number of the lions on the bridge. Those who have counted them have all varied in their estimates, and the Chinese in that neighborhood are so superstitious as to be afraid to count them.

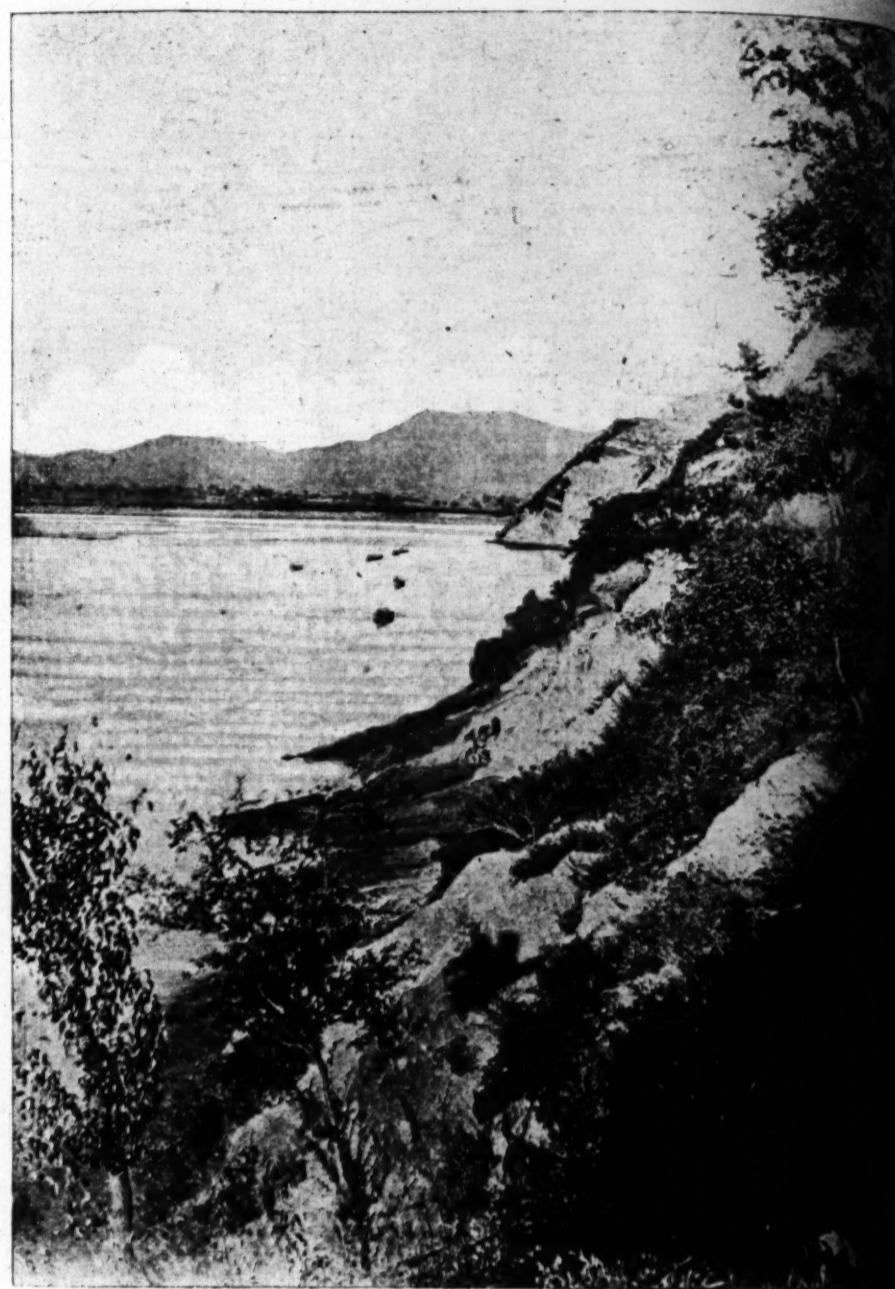
The next place of importance, as connected with the present trouble, to which she would come would be Pao Ting Fu, the capital city of the Chihi province, a city which, if reports be true, must take a unique place in American-Chinese intercourse, as being the scene of the first murder of any American citizen in China by the Chinese.

Roads Specially Prepared for Imperial Travel.

One cannot but wonder whether, when the old Empress with the Emperor and the heir apparent left the city there would be as much repairing of roads as there is on ordinary occasions when they go for a trip. When they go to visit their ancestral tombs, or when the Emperor goes out to worship at the Temple of Heaven, all the roads over which these travels on ordinary occasions, "bumpety-bump" in a springless cart, are leveled down with hoes and rakes and sprinkled with yellow earth, the royal color, brought from outside the city. It is to be feared that the old lady did not have time to start off in style on this occasion.

But this occasion is not her first run. She is becoming accustomed to this kind of thing, having done it before. When her husband was still alive, and the English and French armies paid a visit to Peking, it occurred to Hsien Feng and his wife, with this lady as concubine, that they wanted to pay a visit to Jehaul, a place northeast of Peking, in the direction of their native land. The present visit of the allied powers gives her an opportunity of seeing the ancient capital of the Chous, the Han, and the Tangs.

It will be impossible to note all she sees on her way, though the trip at a more favorable season of the year, and under more favorable circumstances, would be one



AT THE FIRST RANGE OF MOUNTAINS.

which any pleasure-seeker or globe-pilgrim might well wish to take. It lies through beautiful valleys, and over mountain ranges, through deep gorges, alongside muddy rivers or clear mountain streams, over which, along which, or through which, no carts can go, litters can scarcely go, and even chairs and donkeys or mules go with difficulty. In some places she will pass along a narrow road, with a high mountain on one side above her and a deep mountain gorge on the other below, in which flows a clear

stream, bounding over great boulders and precipices, sending up a spray to join the same time may be coming down upon her above.

She will pass over mountain ranges which ascend by little winding paths up which it is impossible for men to carry her, which, when ascended, will be so high as to be almost above the ordinary rains, and she will see the sky full of great white cloud masses as though heaped up with snow. The sun will be shining brightly above her, but it will not be hot, at the same time it may be thundering and raining below.

China's Wonderful Flower Land.

But she will find other and milder beauties in mountain gorges and roaring streams. She will find that has given China one of her most attractive "Flower Land." Along these valleys and mountain sides is spread a carpet of flowers, varicolored begonias, hundreds of varieties of peacock flowers which have exchanged pollen with white and pink and the purple until the white and pink and the purple in the lightest and most delicate shades of blue. She will find great tracts of roses on these mountains in the first place by the devotees of some of the temples of the region, which since that time have died and grown and spread, until the mountains are a wilderness of roses.

She will see as she passes along these valleys in the mountain sides carved out of the solid rock of which a huge Buddha has been chiseled in the center of the cave, and left sitting in the center, the cut away from the statue which the pine trees in imagination sitting in the center of the granite or sandstone. She will see other caves, or depth of which, like the great Mammoth Cave, yet been ascertained, and which like that was the work of men's hands, but was the Nature's own convulsions.

She will see advertisements painted on the side, similar to our "pain-destroying oil" and extracts, extolling temples where all kinds of both body and mind may be healed, and all that is that the sick man or the sinner make a pilgrimage, either with his staff or on his knees, laying his length on the ground at every third step home, however distant. Indeed, it might be that in her flight thousands of these pilgrims from some of these numerous temples, for they

who sin, and who realize their sin to be unable to turn their minds from Boxer trouble and foreign war, and what method of relieving the tension of their cast themselves upon the ground at hundreds of miles over these rough roads, either she or they might think of

"Pi shang'put tsu, pi hsia Jen chia ch'i ma, wo ch'i Though some there be above And others far below, Above they ride on horseback I ride a donkey slow."

Mighty Engineering Feats of the Past.

Let us suppose that our party has arrived in the neighborhood of Siganfu, what now will they see? The most remarkable engineering feats of any the founder of the Han Dynasty overthrew builder of the Great Wall he determined to get the name of the city to "Western Peace," destroyed the palaces of the conquered, here this mountain city. The building of the is a small matter. He found that roads were in order that taxes and tribute as well as officials might be able to reach his capital, constructing roads and bridges through mountain passes and gorges, which proved taking second only to that of building the accomplished only a few years before.

For years he employed not less than 100,000 men who dug away the mountains to fill up where it was impossible to fill them up, but were supported on great stone pillars, or stone arches. Some of these suspension or "flying bridges" called by the Chinese, are not less than 400 feet above the valley and wide enough to cross abreast, and are still standing after more than two thousand years. These are engineering feats—feats which were performed before suspension bridges were known in Europe. Roads and these bridges which made possible traveling not only a dream of romance of comparative comfort as well, and for so long a time as successors governed the empire from this new name not only to the country, but to the people, the proudest literary name they bear, the city and the people of the Hana.

The City Behind the Mountains.

Arrived at her destination, the exiled Empress of more than a million inhabitants—the principal city between the east and the west. In it rises to Lao Tsu, the founder of the Taoist school, one of the most famous temples in the empire. The city not only of the Han, but also of the Tang, which embodied the greatest poetical literature of the empire. But there are other memories of a permanent nature. Here was established the Nanking College, an institution which is considered the oldest really literary college of learning in the world today, unless we consider the College for the Sons of the Empire in Peking, probably established first in the same city.

For the eyes of the Empress there will be calculated to excite her wrath. In this city, in its literary period, there was erected in the temple a monument which preserves an inscription of Christianity and the God of Heaven—the greatest monument, from which she will learn that the city at that early date established and maintained, which she at the close of the nineteenth century tried to blot out of existence. She may be surprised to find that here have been found coins twenty centuries old, and a brick as old as the Great Wall, subsequently made into an ink tablet and sold for thousand taels, after fierce competition. She may be reminded of the fact that 3000 Manchus at the present dynasty kept back a horde of 100,000 braves from Peking could go to relieve the city. She may remember how the founder of the Tang dynasty, after seating his father on the throne in filial obedience, after conquering the country and at rest, came over these great roads and bridges to the city, dressed in a costly coat of mail, with a state of gold, surrounded by 100,000 picked horsemen, 1000 cuirassiers, bringing with him as captive, and if she compares her entry with his, an option with the royal feast that was given him to add to her happiness.

Or she may compare her following of unsuccessful "tiger tail" Boxers with the conquering "Black Crows," as they were called, that entered the city one thousand years ago, an army of which, "Unhappy are they who fall under the talons of the Black Crows." Indeed, the Empress Dowager will receive messages from Peking or not. One can wonder what her thoughts will be as she looks at the great generals, Tung Fu-hsiang and Prince Yuan, whose records they have made as compared with the mighty Chinese fighting men of the past.

She will sit upon the wall of the city and frightened by the music of his guitar, or for the approach of the day when China will be able to organize an army put to flight all the troops which can be trained in Europe.

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Already preparations are being made for the celebration of Hans Christian Andersen's birth, which occurred in 1805. An elaborate edition of his works is to be published in five languages, including English, under Danish government auspices.



HOW THE IMPERIAL BAGGAGE IS CARRIED.

[September 23, 1900.]

who sin, and who realize their sin to such an extent as to be unable to turn their minds from it, even in time of their trouble and foreign war, and who know of no better method of relieving the tension of their conscience than to cast themselves upon the ground at every third step for hundreds of miles over these rough roads, so that it may be, either she or they might think of the proverb:

"Pi shang put tsu, pi hia yu yu
Jen chia ch'i ma, wo ch'ilu!"
Though some there be above me,
And others far below,
Above they ride on horseback,
I ride a donkey slow.

Eighty Engineering Feats of the Past.

Let us suppose that our party has arrived in the neighborhood of Siganfu, what now will they find? Some of the most remarkable engineering feats of ancient times. When the founder of the Han Dynasty overthrew the son of the builder of the Great Wall he determined to remove his capital from the eastern plain in Honan to the city of "Western Peace," in these secluded mountains. He changed the name of the city to "Western Peace," and after having destroyed the palaces of the conquered, he built a palace in this mountain city. The building of the palace, however, is a small matter. He found that roads would be necessary in order that taxes and tribute as well as visitors and officials might be able to reach his capital, and so he began constructing roads and bridges through and over these mountain passes and gorges, which proved to be an undertaking second only to that of building the Great Wall, accomplished only a few years before.

For years he employed not less than 100,000 workmen, driving away the mountains to fill up the valleys, and when it was impossible to fill them up, built bridges which were supported on great stone pillars, or suspended in air. Some of these suspension or "flying bridges," as they are called by the Chinese, are not less than 450 feet in length, set above the valley and wide enough for four horses abreast, and are still standing after a period of more than two thousand years. These are some of their engineering feats—feats which were performed 2000 years ago and these bridges which made Siganfu easy of access through the wildest and most wonderful scenery in China. Along these roads the conqueror built post-houses and resting places, inns and caravansaries which have not only a dream of romance, but a matter of comparative comfort as well, and for 200 years he and his successors governed the empire from this city, giving a name not only to the country, but to the people as well, the proudest literary name they bear today—the men and the people of the Hsas.

The City Behind the Mountains.

Arrived at her destination, the exiled Empress finds a city less than a million inhabitants—the principal trade center between the east and the west. In it rises a great temple to Lao Tsu, the founder of the Taoist sect—one of the most famous temples in the empire. The city is the capital not only of the Han, but also of the T'ang, the dynasty which embodied the greatest poetical literary period of its reign. But there are other memories of a more stable and permanent nature. Here was established the great Shaolin College, an institution which is commonly compared with the French Academy, the oldest really living institution of learning in the world today, unless we except the College for the Sons of the Empire in Peking, which was probably established first in the same city.

For the eyes of the Empress there will be here a sight calculated to excite her wrath. In this city, during the last literary period, there was erected in the year 781 A.D. a monument which preserves an inscription in praise of Confucianism and the God of Heaven—the great Nestorian monument, from which she will learn that the Emperor died at that early date established and patronized the church, which she at the close of the nineteenth century sought to blot out of existence. She may be reminded of the fact that here have been found coins twenty-five centuries old, and a brick as old as the Great Wall, which subsequently made into an ink tablet and sold for seven thousand taels, after fierce competition. She may also be reminded of the fact that 3000 Manchus at the beginning of the present dynasty kept back a horde of rebels until their braves from Peking could go to relieve them.

She may remember how the founder of the great T'ang dynasty, after seating his father on the throne as an act of filial obedience, after conquering the country and setting it at rest, came over these great roads and bridges and into the city, dressed in a costly coat of mail, with a breast plate of gold, surrounded by 100,000 picked horsemen and 1000 cuirassiers, bringing with him as captive a Tartar king, and if she compares her entry with his, and her reception with the royal feast that was given him, it will add to her happiness.

If she may compare her following of unsuccessful "rag and bob tail" Boxers with the conquering army of Lord Clegg, as they were called, that entered the city more than one thousand years ago, an army of which it was said, "Unhappy are they who fall under the talons of the White Crown." Indeed, the Empress Dowager will have an abundance of food for thought while in Siganfu, whether she receives messages from Peking or not. One cannot but wonder what her thoughts will be as she looks upon her "generals," Tung Fu-hsiang and Prince Tuan, and remembers the records they have made as compared with those valiant Chinese fighting men of the past. She can but wish for a return to the days when Chu-Ke-liang sat upon the wall of the city and frightened an army by the music of his guitar, or for the approach of the day when China will be able to organize an army which will be able to fight all the troops which can be transported from Europe.

(Copyright, 1900, by Isaac T. Headland.)

Gloomy preparations are being made for the centenary celebration of Hans Christian Andersen's birth, which took place in 1805. An elaborate edition of his works, to be printed in five languages, including English, is to be issued under Danish government auspices.

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Indeed, it might be that she will be the cause of thousands of these pilgrims going to numerous temples, for there are

GUARDS OF THE GREAT. HOW RULERS AND PRINCES ARE PROTECTED FROM ATTACK.

From a Special Correspondent.

PARIS, Sept. 12.—Since the sudden and startling revival of anarchist attempts to murder those in high places, the secret police of Europe have been more alert, industrious, and thorough in their designs of protection for those whose lives they guard, than ever before. In America, where one or two detectives who are so obviously detective that nobody is ever deceived by them, are considered amply sufficient to take care of a President or a nation's guest, even in time of great public celebration, it is difficult to realize what intricate, invisible and ingenious barriers are forever set between the potentates of Europe, and the skulking and dangerous fanatics, who are well content to die if they can first destroy some ruler. No better authority upon the methods of the anarchists and the preventives against them lives than M. Lepine, the Paris Prefect of Police. He has made a minute study of all recorded assassinations and attempts upon the lives of chiefs of states and has reduced to a fine art the protection of the French President and Ministers and the royal visitors whom Paris constantly attracts. Besides, he is continually in touch with the chiefs of police of the whole civilized world, receiving and communicating for the common good information as to methods of detection and prevention. From the information supplied by him this article is made up.

The anarchists' task is not an easy one. Though the criminals succeed every now and then in writing a bloody page of history, the world will never know how many would-be assassins have prowled the streets night and day, tracking their intended victims like bloodhounds, always in hope of a chance which never offered.

On Guard at the Royal Palaces.

Every royal palace in Europe has its special private police, who, in one guise or another, are always on the lookout for suspicious persons. In the case of palaces in the center of big cities these officers are very numerous, and are disguised in countless ingenious ways. At the gates there are, of course, uniformed policemen and military guards who make no attempt to conceal their function. But these are not intended for use half so much as for ornament. Hundreds of people go every day in and out of the gates on all sorts of business. The police or military guards are not the judges of the honesty of such visitors.

It is when the stranger has passed the gates that the real surveillance begins. In Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg, for example, among the gatekeepers of the rulers' palace there are expert detectives; and on a sign from these, one or two members of the secret police move up quietly to keep watch on the newcomer. They study his appearance very carefully, seeking to judge whether he has any ill-intent. The attitude of these men or women (for both are employed) is quite unaffected, and except to the trained eye gives no indication of their business, the policy being everywhere to make the precautions taken for the safety of high personages as unobtrusive as possible. Often the palace detectives are at the same time acting as gardeners or hostlers, stable boys or scullery women. But somewhere about each of them is a loaded revolver and they are always ready for any desperate scuffle should the person they are tracking show decided indications of homicidal purpose.

It is said that in the gardens of the German Emperor not less than a dozen intending murderers were arrested during the last year on the unerring suspicion of the secret police agent. And since the opening of the Paris Exposition about ten anarchists who followed President Loubet's party during the visits were arrested within the fair grounds. Nothing except their appearance and manners revealed their murderous intentions; nevertheless weapons were found on all of them and later they all made boasting confessions. Two of the would-be assassins were young women carrying deadly bombs.

It is one of the elementary principles of the secret police tactics that should the royal personage whose security is concerned chance to appear unexpectedly on the scene while an unknown character is about in the palace precincts, the protecting agents at once march the stranger off in another direction till the personage is well out of the way.

The Guardianship That Hedges in a King.

It very seldom happens, almost never in fact, that a member of a royal family takes three steps alone outside his private apartments, even when doing the sights incognito. Whether or not he or she knows it at the moment there are always at least two members of the secret police in close though unseen attendance on foot, in a cab or on bicycles. They never leave their charge long out of reach. Even at Sandringham, the quiet little country place of the Prince and Princess of Wales, if the Princess goes out into a field to pick wild flowers or rambles round the home-farm to see how the Alderneys are getting on, she is always closely tracked by the police. More often than not she probably believes herself quite unattended except for the maid of honor who goes with her for company. She does not know that the two men dressed like farm hands or stableboys, whom she sees now and then a little way off, are first-class detectives armed and ready to shield her from any harm that might threaten.

M. Lepine was told the other day by one of the German police agents, now in Paris, that Emperor William not long ago ordered the dismissal of a gamekeeper whom he described as having impertinently followed him without orders in the park of Potsdam. His adjutant communicated the imperial order to the major, who, of course, professed to accept it without question. But the impudent gamekeeper was in reality the most trusted secret-service man in the corps of the palace police. His only fault had been that, owing to the revival of anarchist attempts, he had been afraid to allow his imperial charge even for one moment out of his sight.

Young princes and even middle-aged kings sometimes

amuse themselves incognito in rather undignified ways, throwing off all the outward pomp of their position and passing as ordinary pleasure-loving citizens. In this case the absence of all signs of royalty would seem to insure their perfect safety. But the police know very well that that very feeling of security might prove the source of their greatest danger. Any anarchist might get to know of the royal weakness and arrange his plans accordingly. So it is just in those cases that the surveillance is most elaborately careful. The chief of the private agents installed permanently in the palace tells two or three of the men most conversant with all the pitfalls of the city, to follow the royal personage wherever he may go. As he walks down the street in unassuming garb, feeling free, unobserved and happy, protectors in various disguises are all about him silently watching over his safety. If he enters a café and sits at a little table to see life, the distinguished-looking man who orders a drink at the next little table is a policeman and the street vendor who stands monotonously crying an album of views or a new toy on the curbstone has an eye on His Highness all the time.

The King of Belgium is fond of taking a run from Brussels to Paris when the official world thinks he is resting quietly at one of his country-seats.

Both the Belgian and French police can tell you at any moment how he has passed every hour of his time during the flying lark in the gay city.

On these occasions of a monarch visiting a foreign nation, the country which receives the distinguished guest always works in conjunction with his personal attendants. The assassination of a foreign ruler within the borders of another nation is feared as the worst possible catastrophe by the officials of the country he honors with his presence.

How France Looked After Emperor William.

For example, it is no longer a mystery that Emperor William has already paid two short visits to Paris and the exposition since the fair opened. Owing to the hostility of the French people this was strictly kept from them. But the French government was duly notified each time by the German Ambassador, and assigned the cream of its secret service forces to assure the safety of the Emperor from the moment he entered French territory until he left it.

Inevitably the protecting agents get to know much about their wards which the high personages themselves would rather keep private. But it seldom happens that damaging stories become public property through any indiscreet talk on the part of these officials. Men and women employed in this delicate and confidential branch of service are persons of exceptional skill, and generally of incorruptible fidelity. Many of them, especially on the continent of Europe, can speak five or six languages with fluency. They have to be able to play to perfection any role that their varied assignments may require. They must be able to wear a dress suit, as if to the manner born, and make a reputable figure in a ballroom, and be capable of looking and demeaning themselves like typical toughs of the slums if occasion demands. They are exceedingly well paid, drawing the salaries of successful professional men, and when they are retired after faithful service, it is customary to continue their salaries. Of course, the very slightest indiscretion brings down the severest rebuke. If they are found to have deliberately "blabbed" anything they have learned through the exercise of their office they are irretrievably disgraced, and in some countries summarily punished for violation of their professional oath. Their work is rendered exceptionally arduous by the constant strain upon the nerves that it imposes. They have to be always on the watch. The moment in which they relax their attention may be the very moment of a fatal attack. And of course, the mere fact of a criminal even getting near enough to a royal person to make an attempt upon his life means the professional extinction of the secret service man. Nothing is held to explain away his fault; he is there to see that no attack be made; if one is made while he is on duty he is at once retired—even if not put out of the way, as the Russian officials disposed of those who failed to foresee and prevent the blowing up of the summer palace, wherein, though Alexander the First escaped to die of another bomb a little later, a large number of people were killed or maimed.

This stern justice has a powerful influence upon the police. On the occasion of a state ceremony with the passage of some royal personage there are often sudden outbreaks of trouble in the crowd. You will see two men suddenly disputing, come to blows; both will probably be arrested by an ordinary uniformed policeman. That often means that a secret service man in disguise suspects some individual whom he has observed packed-in with the bulk of the people. He has passed the word to another secret service man nearby, and one of them has deliberately picked a quarrel with the suspected man, perhaps by knocking off his hat or jostling him rudely. In this way, without betraying their mission, they procure the elimination of an individual whom, without positive proof, they suspect of criminal intentions. It is this kind of work which makes it necessary that the police appointed to secure the personal safety of sovereigns and princes be possessed, among their other qualifications, of iron nerves and superb physique.

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The Duchess of Cleveland, mother of Lord Rosebery, is one of the most remarkable octogenarians in English society. She can remember every incident of the Queen's wedding, where she officiated as bridesmaid, and her memoirs, should they ever be published, ought to prove one of the most fascinating books concerning the social and political life of the Victorian era. Some years ago she published a voluminous work dealing with all those families who can trace their descent from William the Conqueror's knights.

Marie Ronge, a German lady, who was born in London and now resides in Wurtemberg, has found an original way of utilizing her fine library. She writes to school teachers, especially in rural regions, to ascertain their taste in the way of reading, and then sends them parcels of her books, to be returned at her expense after they have been read.

Los Angeles Sunday Times.

[September 22, 1900.]

September 23, 1900.]

CENTER OF POLITICS.

HOW BUSINESS IS DONE AT NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.

By a Special Contributor.

BUSINESS is the key that unlocks the Republican national headquarters. To the man who has business to transact communication with any of the members of the Executive Committee is quickly obtained, and their attention may be held as long as is necessary. The twenty odd rooms which the committee occupies on the third floor of the Metropolitan building, at No. 1 Madison avenue, in New York City, are always open to the man or woman who knows what he wants, and whose wants are of a kind that interest the men who are striving for the election of McKinley and Roosevelt. From all parts of the country, therefore, come all sorts of people, who have, or think they have important transactions with the Republican party in the matter of the coming election. If those persons only who have a real interest in the campaign and its management called there the doors would be open on the corridors at all hours. But besides the great number who visit the committeemen on business, every day a stream of curiosity-impelled visitors, cranks of various degrees of crankiness, and fakers who believe that they can swindle the managers of the campaign to their own advantage, pour into the building. For these visitors there is courtesy enough, but they are not allowed to waste the time of the men whose minds are occupied with the detail work of getting out the Republican vote throughout the country.

The national headquarters of the Republican Committee in New York is only temporary. From it all of the campaign work for the Eastern States is directed. It was opened on the 1st of August. It will be closed up within a couple of days after the election, but it has all the appearance of permanency that attaches to the executive offices of a great business concern. The fittings are substantial and look as if they had been installed to stay. The clerks, messengers and doorkeepers all have an air about them which says to the visitor that they are permanent parts of a great organization engaged in serious work. Throughout the offices are portraits of the Republican national candidates set off by the national colors. The McKinley portraits are all the same. They show the President as he appears at his desk in the White House. Of the portraits of Roosevelt there is a great variety. He is shown as a soldier mounted on a horse and leading a charge of Rough Riders; he is shown as a statesman, dressed in a frock coat, such as statesmen are alleged to affect. There are pictures of the soldier Roosevelt dressed in khaki at mess with the officers of his regiment. Some of the pictures are those of a cowboy and others of a hunter. All of them are of the same Roosevelt, however. They are samples of the portraits that are being distributed throughout the country on the requisitions of the various State committees.

How the Work is Divided.

Chairman Hanna is essentially a business man. He does his work as the head of the National Committee in the same way that he manages the commercial enterprises which he controls. He does not believe in wasting time. Neither do the men who help him on the Executive Committee. His associates at the New York headquarters are United States Senator Nathan B. Scott of West Virginia, ex-State Senator Frederick S. Gibbs of New York, the Hon. Joseph H. Manley of Maine and ex-Secretary of the Interior Cornelius N. Bliss of New York, who is treasurer of the National Committee. Each one has his own province to fill in the work of the committee. Mr. Bliss looks after its finances. His books as treasure of the National Committee are kept on the same system that the books of the house of which he is the head are kept. Mr. Bliss does not want to get his name into the newspapers. He is seldom interviewed. When his opinion is asked he usually says that he does not wish to be quoted. He is busy always. He is consulted by the other managers on every move of importance that is made, and his experience makes his judgment of great value. There is a strong personal friendship of long standing between Senator Hanna and Mr. Bliss, and when Senator Hanna is at headquarters they spend a great deal of time together.

Mr. Manley looks out for the general work of the campaign. He knows the United States like a book, politically. Hardly a political question can be asked that he cannot answer offhand, and if he does not have the information in his mind he knows where it can be obtained most easily. Mr. Gibbs is another old-timer in politics. He, too, has a store of political knowledge coextensive with the history of the Republican party. Most of his attention has been devoted to the city and State of New York, and to him is intrusted more particularly the direction of affairs in the Empire State. Senator Scott is at the head of the speakers' bureau. He makes the assignments for all the speakers who operate under the direction of the National Committee as far West as the middle of Ohio. From that line to the Pacific Coast everything is under the direction of the campaigners in Chicago. To the eastward of it they have no jurisdiction.

At noon of every working day, under an arrangement with the telephone company, the long-distance telephone in the Chicago headquarters is connected with that in the New York headquarters, and the committeemen, nearly a thousand miles apart, talk matters over with each other. The telephone was of especial value when the committee was arranging the Gov. Roosevelt stumping tour through the West. Gov. Roosevelt was in New York. Most of the territory in which he was to speak was under the jurisdiction of the Chicago headquarters. His itinerary was a difficult one to arrange, because of the avalanche of demands that was made for him from all parts of the country. Chairman Hanna, Senator Scott and Gov. Roosevelt would gather at the New York telephone and talk with the Hon. Henry C. Payne, who is at the head of the committee in Chicago. Three consultations between them sufficed to arrange the whole tour, of forty-three days, so that the regular trains

of the various roads over which the candidate rides are being utilized, and the schedule was so contrived that his speeches would be delivered where they could be heard by the greatest possible number of persons. How it could have been done without the aid of the telephone is a question without any answer.

Schemers and Their Schemes.

All sorts and conditions of people go to the headquarters. Those whose visits are of importance are usually interesting to an observer, while those whose presence is not necessary form an entertaining subject for study. It is safe to say that ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who have no real business at headquarters, want to see Mr. Hanna. They loaf in the corridors, importuning the sergeant-at-arms to get them into Mr. Hanna's room. Some of them confess that they only want to look at him. Others have strange and weird schemes which they want the committee to adopt. The man with a scheme is the bane of the committeeman's existence. He comes in droves and stays a long while. The schemes which are suggested are as various as human ingenuity can devise. Sometimes the proposal comes from a person who is disinterested, but usually the proposer has an eye wide open for his own financial betterment. Such a man turned up one day, who was engaged in the manufacture of ribbon in one of the Eastern States. He told the sergeant-at-arms that he must see Mr. Hanna, and that he wanted the National Committee to adopt a ribbon badge, the material to be supplied by him. He explained that if the committee would adopt the badge and cause it to be worn by all Republicans it would increase the demand for ribbon to such an extent that all the manufacturers would put on extra hands in order to fill their orders. His plan was for the committee to make arrangements with the manufacturers that all of these new hands should be drawn from the ranks of the democracy and that each one of them should be pledged to vote the Republican ticket in return for his employment. The plan didn't command itself to the committee.

A manufacturer of novelties had a big scheme for flooding the country with spirit thermometers containing a figure of Uncle Sam. The bulb of the thermometer was to be held in the hand, and as the spirit expanded in a good Republican hand the figure would rise to prosperity. The man who suggested this scheme didn't explain what the committee could say when a Democratic hand got on the thermometer and the figure rose. The committee hasn't bought any thermometers.

Lively Times in the Literary Market.

There is one department devoted to campaign literature. It has already issued 200 different documents, which will be distributed by the millions. These documents are not one-twentieth of the entire number submitted to the committee. Authors, some of them with reputations already established, others as yet unappreciated by the public, devoted members of the party, and cranks, all contribute to the mass of manuscript which reaches the literary bureau. All of it is read. Some of the documents are very remarkable. Recently one was received from a Nebraskan which contained a violent attack on the personal character of the Democratic nominee for the Presidency. Its author wrote that he had personal knowledge of the facts on which it was based, and that he was positive its circulation would not only prevent Democratic success this year, but would drive Mr. Bryan from the United States. He added that the National Committee could hold him personally responsible for everything in the pamphlet. Such a document as this does not receive much attention. It was returned to its author with a note saying it was not acceptable. Within a week the committee received an indignant letter from him, declaring that there was not a Republican in the United States who knew his business, and that to rebuke them the author would vote for Bryan.

On another day a well-groomed individual appeared with proof sheets of a scurrilous attack on President McKinley. He said that he was the author of it, and that the Democratic National Committee had bought it and would issue it, but he offered to have it suppressed if the Republican committee would make it worth his while. The Republicans were confident that the Democratic National Committee had never seen the document and they promptly turned the blackmailer out.

Occasionally these troublesome visitors go astray and get into the wrong place. One day a long-haired poet wandered around the corridors for a half hour or so without telling any one his business. One of Mr. Hanna's callers, on leaving the chairman's room, forgot to close the door, and the poet slipped in before any one could head him off. He drew from his pocket a great roll of manuscript and explained to Mr. Hanna that it was a history of the Republican party in rhyme. Before the chairman could reply the poet said, "I will read it," and he began. How long it was the chairman never learned, for he made an excuse and deserted his desk, leaving the poet in possession of the room. The poet was lured out afterward by Mr. Hanna's secretary.

Mr. Gibbs attends to the gentlemen who are organizing great movements, and who need only a little aid from the National Committee to bring about a landslide. There are more of these persons, Mr. Gibbs says, than there are voters in the United States. In the month of August he received over a hundred and fifty letters, all of which endorsed the work that was being done by an individual in one of the Atlantic Coast States. This man was organizing the negro voters. Letters bearing the signatures of clergymen, physicians, lawyers and merchants reached Mr. Gibbs; all of them commanding in ardent words this organizer. Mr. Gibbs investigated the movement and learned that all of the letters had been written by the supposed organizer himself, commanding him for work that he had never done, and that the name he had been using was that of a man who had been dead for three years.

Oratory in Vast Quantities.

To Senator Scott go the would-be speakers. The Senator is convinced that 50 per cent. of the entire male population of the United States want to make speeches for the Republican ticket. When those who are ambitious to take the stump apply by letter they can be disposed of easily, but sometimes they make personal application. It has occurred that an aspirant for a job in the speakers' bureau has

insisted on giving a sample of his ability. One day United States Senators, he was compelled to stop something in his office to listen to a "natural orator" Southern State, who spoke for a half hour on the subject of human slavery. Boy orators are projected upon the stage in abundance. They are usually brought to his office by their doting parents, who insist that the infant shall give an exhibition. Senator Scott has to pay them. The Senator does not believe that a deep impression can be made on a full-grown man by an infant, but he has preserved his good nature so far, and has not shamed child orators or their parents.

Once in a while an aspirant for oratorical eminence brings his wife along with him to plead his case. His devoted wife that her husband is absolutely unable to speak in public is out of the question, and the highest order is necessary to handle such a family out giving offense. Most of the stump speakers are prominent in the party, or are professional speakers. The big men do not receive any pay for their services. The compensation of the others is graded according to their size. The speakers' bureau is besieged by men who believe appeals should be made to special classes of the public. They can never understand why the committee does not treat the situation as they do. There is a man who lives in his home as the "Boiler Maker Orator," because he is good boilers and bad speeches. He believes firmly that the National Committee would put him on the stump with a high salary every boiler maker in the country would buy a Republican ticket.

Must Treat the Cranks Tenderly.

All the cranks and people with queer notions are turned down, but the process must be a gentle one. Words well chosen, or else there will be a tremendous balloon about it. A National Committeeman who has 500 miles on a hot day to get to headquarters, was splitting with a tremendous ache, when he got high with correspondence that required his immediate attention, and who was generally out of sorts, and a man who had bothered him for half an hour a nuisance." Within a day there was a story to the effect that he had driven a mild and inoffensive visitor from his office with blows and curses. Some people have ever since. It may happen some day.

The campaign contributions sometimes amount to stories. Recently there was received at headquarters \$100 from a woman in a seaboard city. The letter aroused the interest of Chairman Hanna, who caused it to be investigated. He learned that the contribution represented half the savings of a life and hard-working woman, whose only income came from her belief that its men and women best. The committee returned the contribution, explaining that it did not think such a sum was necessary.

Not all the checks that are received at headquarters are like this one. There is a large class of persons which considers it a huge joke to send heavy contributions. These can usually be detected by the words in which they are drawn. One day last week \$1 million dollars was received. It was drawn on an engraved blank. The committeemen looked at it and decided that they would not place it in the bank. Sometimes, however, they make a mistake in attaching a check for \$5000 from a man of the committee had ever heard, was six months ago. The committee thought it was a check that was laid aside and forgotten. It came two weeks ago and was put in the bank to be cashed out to be good. The contributor was a man who neither sought nor desired any reward for helping the party along.

Running a campaign is a business. As far as the viewpoint of the committeeman, it is a business. The politics seems to have passed, and campaign work is aged just as any great business enterprise.

AMERICA'S SUPERIOR MECHANICAL INGENUITY

[New Orleans Times-Democrat:] "We patent anything nowadays," said the representative of a patent office which makes wood-working machinery. "A patent is simply a license to litigate, and costs more to prosecute an infringer than to defend either in damages or as an example to others."

"What we really look to for protection is the skill and cleverness of the American mechanician. We have made such rapid progress in machinery past few years that no foreign manufacturer can keep up with us. That is not brag or bluster, but a fact."

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"What we really look to for protection is the skill and cleverness of the American mechanician. We have made such rapid progress in machinery past few years that no foreign manufacturer can keep up with us. That is not brag or bluster, but a fact."

"Another important point is this: Our tools, our scientific methods of handling materials, our ingenious manner in which we utilize products so as to minimize waste, are far ahead of machinery as cheaply as the foreign market. The fact that we pay nearly double their wages indicates that gratifying state of affairs continues, and it does away with the use of cheap labor, which has heretofore made us inferior. It proves that a cheap product doesn't pay."

THE ECLIPSE AS THE CAMERA SAW IT

come to me to witness a total eclipse, I would as well as a layman, without telescope or camera, a spectator of what I dimly recognized, in the course of my programme of work, as a magnificent scene in nature.

The Party Was Organized.

eclipse of May 28, which was successfully witnessed across the entire track of the moon's shadow, seemed to me for carrying out this plan. The shadow traveled across the United States from New Orleans to Boston between these points it fairly bristled with telescopes and cameras. The work of the observer to be well done, while, so far as I could learn, as a spectacle was not being considered. I then organized an unofficial expedition whose object was, to invite pigeon English of the East, to "look see." Members of this expedition were not required to have convictions as to how the eclipse ought to be seen. A telescope was permitted in the party, but each member invited to view the phenomenon through a colored glass in accordance with the promptings of his own whims. The results were interesting and impressive, and could be seen by the evidence which will be presented.

unofficial party embarked safely on Saturday the 26th of May, from Washington. It included other eclipse students, a member of the Cabinet, a nation's lawmakers, a distinguished author, a Canadian astronomer from Canada. The coast of Bache, the vessel so well known at the beginning of the Spanish war, when it served as a dispatch boat between Havana and Key West, took the party to a sun-drenched port.

Dolphin anchored nearby, having on board the United States, accompanied by the Secretary of War. So distinguished a party had not been mentioned in connection with the sun since the year 2136 B.C., when the Chinese Kang-feng felt compelled to remove the heads of the officers of state on account of their failure to appear in advance of an eclipse which occurred in 2136 B.C.

and which, by reason of their neglect, appeared to the greater danger of the state.

Day of eclipse dawned as bright as the most brilliant astronomer could wish and very soon after the sun began to light up the waters of Hampton Roads became the scene of great activity. The moon had already begun to intrude itself into the sky, and the observer and the sun before the short journey was half covered, and already the changing colors of the sunlight betokened that an unusual scene

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Illustrated Magazine Section.

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SAW THE ECLIPSE. CABINET, SENATORIAL, CONGRESSIONAL AND OTHER IMPRESSIONS.

BY DR. H. S. PRITCHETT,
Superintendent United States Coast and Geodetic Survey.

HERE is a widespread belief among those who do not belong to the elect that astronomers visit the uttermost parts of the earth to see eclipses. Like many popular beliefs, this is a fallacy. As a matter of fact, while the astronomer travels thousands of miles to view an eclipse he seldom sees one. Sometimes he sees it in the fleeting seconds of totality in a dark closet, catching a single ray of light from the mysterious corona; often his attention is given to some minute detail of solar structure which he examines with the aid of microscope and spectroscope. During the minutes preceding the obscuration, and particularly at the time of total obscuration, his whole attention is absorbed in the particular task which he has set himself to do; of the eclipse, as one of the wonderful sights of nature, he has no opportunity to think.

Now and then it has happened that an astronomer more prompt than the rest has been carried away by the beauty and the wonder of the scene and has remained looking up into the heavens while his telescope stood idle during the precious moments of totality; but these rare occasions have never spoken of except among the initiated, and it happens that while many astronomers have observed more than two total eclipses of the sun, few have ever seen

I have myself observed two total eclipses under very favorable conditions, the one in 1878 and the other in 1889. On the last occasion I resolved that, should the opportunity



THE ECLIPSE AS THE CAMERA SAW IT.

to me to witness a total eclipse, I would choose it as a layman, without telescope or camera, simply spectator of what I dimly recognized, in the effort to realize my programme of work, as a magnificent and unique scene in nature.

The Party Was Organized.

Eclipse of May 28, which was successfully observed the entire track of the moon's shadow, seemed a fitting time for carrying out this plan. The shadow track across the United States from New Orleans to Northern California was well done, while, so far as I could learn, the shadow track of the moon's shadow was not being considered. I therefore planned an unofficial expedition whose object was, in the words of the American Mechanic, "to look see." The members of this expedition were not required to have any convictions as to how the eclipse ought to appear, though it was permitted in the party, but each member agreed to view the phenomenon through a colored glass, in accordance with the promptings of his own inner consciousness. The results were interesting and important, to be seen by the evidence which will be produced.

An official party embarked safely on Saturday evening, the 26th of May, from Washington. It included the author, a member of the Cabinet, four members of Congress, a distinguished author and a famous astronomer from Canada. The coast survey vessel Bach, the vessel so well known at the beginning of the Civil War, when it served as a dispatch boat between Key West and the South, took the party to a suitable port. A guide, who was a member of the party, said, "I am nearly the same," he said, looking at the author. "You see there are no English patent offices here, and the invention of putting it on the American market should say not," I exclaimed. "I am not one of them if you did. That model is a good one, and an improved form has been adopted."

The case is simply one out of many. Our important point is this: Our improvements in scientific methods of handling material, in which we utilize what are now cheaply as the foreigners, in order to minimize waste, are enabling us to nearly double their wages. This gratifying state of affairs seems to do away with the bugaboo which has heretofore menaced the country. A cheap product doesn't necessarily mean a bad product.

about to be enacted. No better position to view such a spectacle could have been chosen. From the bridge of the steamer the clear horizon on all sides prevented any interruption of the view, while the dark color of the foliage, the faint yellow of the wheat fields and the changing shadows of the houses made the land seem very near.

As the sun's disc diminished to a small crescent which grew ever thinner, the party gathered on the bridge, and each gave himself to whatsoever train of thought the occasion suggested. For myself the scene was one of the greatest interest, and, without in any way trying to anticipate the order of the phenomena, I simply gave myself to them as they came along.

The Eclipse as Seen by an Astronomer.

To even the most hasty observer the character of nature was changed. As the sun's crescent faded away and the light which reached the earth came only from the edge of the disc, it underwent a series of changes, and at the last had a wan greenish tint, in which every object of nature assumed a spectral appearance. A sickly, baneful hue, somewhat like that which precedes an awful storm, lay over all. The breeze dropped and nature seemed to pause breathless and was before entering upon some great struggle. Toward the southwest the oncoming shadow of the moon began to darken the sky. It grew rapidly blacker, as if a tornado was sweeping down upon the observer. The black column swept on, blotting out every object in its path, like a very demon of destruction. One fairly held his breath as it approached, expecting to see ships and houses disappear in one general ruin, but as the very moment of destruction came the black shadow passed noiselessly over the water, the sun vanished like the shutting off of an electric light, and in its

the personal equation entered so strongly as to make the results of doubtful value for purposes of comparison. The unofficial expedition, whose story has just been told, may at least give some testimony on this point.

Immediately after the eclipse each member of the party was asked to sketch, without consultation with others, the outline of the corona as seen by himself. The results while they may not adorn a tale, will at least serve to point a moral.

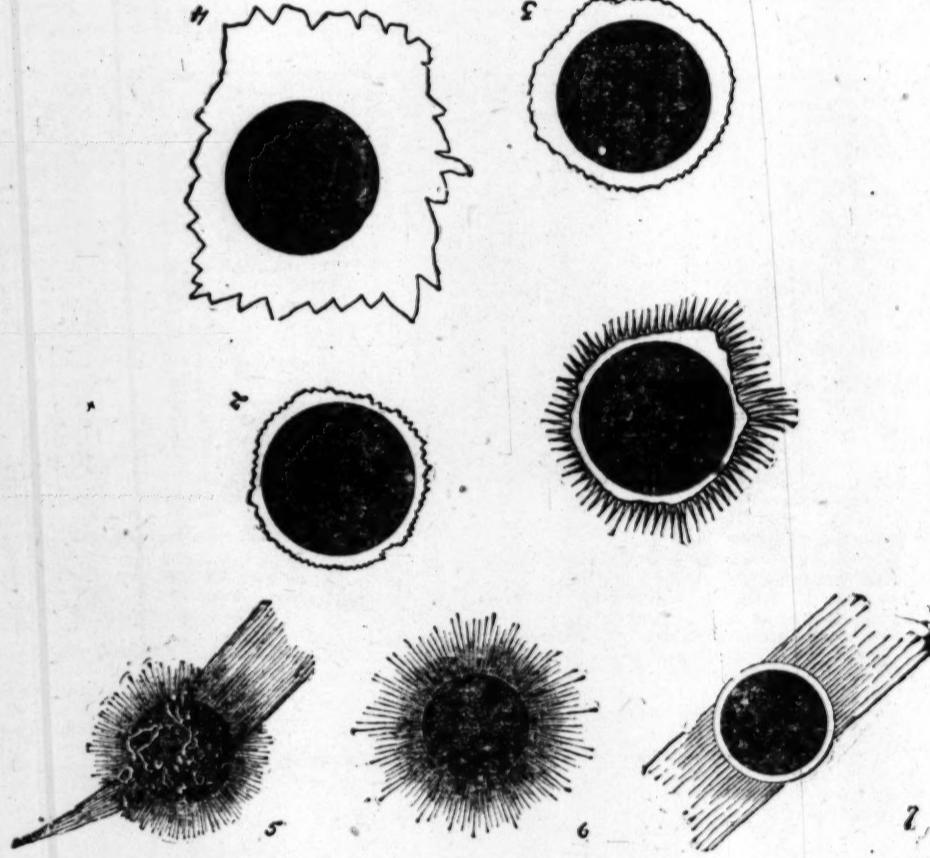
Turning first to a sketch by the Honorable Secretary of the Interior we see the corona as a real corona ought to be uniform, strong and radiating impartially in all directions

A series of sketches by three distinguished members of the House of Representatives, the Hon. Joseph Cannon of Illinois, the Hon. William H. Moody of Massachusetts, and the Hon. J. A. Hemenway of Indiana, exhibit a curious similarity and all indicate a firm determination to keep the corona within its proper bounds, a habit acquired by long service on the Committee on Appropriations.

In contrast to these a sketch by the Senator from the State of Washington shows that amiable desire to be generous, which is characteristic of the Senate.

A sketch by Thomas Nelson Page reveals certain features of the corona which could only be detected by the literary man and illustrates fresh the value of the imagination when applied to science. Two sub-sketches by the same hand were omitted, with great regret.

A sketch by Prof. C. H. McLeod of the McGill Observatory, Montreal, has a certain resemblance to past coronas which puts his sketch in a class by itself, and finally when these are brought together and compared with the very excellent photograph of the corona taken by the eclipse party sent



(1) SENATOR FOSTER'S NOTION OF THE CORONA. (2) AS SEEN BY CONGRESSMAN CANNON. (3) CONGRESSMAN HEMENWAY'S VIEW OF IT. (4) IMPRESSIONS CONG. MOODY. (5) A CORONAL STUDY BY PROF. MCLEOD. (6) A SOLAR EXTERIOR BY THE SEC. OF THE INTERIOR. (7) THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S ATTEMPT OF IT.

place streamed out that mysterious silvery light which astronomers call the corona.

No other scene in all nature can be compared to this sight. From all parts of the hidden disc of the sun flashed these curious beams of light. Along the ecliptic the streamers extended to a distance of a diameter and a half from the sun's disc, interlaced and interwoven in the most complicated way. About the poles the matter which gave the coronal light seemed arranged in a manner similar to the lines of force about a magnet. This corona of silvery light is unlike any other light in all the universe of stars, and as one gazed at its unearthly radiance, well could he comprehend the awe and the fear which this sight has brought to all timid minds in the darker periods of the world's history. Even the modern mind almost questions what message this mysterious light flashes back to the hearts of men. Small wonder that tyrant and slave have trembled before this wan symbol of the sky.

But suddenly in the far west, whence the mysterious shadow had come, a faint line of dawn was seen. It grew rapidly brighter and wider and almost before one realized what it meant all the phenomena of the dawn had come and gone; the sunlight again flashed out, wan and sickly at first, but growing every minute stronger and more wholesome, and nature once more put on her everyday garb. The eclipse was over.

To the astronomer a total eclipse furnishes the one opportunity to study that curious appendage of the sun which has received the name of the corona, and when one remembers that, although eclipses are comparatively frequent, their average duration is about three minutes, and that in a half century we have had in all scarcely a half hour for this study, the moments of eclipse seem precious indeed to the astronomer.

Pencils Out! And the Sketching Began.

Formerly when our knowledge of the form and structure of the corona depended on sketches by different individuals,

out by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the value and interest of the individual sketches will be at once understood and appreciated.

World-Wide Dread of Eclipses.

The fear of eclipses and the disposition to look upon them as omens is world-wide. It is confined to no people and to no land. It was a part of the fear of the unknown which belonged to the childhood of the race, a fear which disappears very slowly, and with which modern science alone has been able to deal.

And yet there is small need for blushing that our forefathers trembled before the eclipse. No scene in nature is so striking and so awe-inspiring as a total eclipse of the sun. From the moment when the changing light begins to lend a pallor to the landscape something mysterious and awful seems impending. The onrush of the shadow, the sudden flashing out of the corona, the transition of the dawn, all accomplished so quickly, make a picture unlike anything else. Small wonder that the scene was one of mystery and terror. To the ignorant this fear was entirely justifiable; let us blush only for the ignorance. And this conclusion was the result to which the unofficial party was led. Meantime the Bachie had turned her prow northward.

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DEEP-SEA CIVILITIES.

[Chicago Tribune:] "Let us take a walk," said the lobster, priding itself upon the superiority of its means of locomotion.

"No," returned the oyster. "Can't you see that it looks like rain?"

Whereupon the hippocampus and the star fish gave the lobster the loud cackulation.

It is better to be sedentary and smart than leggy and lunkheaded.

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UPHILL, BUT EASY.

RIDING UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE IN A LOCOMOBILE.

By Walter Lindley, M.D.

TO GO gliding up the side of a mountain without dust, without weary horses, with all the comfort of a drive on a street in the city, is a novel and delightful experience. The Times announced that at 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, August 11, an experimental trip with an automobile, or rather locomobile, would be begun at the Farmer House in San Jacinto. This trip was for the purpose of deciding whether it was feasible to run a line of locomobiles between the town of San Jacinto and the mountain resort of Strawberry Valley, which is just one mile (5200 feet) above sea level. Frank E. Olds, the agent of the locomobiles, had sent his machine by rail, and when we arrived at San Jacinto on the 2 o'clock Santa Fé there were hundreds of people gathered to witness the advent in that valley of this fin-de-siècle means of locomotion.

As is usual with great events, we did not get started until one hour after schedule time, and then we went scurrying through the streets with Dunham's four-horse stage just after us. There is something very exhilarating in riding in one of these machines. We flew past farm-houses, startling horses, cattle and cotton-tails until we struck a heavy, sandy stretch of road just beyond Florida, which is five miles out of San Jacinto; here our little engine began puffing and working like a good fellow, and at two places we got out and walked, say five or ten yards.

ride, I naturally felt some little trepidation, but this soon vanished as we went skimming down the mountain side with the little brake, which is a chain about the size of a bicycle chain, perfectly controlling the descent. On, on, we went, without the least trouble, reaching San Jacinto at 6:30 o'clock, having been a hours and 15 minutes making the twenty-two miles. Thus was completed a most delightful experiment. The beauty of traveling on one of these machines is that there is absolutely no dust. In driving, the horses make the dust, not the vehicle. Our clothing was perfectly free from dust at both ends of the journey. This, together with the rapidity of travel, gives two great advantages over the stage line.

When we consider, further, that this machine upon which we had traveled had been built only for a run-about in a city, we can realize the possibility with a machine that had been constructed purposely for mountain travel. In the first place, a machine for mountain travel should be built for strength and not for speed. This machine is geared up for thirty miles an hour, while a machine for mountain travel should be geared for greater strength and for only ten miles an hour; then the wheels of this machine are only twenty-six inches in diameter, while one for the mountains should have wheels 36 to 40 inches in diameter. Of course, also, a machine should be constructed with a gasoline reservoir large enough not to need replenishing on the trip. Another important feature is, this machine is narrow gauge, one wheel going down in the rut made by wagons while the other remained upon higher ground. The machine for mountain travel should be broad gauge. With these few changes a locomobile carrying eight people could be constructed that would make the travel up the mountain perfectly successful. Then the trip from San

paradise of delight, while to others it may simply be an excursion into the kingdom of boredom.

The amusement gained in learning to climb a mountain closely is infinite; it is a stimulus from which every sense a healthful one, leading to many of the pleasures of art as well as to those of sport.

When combined with a love of research and study, interests are yet more valuable. It seems almost to dwell upon the ethical aspect of the amusement from our most precious friends—books. How the imagination, turn the dull hour into a bright day, the limits of our little world, giving us, as it were, a family to love and care for, bringing us into noble lives and great minds!

Novels, if they do not amuse us in their name, do not prevent their authors from being the best preachers and teachers that the world knows. What thank offerings would we gladly give to the magicians who enrich our lives by their creation?

Second to the amusement derived from literature, or perhaps equal to it, is that of music. Music has its own particular atmosphere and brightness, and is inseparable from the festival of festivity, of great public and private solemnities and great celebrations.

For all games that do not pander merely to chance and that do not depend upon gambling for their success have a profound respect. Games such as tennis and golf are simply invaluable. They bring them active in body, agile and supple of limb, strong, enduring, patient, good-tempered,勇敢的. I regret that the element of chance ever have intruded itself upon these sports; beyond this there is a further danger in that hero worship so freely bestowed upon all who attain exceptional proficiency in the national game, as require great force of character to settle down into routine of everyday life after the excitement of injudicious and universal adulation.

I would add that the ethics of those games that are descendant were national games are important. Who does not owe also a meed of gratitude to games, such as the learned and dignified game of whist, so useful when conversation flags; or even patience, all of which have helped us through many a tedious hour? But here again, as is at a discount if they are played for money or gambling purposes.

And then the bicycle! What avenues of pleasure opens up! What possibilities to those who live within city walls! It promotes health between men and women, so valuable to the realization of the aspirations of the post.

"Ye gods annihilate but time and death."

And make two lovers happy." Traveling, an unfailing delight and amusement, happily brought within the reach of almost half philanthropic, half business among the mechanics, workingmen's clubs, settlements, etc.

At sports my ethical sense cries for "No"! Sport to the hunter is not sport to the animal; swinging, but in so far as sport conduces to courage, of resolve, good fellowship, the love of country, life, a healthy mind in a healthy body, is ethical as well as physical attributes.

RUSSIA'S INJUSTICE TO FINLAND

[Augustine Birrell in the Contemporary] Finland on paper is irresistible; nor can it ever have been challenged, but for the last decade or two there has appeared in Russia a man so honestly dominated by the unification of the whole empire that he is wholly indifferent to, and consequently ignorant of, local traditions and history. For politicians to remain in complete ignorance of the concerns of outlying provinces and colonies will be remanded. The things English statesmen about Ireland would still fill volumes. Nothing so productive of indifference, and so much ignorance, as a dominating idea. Whichever the idea is indeed hastily devised and simulated, but everything which questions it seems to challenge its right to go forward, rejected without examination. We saw this plentifully illustrated during our late Revolution.

It is not, therefore, surprising to find that those who surround the Czar know nothing about Finland and are irritated and puzzled when they hear of constitutions and fundamental laws. Constitutions are a well-known word in the ears of the Finns. It is an old joke how "Combe on the Gob" never succeeded in getting into St. Petersburg.

Were the subject not so melancholy and gloomy, it would be amusing to comment on the case of the Bobrikoffs and Kuropotkins to mention.

These gallant warriors have never been bet of constitutionalism, and they can say whatever. Autocracy they know; it is good. How is it possible, they ask, that what is mighty Russia can be restricted in tiny Finland? It is but a ukase, and what a ukase it can undo. A fundamental law is more than can digest. The works of Bryce and Dickey are shelves. What they want is to increase the army with Finnish conscripts, and so break down hitherto have preserved the national spirit of the army. To make the young Finnish soldiers die, and to have thirty-six per thousand population under arms, instead of only nine, what they want for their imperial master.

They are told that by a fundamental law of Russia all the Russians cannot have what he wants. The army without the consent of the Tsar Russia land they are likely to die of apoplexy. If the headed midshipman had demanded his will from Commander Trunian.

"AUGUSTA, PACK THE TRUNKS"

DR. TALMAGE THINKS THE MOST EARNEST MAN

By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage

NOT a beggar in Berlin, not a beggar in Germany—as far as we have heard.

In other European countries, the beggar is a beggar. Hat in hand eyes upturned, gazing

attitude indicating it has long been taught that mother were paupers. Pedigrees of rags want. Squallor of centuries impersonate

any, neither at the doors of churches, nor

lined stations, nor on the street are you

hat is the reason? The German nation

long nations in prosperity. The people

and enough to wear, and enough to ake

invest fields which we see through the car

at this year a wealthy crop will be added

sources. Cleanliness, another sign of prospe

ere evident. Dirt is always poor. Piety

Germany, wisely distributed, and everywhere

smallest, and yet not a malodor abides. Bei

August as in January. Only two cases

we see in all the empire. German

as American whisky. No doubt there is

nothing, but we do not know where to find

Germany's religion has much to do with

the most revered name in St. Petersbur

, and we are shown the houses where

ass with which he cut, and the cups ou

, and the staff with which he walked,

he built, and the pens with which he w

on which he slept, and the crown which

throne on which he sat, so in Germany t

Martin Luther, and we are taken to the

now at Wittenburg, where he talked with

the door of the church on which he hammered

the pulpit where he preached, and the

which he drank before apollinaris water wa

tomb where, near by that of Philip Mel

the long sleep, and the statues in

where he stands with the Bible in his

of marble or bronze is still preaching the

shock the earth, and proclaiming a religion

which will yet give all nations the right

in their own way. Luther is still the

less power in Germany.

likewise the long reign of Kaiser William I

y reign. He chose for his winter and sum

plainer and simplest of his palaces, leaving

the decoration of tourists the royal palace, when

Great entertained Voltaire in vast rooms

and statuary, and chuckling together over

considered the joke of all time, the Christian

for forsaking the palace at Potadam, its wall

precious stones, and august with maste

dous structure built at the close of the

to prove that the national resources were not

two palaces occupied by Kaiser William, a

season, look like prosperous homes, but com

tions. You are led through his late reside

miring its simplicity, and through his st

with Bismarck, and drafted plans for th

, and put down the foundation of an em

will last as long as the sun and moon

the history of almost every nation it required

son's pen and George Washington's sword,

Hamilton's financial genius for institut

Germany, William I and Von Moltke and Bismarck

the present Emperor has enlisted the hearts

. While many criticize his pronouncements

like this, or do not like that, William II

to his son a mightier scepter than that whic

reigned only ninety-three days, and which ha

wielded twenty-seven years. German blood

France and cruel Spain have again and again

from republicanism to monarchy, and from mona

republicanism. The present Emperor is ubiquit

the cornerstone of a church, now unveling

, now launching a ship, now reviewing a

in one city and now in another. At a Punch

, some time ago, the performer gave what

the characteristics of the three Emperors

within four months over Germany, Kaiser

Frederick and William II. The man of the

time to be weary." Emperor Frederick had fo

such utterance, 'It is well to suffer without com

present Emperor will be known for his fam

Augusta! pack the trunks!" For this dis

was two months imprisoned. After he ha

in jail and had come out he continued h

with the following change of remark, "Kaiser

be remembered by his saying, 'I have no tim

Emperor Frederick by his saying, 'It is

without complaining.' But I am not perm

what is the characteristic saying of the pre

. Then the audience supplied the lacking info

"Augusta! pack the trunks."

Emperor William loses nothing through th

There is an earnest side to his nature

recognize. He preached a sermon on his yach

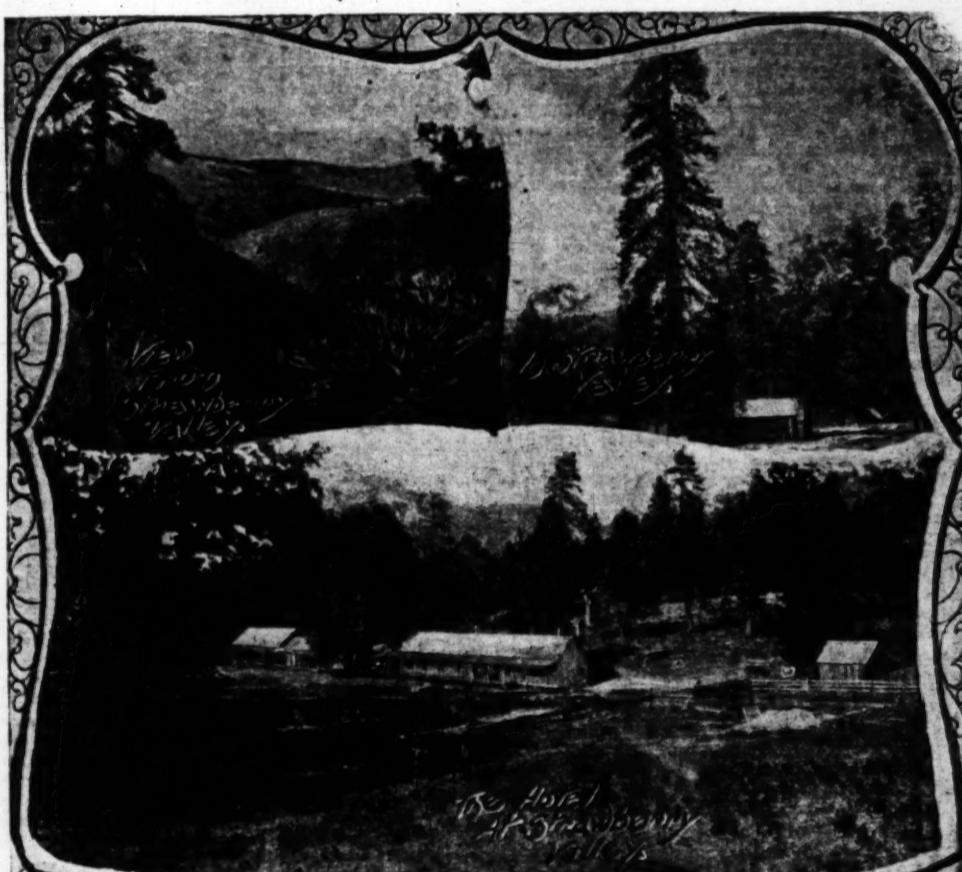
ago, a mere extract going through the press,

and genial friend, Rev. Dr. Dickey, pastor

American Church in Berlin, for whom I preached

have translated the Emperor's sermon

and have taken three-quarters of an hour in d



Jacinto to Strawberry Valley will be one of the most delightful in California.

ETHICS OF AMUSEMENT.

LADY BATTERSEA'S VIEWS ON THE SPORTS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

[New York Tribune:] At this season of the year, when the daily routine becomes the daily grind and recreative pursuits are the business of the hour, Lady Battersea's views on amusements, proper and improper, and their influence on the social community come with especial interest. She says:

Amusement, properly understood, is the relaxation from the daily grind, and only when it is taken in that sense, and not as the main object of existence, can it be considered on moral grounds. It should be the brooder hem to the robe, not the robe itself. The moment that amusement, in the shape of games, sport, society even, departs from its rightful kingdom, it becomes an usurper, and as such cannot claim ethical power. Its true purpose is as a relaxation either to the mind or the body, and this it ceases to be when it occupies an undue amount of time, brain power or physical energy.

It seems to me that if amusement is to be healthful and pure it should depend, first, upon the exercise and use, but not abuse, of our physical and mental powers; second, upon sympathetic companionship; third, upon the certainty that in the pursuit of our own pleasure we are not injuring others; fourth, upon the fact that we are giving pleasure to others.

Now, the more we cultivate our faculties the greater will be our possibilities of enjoyment. To some a walk between budding hedgerows or through green fields may lead to a

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PERILS OF RULERS.

POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS AND THE ANARCHIST MOVEMENT.

BY JAMES BRYCE, M.P.
Author of "The American Commonwealth," etc.

THE assassination of King Humbert, all the more detestable because he was personally possessed of many noble qualities and had faithfully walked in the steps of a father of whom all Italy was proud, has recalled the mind of Europe to the danger which threatens the heads of all States, whether monarchical or republican, from those who are commonly, though perhaps rather loosely, called anarchists. Yet the impression of horror made by this deplorable event seems less than might have been expected. People have become so much accustomed to see crimes of this kind perpetrated as to have grown comparatively callous. Since the murder of the Czar Alexander the Second, in 1881, a sort of epidemic of political assassination has prevailed in Europe, like that which marked the latter part of the sixteenth and earlier part of the seventeenth century. King Henry the Fourth in France and the Regent Murray in Scotland were only two of the most conspicuous among its many victims. The massacre of St. Bartholomew's eve and the attempt to blow up the English King and Parliament, which is called after Guy Fawkes, were instances on a great scale of the effort to attain political objects by the slaughter in time of peace of political opponents; and both were approved or condoned by the public opinion of large sections of Europe. Many plots were formed to kill Queen Elizabeth, and again to kill Oliver Cromwell, but so far as England is concerned, the habit practically died out till it was recently revived in the plots directed against Mr. Gladstone and W. E. Forster, and in the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in 1882.

Hatred Not Personal.

All these cases, however, were cases in which there was some hostility to the individual victim, either on personal grounds or because he exercised a power which the conspirators desired to remove from their path. The significant feature of the present assassinative epidemic is that it is directed against persons merely in respect to their position as rulers or connected with reigning families, altogether apart from their personality. There was no personal hatred to President Sadi Carnot, an estimable man and merely the titular head of a free nation; still less to the Empress of Austria, a woman whose character and misfortunes have been expected to win sympathy from the hardest heart. Indeed, it is remarkable that the victims have usually been the most amiable and beneficent men. Of President Lincoln there is no need to speak. The Czar Alexander had liberated the serfs, and was when he perished trying to liberalize Russian administration. Lord Frederick Cavendish had gone to Ireland on a mission of conciliation.

There are two phenomena about these so-called anarchists—the word must be used “under protest”—assassinations which are felt to be specially formidable. One is the fact that, as just observed, the victim is selected quite irrespective of his or her personality, and merely in respect of his or her position. Sipido, the Italo-Belgian boy who tried to kill the Prince of Wales, had no animosity to the Prince, but merely knew he was the Queen of England’s son. The other is that the assassin is in many cases indifferent to his own escape. He would doubtless prefer to escape; but he is ready to attain his object at the cost of his own death or life-long imprisonment. Against such assailants it is almost impossible to take complete precautions; and punishment has comparatively little deterrent effect. Here, again, we are reminded of the assassinations of the sixteenth century. They were largely due to religious passion, and the man who thinks he is rendering a service to his religion seeks little of his own life. Mohammedan fanatics, such as was the man who killed Lord Mayo (Viceroy of India) in the Andaman Islands, are equally disregardful of their own safety, and willingly accept a death which secures their entrance to Paradise. Something like this is evidently the case with men like the assassins of President Carnot and the Empress of Austria and King Humbert. They are possessed by a hatred of society and government as at present constituted which has all the effects of religious fanaticism, and take no heed of the consequences to themselves.

The Responsibility for Violence.

Notwithstanding the excitement caused by these assassinations and the attention which has been directed to the whole subject, the European public knows extremely little about what it calls the anarchist movement. It has no data for finding even how far the assassinations are to be connected with the speculative doctrines of anarchism, and probably exaggerates, in its ignorance, the extent of such connection as exists. Many of those who hold anarchism as a speculative doctrine are perfectly harmless and well-meaning men, who would give no encouragement to slaughter. It is unjust to them to brand them with responsibility for deeds of violence. Some at least of those who plot or perpetrate murders seem to be persons with a strong natural propensity to crime, who need no speculative theory to spur them on. Probably the police of some European countries know more than they have given, or think it wise to give, to the public. But it may be doubted whether even the police can determine what relations the criminal side of the movement has with the theoretical or doctrinal side.

Novel and alarming as the phenomena are, a little reflection shows us that they might have been looked for in an age like our own. It has been, as regards moral and social ideas, a revolutionary age. Over many parts of Europe the old restraints which religion had imposed have completely vanished from the minds of a large part of the laboring class in the towns, and have been replaced (to a great extent) by a positive hatred of religion and those

who are specially associated with it. This has been particularly the case in France, in Italy, and in Spain. In these countries the ruling church was most completely identified with the state and the most powerful for repression. It is, therefore, in them that the recoil has been most violent, to which we may, perhaps, add that in Spain and in Italy there is a greater tendency to violent methods than in Northern Europe. Along with the removal or loosening of religious restraints, there has been all over Europe, a diminution of the old respect for rank, the old habit of looking up to the so-called “upper classes,” the old acquiescence in the established order of society, as being natural, rightful, necessary.

Ideas Born of the French Revolution.

In many places the ideas of the French revolution (of 1789) have worked upon the minds of the more ignorant part of the industrial urban population as alcohol works upon a feeble brain. The ancient respect for authority has been turned into a blind hatred of authority. Political liberty, widely extended in most countries of Europe, has not bettered the condition of the industrial class as it was expected to do. Power still remains largely in the hand of the rich. The luxury of the new rich which is much in evidence excites more envy than did the luxury of the titled grandees of last century. Thus there is, in large sections of the industrial urban population of Continental Europe (for the conditions of Britain are quite different) a sullen sense of wrong and an angry longing for change, which in the more excitable or criminal mind rises into a sort of wild fury against all existing institutions, and especially against governments as the repressive powers, which are deemed to hold the people down. Add to these facts the now almost universal habit (among the urban populations) of reading and the excitement maintained by the constant diffusion of news and the removal by the press of the veil of stately obscurity which used to conceal the personality of rulers from the eyes of subjects; add all these things together, and it will be seen that the spread of what we called anarchistic principles might well have been predicted for the criminal manifestations associated, whether rightly or wrongly, with those principles. The number of persons with more or less disordered brains is so large and increases so fast that wherever there is a widely-diffused excitement, one must expect it to break out, in fierce or vicious natures, into savage crime. Such natures do not ask themselves, “Of what use is the crime, and how will it bring any nearer the overturn of established institutions which we desire?” Argument is lost on them, as the fear of punishment has proved to be.

Schemes for Prevention.

For the last ten years or more the governments of Continental Europe have been busying themselves with schemes for dealing with the evil, but they seem to get no further. Six or seven years ago, after the dynamite outrages at Barcelona, the British government was invited to join in some severely repressive measures, but in Britain, as in the United States, the settled maxims and rules of law and administration make it impossible to take the kind of arbitrary action which is permitted in most continental countries. Nor do those wider police powers which continental governments command seem to succeed, for the evil goes on. It is even possible that greater severity might aggravate. Nevertheless, one cannot but regret that capital punishment has been abolished in Italy, and cannot but stand astonished at what has happened in Belgium, where Sipido has been allowed, through the weakness first of the jury and then of the administration, to escape Scotland free. Perhaps there is nothing to be done but see that every assassin receives punishment and wait patiently till the epidemic dies out of itself, as other epidemics of crime and folly have done before. New conditions have engendered it, or have at least aggravated the tendencies to it. When those conditions have themselves become modified, it, too, may decline and disappear. But it is one of the most depressing features of the closing century; one of the most painful proofs that the hopes of rapid human progress which were so ripe in the world forty years ago were too sanguine.

London, England.

THE FINE ART OF CAKE-MAKING.

IF CLOSELY ADHERED TO, THESE RULES INSURE ABSOLUTELY PERFECT CAKE.

By a Special Contributor.

Use good materials if you want good cake. There is no alchemy in the oven to transmute stale eggs, sticky sugar, strong butter, and lumpy flour into something rich and toothsome. Neither will the most skillful mixing and baking do away with the acrid flavor resultant from poor baking powders.

To judge flour, ruffle the surface of it—the shadows between the heaps look faintly creamy. Blue-white flour is apt to have a taint of corn flour or corn starch, or else to have been ground from wheat below the highest grade. Perfect flour, grasped in the hand, will show when released all the veins of the palm, as well as keep shape. It has also a sort of velvet feel, which may be learned, but cannot be more accurately described.

A soft, well-flavored coffee sugar, with only a faint saccharine smell, is, for many sorts of cake, better than either granulated or cut-loaf, and first-class grocers will supply on demand a light yellow, soft sugar, much better for dark cakes than any of the white-sugar tribe.

Butter speaks for itself—to eye and nose. Eggs carry within the hall mark of freshness. It is the air bubble at each end, betwixt the lining membrane and the shell. When the bubble is small, and located at the ends, the eggs are at least reasonably fresh—if it has shifted to the top, or is as big as your thumb’s end, they are open to suspicion. Eggs are better broken cool than warm—so in hot weather it is well to lay them in ice water or set them in a refrigerator half an hour or so before using.

Cake-making single-handed is a matter for method. First measure your butter, and set it where it will soften without oiling. Melted butter cannot be creamed, and creaming is essential to lightness in the cake. Put it in a bowl big enough to admit of vigorous stirring. Then measure your

flour, sifting it first, put in the soda or the baking powder and sift again. Cake flour should always be sifted if it is measured, as it comes out of the bag. You cannot infallibly get too much of it. If it feels clammy, or even if the day is damp, set it where it will warm without scorching, until you are ready to use it.

Next measure your sugar, and be sure the quantity is exact. Sift it, and set it also to warm, but do not heat. Now break your eggs, and separate the whites. Break each one over a small dish, and if you find a bad one you will not ruin the whole batch of yolks into the mixing bowl, and be sure it is not over-beaten. Beat the yolks till they form a thin, almost creamy-white, then put in the sugar, and beat again.

After that, cream the butter—really cream it, be satisfied when it is soft enough to stir. Mix the sugar and stirring it, always the same way, until the butter is well mixed with the sugar. Add the yolks alternately with the flour, and take care to mix well. Add a bit of flour before you put in more butter. Butter falling upon dry flour makes a lump which is impossible to be rid of. When all the butter is in, beat hard for ten minutes, then go to work on the whites of eggs. Beat them very stiff and lightly. Now if you have used soda alone, add lemon juice—strained, or your sour cream. If you have a mixture, for three minutes longer, add your dash of rum or brandy, then pour into moulds and bake in the oven.

Here is an excellent quick sponge cake—sift the flour, break, and eat hot, or serve with sauce as a dessert. Five eggs, whites and yolks together, beat them well, then add two cups of sifted sugar—this gives twice as much sugar as flour. Beat smooth, then add strictly boiling water, in which you have dissolved a level teaspoonful of baking soda. Stir it in with the strained juice of two lemons, and the grated yellow rind. Last of all stir in half a gill of whisky or brandy. Spread a layer still warm with fresh-chopped nuts and seeded raisins on the bottom of the pan, another layer. Repeat until the cake is as thick as you like. Let cool, trim smooth, all round, and serve.

MEN OF NOTE.

The new King of Italy has given a sum in memory of his murdered father.

Count Von Walderssee specially prides himself on his collection of maps, which includes most of China and the Yangtze Valley, compiled by his officers.

Several Chicago men, led by Charles L. Nichols, promised to contribute generously to a fund in marble one of the arches which surround the honor of the Grand Army veterans.

Alfred Emerson, who for the last thirty years has been a student and teacher in the Americas Studies, in Athens, Greece, is collecting money for the University of California.

Field Marshal Von Walderssee’s flag from China is a Ulan, divided into four squares, two white, with a red border, and a heraldic cross across the design. The flag is attached to a staff.

St. Marceaux, the French sculptor, has died. He was the late Alphonse Daudet and it will be buried in spring in Paris. It is to be paid for by his widow. The author is represented as resting under an olive tree.

Senator John C. Spooner denies he will not return to the East at the expiration of his term of office. His doctor says he has never entertained a desire to go to Wisconsin. He has had many offers to go during the past fifteen years, but he has always refused them, and will continue to do so.

President Charles F. Thwing, D.D., LL.D., of Oberlin Reserve University, Cleveland, is to deliver lectures at the University of Virginia on “The University,” treating its organization and chief executive, the university and patriotism of the university in American life.

Aivazovsky, the Russian marine painter, whose pictures were shown at the World’s Fair, died at the age of 82. His native town of Feodosia, on the Black Sea, gave him a public funeral. Nearly every European possesses one or more of his works. In the Palace at Florence, his portrait is placed beside Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo.

Though Leonard Wood holds a volume of orders as brigadier-general, enjoys that title and the distinction of Civil and Military Governor of Cuba, in the army he has only his old rank, an assistant colonel, serving as a captain, and is below eighty-nine in the medical corps, only the head of which he holds a rank as high as Gen. Wood’s.

Faithfull Begg will retire from Parliament. His peculiar name is not the only thing that belongs to him. He is known throughout England as an upholder of the justice and righteousness of his cause, and once he carried the ever-present umbrella to a second reading—an unprecedented feat. His name comes from the fact that he is the wife of Emily Faithfull. He is a prominent member of Stock Exchange.

The exiled Queen Ranavalona of Madagascar has permission from the French government to return to her country. M. Laferriere, Governor of Madagascar, has agreed to defray the expenses of the journey. The Queen’s annual pension from £5,000 to £6,000 has been adopted western customs, and she has chosen costumes and has become a Roman matron.

SUDDEN CHANGE OF LIFE.

By a Special Contributor.

A LOG cabin, standing alone in the cleared piece of land. Logs and stumps litter the doorway, and a fire smokes, rear their heads like silent fallen comrades.

The haze of a dusty summer evening faint objects are fast blurring into a purple ball of fire, sinks behind a low range of hills, bearing the poetical name of Skinner’s Ridge, twilight settles over all, and later a shimmering light through the trees, a homely scene a quiet look of peace.

Many sounds heard only in a woodland faintly to the ear. The plaintive cry of the hooting owl, the incessant noise of the murmur of a brook near by, soon blend into one.

A woman and a boy are leaning over which incloses the house and a few acres of land. They are looking moonlight to catch the first glimpse of father as he comes into view around the fence which can be faintly seen, winding and wooded hills, leading to the little river Forks. The boy is a handsome lad, with dark-gray eyes, shaded by dark hair, a sweet meet, reminding Mrs. Denim of her before care, poverty and an easy-going part of her life; also reminding her of her greatest faults, a sensitive and hasty temper.

Her face is now drawn and anxious, with the dry, burning expression sometimes seen in the insane. They stand there a long time, but at last the sharp eyes of the boy of something white among the trees at hill. With the quickness of a squirrel, he dashes and calls back to his mother:

“Pap’s come at last, mother.”

“Yep, I reckon he has,” answered Mrs. Denim.

“I’d know old Pet’s trot anywhere.” She takes the cob pipe from between her lips, after knocking the ashes from it onto the ground, puts the pipe into the pocket of her coat. Then she wearily climbs over the fence and down the dusty road. In another moment she and her son are before her.

She stops in the middle of the road and nervously twisting her apron around her and waiting for him to speak. After a moment she says:

“Well, Ash Denim, be ye a-goin’ to set fool all night afore ye tells me what cher dyin’ to hear? I’ve been nigh about cras What’s they goin’ to do ‘bout Jim?”

Ash comes slowly down from the back of the horse and provokingly delays answering the impudent question. At last he says, with a drawl:

“Don’t see the hurry to tell bad news, Squire Hetfield, and he says if Hank Halder swing or go to the pen for life.”

“But there aren’t any danger Hank dyin’, asks Mrs. Denim, her soul in the question.

“I guess so,” answers Ash. “I reckon he Brone cummin’ from there, and he say any hope of savin’ him.” A change passes over the face of the woman, and the moonlight shineth the look of death.

She turns toward the house, saying:

“They shan’t hang him. I’ll let them kill him. He never meant to kill him. He comes from that cursed whisky they sell here. Stan’ there like a fool, Ash Denim. Hoss to the shed, Andy, and mebbey you pap sense in his head to think what’s to be done. Passel of wolves comes for Jim.”

“Hold your tongue, mother,” says Ash. “comes from Jim havin’ a temper just like you. hope now is to get him across the river.”

At dawn the officers came to arrest Jim, but the little cabin in vain.

After the horse is fed Andy sits down upon the porch and mutters to himself, “Po’ be jest orful if they hangs you or takes you.”

Seems like you’re no sense when you’m mad. Mother ain’t any better. That’s what the meant today when he said he wasn’t a-goin’ same seat alongside of me. I wish I’d a never go to school again, never. I want to teach you I learn faster’n any boy in school. I could be a doctor, er lawyer, er something folks; but what chance has a feller got w’ a posterin’ you ‘bout havin’ a brother like could leave here and never cum back.”

To think of some travelers with white-covers have camped for the night near the old schoolhouse. He decides at once to go with them, if they He starts in the direction of the schoolhouse, to pat his dog and say, “Good-by, Bounce, m’ see you agin.”

As he climbs over the fence he looks back into the cabin, and it looks dark and lonely. “I’d a to see mother agin. I don’t care if she has like pap’s always sayin’, she’s got a lot o’ she’s been off good to me. If I see to see couldn’t get up spunk to go, and I’d go mother.”

Out into the moonlight road he goes, and

[September 23, 1900.]

CHINAMAN AT HOME.

IV.—THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF THE CHINAMAN.

By John Foster Fraser.

ALTHOUGH, of course, we know that the "way of the heathen Chinese is peculiar," and that he lies as easily as water runs down hill, and that two-thirds of his life is made up of duplicity, there is another side of his nature which we foreigners do not always appreciate.

When roused he is, of course, one of the most terrible beings on the face of the earth. But still, as a rule, he takes life easily, and there is something childlike and bland in his nature, which makes people who live long in his land come to like him.

Traders, who rarely go beyond the treaty ports and see but the fringe of Chinese life, are not quite so enthusiastic as those who live in the interior. Indeed, a complaint one often hears from many Englishmen in China is that the British Consul in the interior become pro-Chinese and see everything from a Chinese point of view.

Of course, the incidents of the past few months are so terrifying and distressing that an impression prevails that the Celestial is a bloodthirsty monster. As a matter of fact, he has a good deal of humor in his composition.

Once, in Szechuan, my guards quarreled noisily among themselves respecting the division of the cash of which I had made them a present. They brawled and fought, so that it was necessary for me, wanting some sleep, to go out and use my fists and toes upon the crowd to keep them quiet.

Such a method of pacification amused the small Chinese boys who had assembled to see the foreigner. When a Chinaman fights he gets hold of his adversary's pigtail, and, if he be strong enough, draws him up and down the street. So using toes and fists was something novel to them. Accordingly, what was my surprise the next morning on going into the street to find the little boys pushing their little Celestial fists against little Celestial noses, and raising their little Celestial toes to little Celestial sitting parts. The whole street was roaring with laughter.

Of course, I had no pigtail, and a joke I frequently played when I wanted to secure the good humor of the crowd was to pretend that I had lost mine, catch hold of some lubberly Chinaman and swear that I was going to cut off his for my own use. He generally had a fear that I would carry my threat into execution. But the crowd never failed to appreciate the situation, and enjoyed themselves immensely. I had them my friends during the rest of my stay.

What, however, is rather a drawback is that the Chinaman always takes things literally. A somewhat dramatic missionary, speaking of Nazman to his converts, called out as he described the return of the cured general, "Open the gates, the general is coming," which caused those sitting near the doors to jump up and throw the door wide open.

An Englishman giving a lantern lecture threw the picture of a louse on the screen, whereupon the audience regarded with horror the enormous size of the English louse!

Magic lanterns are things that are not quite understood in some parts of the interior. I remember turning up at Tung-chuan and finding the missionaries there in a great fright from prospective riot. They had just hit upon the happy idea of importing a magic lantern to show pictures of what England was like. There was a tremendous crush in the missionary's house, but the moment the lights were turned down it dawned on the Celestial mind that the only object the foreign devils had was to get them shut up in that room and then kill the lot of them. There was no exhibition that evening and, indeed, it was some time before the missionaries regained the confidence of the people.

What is always so humorous to the Europeans in the Chinese is their topsy-turvy way of doing things. You meet a man all in white, and think he has been to some festivity, but find he is in mourning. Sounds of sobbing and lamentation meet your ear, but it is only a bride about to be married. Some prisoners pass, and they wear their hair long as a disgrace. There is a frightful din of voices from a schoolhouse near. It indicates that the boys are hard at work. If you look in, the boy reciting has his back to the master. Another boy is wanted, and the master beckons him by waving him away. You are sad as you learn that a coffin being carried into a house is for the head of the family. Then you learn that the father is in excellent health; in fact it is his birthday, and the coffin is an acceptable present from his sons.

Books in China always begin from what we consider the back end. One reads from top to bottom, starting at the opposite side of the page from the plan in reading European printing. A Chinaman shakes hands with himself on meeting you by way of greeting, instead of shaking hands with you. At a dinner party the talking is all before the meal, and not after. The dinner begins with sweets and ends with soups. We think the Chinese dishes, bird's-nest soup, slugs, shark's fins, and other curious dishes, rather objectionable; but, as a matter of fact, they are exceedingly good, although it took me, personally, a long time before I got to like poached eggs soaked in treacle. Respecting eggs, the Celestials have a curious theory. They admit that they go bad, but believe that if they be put underground and left there for a year they are quite excellent to eat. On this point, however, I am unable to express an opinion.

To a Chinaman, English food is just as nauseous as we think theirs to be. I recollect an amusing little experience I had in the anti-foreign province of Hupeh. A couple of days before I had spent an evening with a missionary, who had kindly given me a loaf of bread and a pot of jam, which were certainly very acceptable to a man who, for months, had lived on little other than under-cooked rice and pig that had probably died a natural death.

The mandarin of the little village where I halted brought his son, about 6 years old, to see me, in very much the

same way as an English father would take his boy to see the animals at the Zoological Gardens. The mandarin had met Europeans before, and was affable. His little son, however, was in a great fright, and evidently dreaded that I might want to eat him. To gain his friendship I cut a slice of loaf and smeared it with jam, and offered it to the tiny chap. He shrank with a cry to his father, who, however, pressed him to take the bread. After a while the boy accepted it. He didn't like, however, to eat it. There was no telling what horrible food the foreigner was offering him. But again the father brought his influence to bear, and at last the youngster put out his tongue and tasted the jam.

I shall never forget the extraordinary change that came over his face. He took a second look, and then a third, and in less time than it takes me to tell he was gobbling that bread and jam. He had made one great discovery—what jam tasted like!

The Chinese have a reluctance to speak plainly. In fact, there is no such thing as "plain Chinese," because it is not considered good form. In front of every shop there hangs a board on which is written in Chinese characters, "One Price Shop," meaning that the prices are fixed. But probably since the time the Chinese empire was founded there never has been a single thing sold in a Chinaman's shop for the price asked. The seller always asks twice as much as he expects to get, and the buyer offers half as much as he expects to pay. Then they start haggling. One comes down a little, the other goes up a little, and by the end of three-quarters of an hour they come to an agreement. This is the rule.

If I had grown bald in China it would have been through trying to understand Chinese money. Where Europeans go the Mexican dollar is in use, but in other parts it is the tael that is used, or a certain weight in bullion silver. But this silver depreciates in value all over China, and there is no fixed standard. After having wrangled over what its quality should be, whether it is Kwei-chow quality or Yunnan, or Hunan or Szechuan, you come to an agreement. You have one pair of scales for buying your silver, and another pair for selling it. It is needless to remark that they are not exactly the same.

The only real coin is that to which the European has given the name of cash. These are little brass coins with a square hole in the middle. Thirty of these usually go to the value of a penny, and half a crown's worth will weigh eight pounds. Therefore, you will have some idea of what it is like traveling with Chinese currency. The way I used to do was to get thousands of cash, string them on a long piece of twine, and wrap them around my waist in the manner of a rope.

The Chinese count their cash by the hundred. But a hundred in China is really only ninety-six, the man always taking off four for the trouble of counting them. In some districts, where the Viceroy is not sharp, they take more off, until sometimes the hundred gets down to thirty or so. For instance, outside the gates of Yunnan city I found it was sixty-four, but thirty-two inside. It would have gone down lower had not the Viceroy issued a proclamation saying the value should be sixty-four inside and out. Then in some districts I went through, the whole of the coinage was spurious. There the hundred goes far over ninety-six. In one place it climbed to two hundred and thirty-six. You may, therefore, get some idea of the fog that soon envelopes one in trying to understand Chinese coinage. Bimetallism is child's play compared to it.

It is the same with distances. The ordinary measure in China is a li, and, speaking generally, one may say that there are ten li in three miles. If I asked a Chinese how far it was from Ping-ying to Sung-ping he would tell me that it was thirty li. Then another Chinese would say it was not thirty, it was only twenty. To which the first would reply: "Yes, but that is coming down hill." Therefore, it was always necessary, to calculate the distance of a journey, to ask whether the li were long or short.

You travel by stages in China, and I have asked a man how long it was from one place to another, and been told that it was sixty li. Then I would take the various stages. The first would be perhaps seventeen li, the second twenty-three, and the third fourteen. I would point out that these only came to fifty-four, but you can't get a Chinaman to admit that. My Celestial was willing to consider that the first was seventeen, the second twenty-three, and the third fourteen, but accumulative he was quite certain they made sixty.

When a wife is spoken of she has only two names, her husband's and that of her mother's family. She is the mother of So-and-so, or, if there are no children, the aunt of So-and-so. She may never speak of her husband by name; she generally calls him "my teacher," and I have heard of one dame who spoke of "the oilmill being out."

If a man doesn't pay his debts at the usual time, the New Year, his creditors carry away the door of his shop, thus permitting all the demons and evil spirits to enter. On New Year's day everyone tries to settle all business affairs, and scrolls are pasted above the door with wishes, hopes and prayers on them for the gods to read. A literary man would have something like this:

"May I be so learned as to secrete in my mind three myriads of volumes."

"May I know the affairs of the world for six thousand years."

Frequently the Chinese authorities give absolutely conflicting instructions, and yet can never be made to appreciate their conflict. In a western province a new jail was to be erected, and the instructions ran:

"Clause I. The new jail shall be constructed out of the materials of the old."

"Clause II. The prisoners shall remain in the old jail till the new one is built."

Though the Chinese have a veneration for home life, and regard parricide as the most fearful of crimes, their methods of punishment for the latter crime have got much of the ludicrous about them. When a man kills his father he is not only put to death by the "slow and degrading process," but his younger brothers are beheaded, his house razed, the earth beneath it dug up, his neighbors are severely punished, his chief teacher beheaded, the district magistrate deprived of his office, and the higher officials degraded three degrees in rank. After a Chinese flogging,

the offender is made to go down on his knees and the magistrate for his fatherly discipline.

The greatest injury a man can do his enemy is to commit suicide at his door! It will be doubtful if the man can clear himself from a charge of murder, with considerable penalties of death to self and others, but even if he succeeds, the suicide will haunt him ever after.

The Celestial has got unlimited faith, only open that of the Briton, in patent medicines. Only his medicines are rather different from what are sold in this country at a shilling and 3½ pence the bottle. Necessity is a great qualification in a Chinese drug. The more horrible it is, the more likelihood there is of the patient being cured. What is left of the drug is thrown into the street, under the impression that anyone treading on it carries off the disease. For baldness, hedgehog soap is to be excellent. For paralysis the claws of scorpions. For strengthening food, the lights of fireflies are unsurpassed. The Chinese choose the doctor to attend them by casting lots. When once they have chosen him they obey him implicitly. I remember seeing a suffering badly from malaria. The cure the doctor gave was to get a white cockerel, perform some rites over it, then chop off its head and insist on the hot blood being swallowed by the patient.

In China the rule is "No cure, no pay." Dentists do not wear necklaces of their patients' rotten teeth and bones as an advertisement.

The most common cure is to buy a piece of paper on which the priest has written some magic words, and stick it on the part that hurts. One of the cures the Chinese have for headache is to get two pieces of paper, lick them and fasten them on each hand.

Now, this looks absurd as a cure; but I have seen myself, and must confess that it has proved effective. You have a headache and nothing else will cure it. Take two pieces of stamp paper, wet them sufficiently, and then one on each temple.

The Chinese are great readers. Some of their books in twenty-four volumes; their encyclopedia is in as many volumes; their value consists in the fact that there is no article less than 500 years old! Chinese ladies, however, are readers. Indeed, a Chinaman is rather contemptuous of womankind. An enthusiastic advocate of women's education is reported to have said, "That even women could be taught to turn a wheel, so that women possibly learn to read."

Chinese fathers have as great a reluctance to send their sons to Shanghai alone as an English father has to send his boy to Paris. But occasionally stringent measures are taken by the Viceroy to correct the manners of young men in that city. One of these, a composer of memorials, had taken to rather a fast life, going to the wine shop. One day, when he was there, two men dressed in black standing by his bed. As he mounted they retired a little, but as he mounted he heard them following. He whipped up his horse, for they were good runners. Arrived at his house they sent on the guards to arrest the men. They did not know the mysterious men stepped up and said they had been instructed by the Viceroy to report on any official who was leading "fast" lives. Then they disappeared.

Next day the official's pony was for sale, and the pony was never seen again.

China's land is not wealthy in memorials of wood. But picturesqueness is often added to the costumes which are put up to the memory of somebody's past. They are ordered by the Emperor through the Imperial Rites, but the relatives would much rather the deceased were not so recognized. Many a family has been forced to ruin itself in order to erect a memorial arch. To be honored by the Emperor in this way is the general desire. Most of the money that the Chinese can scrape together goes toward providing a funeral. Best sites outside the city are reserved for the dead. The best wood is used for coffins, the best music is used.

One old woman, who had a spendthrift son, thought she would not give her a good funeral, had a grand house built and invited all her relations, hired priests and musicians, a splendid coffin and a sedan chair. Then she had a funeral carried all round the city in a funeral procession, and was sure of having a decent one, even if she had to be buried alive.

A Chinese fisherman has got common sense. He stands fooling away his time holding a rod with a worm bait at the end of it. He tries cormorants. To go out in a boat accompanied by twelve cormorants, the cormorants dive to bring up fish in their bills. They force them into the air and swallow them. But the Chinaman has fastened a piece of wire round the neck of the fish so that the descent of the fish is arrested. One of the fish gives the bird's neck a squeeze and it disgorges itself into a basket. With a few cormorants fishing in this way we have about five big mountains right back.

We are well supplied with good sports.

I am in a good regiment, which is largely composed of members of the First and Fifth Maryland, Seventy-first and Second New York, and Pennsylvania regiments. I think some of our boys are going to China and show the Boxers how well we can fight.

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Stories of the Firing Line + Animal Stories.

Dress Parades Under Fire.

"I NEVER knew," said the colonel, "of but one case of dress parade under fire, and that was at the crossing of Swift Creek in the Petersburg campaign. The Eighty-first New York, under command of Col. John D. Raulston of Oswego, was under orders to cross to the Petersburg side of the creek. The enemy kept up a constant fire, and Col. Raulston moved his companies in a way to attract the attention of Gen. Butler, who sat on his horse some distance to the rear, watching the movements of his own men as well as those of the enemy.

"After the first company crossed it formed in line as a guard for the second company. When the second company was across it took the place of the first, which moved forward half company distance, and so on, with the precision of parade drill, until all were across. Gen. Butler was so pleased with the bearing of the men, with their coolness and discipline, that he sent a message to Col. Raulston, praising his compliments and saying in effect that a regiment which could do so well under trying circumstances would find it easy to go through the evolutions of dress parade under fire. The colonel accepted this as an order, and faced his men as if for dress parade. At least for the space of several minutes the Eighty-first New York stood in line with guns at parade rest, and then moved forward as I was going in review before the colonel."

"I saw a case like that," said the captain, "but it was an accident. Our colonel was given to a sort of mechanical use of the orders 'Shoulder arms,' 'Order arms' and 'Parade rest.' The boys often thought he used these phrases absent-mindedly, but whether he did or did not, the regiment was taught to a parade rest half a dozen times on every dress parade. On one occasion, when the regiment was formed as part of a long line of battle, it was reported that the army was about to charge, and the men who had been being at will formed quickly in line.

"The colonel's voice rang out the order: 'Attention! Shoulder arms!' Then, to the amazement of the men, came the order: 'Order arms! Parade rest!' The regiments to right and left were standing at a ready. The men of our regiment were looking steadily to the front at a parade rest. The colonel afterward admitted that he never meant to give the order, that it was in his mind to order the men to stand ready to fire, but instead came out the phrase, 'Parade rest,' and he took advantage of the unexpected to command his men for their coolness in the face of an enemy." —[Montalban (P. L.) Correspondence Baltimore American.]

* * *

A "Sporty" Town.

WE ARE having quite a good deal of trouble with the Indians. About three weeks ago a scouting party from Co. B went out and was attacked by these bandits. We lost a sergeant by the name of Berry, from Virginia, but our boys killed seven of them and captured thirteen. Two nights after that they tried to kill the captain of Co. B. They surrounded his tent, but luckily one of the men saw them coming around and he gave the alarm. Five of them were killed and the rest escaped.

This is a sporty town. We have cock fights about twice a week, and the natives come into town from all around country with roosters in their arms. They bet the last at they have in the world on the fights sometimes. The men bring baskets filled with rice, fish, eggs, taffy, manna, bananas and all sorts of things to eat. The natives are happier now than they have ever been before, and they say that they like the Americans very much, but you must trust them. The town is a very healthy one and we have about five big mountains right back of the bars. We are well supplied with good spring water and are getting used to the rain, so we are enjoying ourselves.

I am in a good regiment, which is largely composed of members of the First and Fifth Maryland, Sixty-ninth, Twenty-first and Second New York, and Fourth New Jersey regiments. I think some of our boys would like to go to China and show the Boxers how well we can box with the Krag-Jorgensens. They say, however, that some of the volunteer regiments will be started homeward very soon, and it is likely that we will be one of the first, having been one of the first to come out here. The natives think that if Bryan is elected they will get their freedom, but I think they will get left. —[Montalban (P. L.) Correspondence Baltimore American.]

* * *

Gen. Grant's Reticence.

PRAKT was always disposed to work with the tools he had, and through his whole military career showed himself averse to meddling much with the organization of his army. He had strong likes and dislikes, but was very averse of his expression of them. He would quietly take advantage of vacancies or of circumstances to put men where he wanted them, but very rarely made a sweeping reorganization. If any one crossed him or became antagonistic without open insubordination, he would bear with it until an opportunity came to get rid of the offender. He had verbal quarreling, never used violent language, but used his judgments and bided his time for acting on them. This sometimes looked like a lack of frankness, and there were times when a warm but honest altercation would clear the air and removed misunderstandings. It was only due to a sort of shyness which was curiously blended with remarkable faith in himself. From behind his wall of shyness he was alert to see what was within sight, and form opinions of men and things that rooted fast and deep and part of his mental constitution. He sometimes unburdened and talked with apparent freedom and ease; but, as far as I observed, it was in the way of narrative or anecdote, and almost never in the form of discussion or comparison of views. It used to be said that during the Vicksburg campaign he liked to have Sherman and McPherson meet at his tent, and would manage to set them to discussing the military situation. Sherman would be brilliant and brilliant; McPherson would be politely critical and in-

telligent; Rawlins would break in occasionally with some blunt and vigorous opinion of his own; Grant sat impassive and dumb in his camp chair, smoking; but the lively discussion stimulated his strong common sense and gave him more assured confidence in the judgments and conclusions he reached. He sometimes enjoyed, with a spic of real humor, the mistaken assumption of fluent men that reticent ones lack brains. —[J. D. Cox in Scribner's.]

* * *

A Story About the Killing of Lawton.

THERE is not much going on here that looks like war, as nearly all of Aguinaldo's staff officers have either surrendered or been captured, and Aguinaldo's army is about done away with. We are expecting the surrender of one of his most prominent generals about the last of this month, the talk among the natives being to the effect that he has enough. His name is Gen. Jeremo, and he is in command of about twenty-five hundred men. If he comes in, I think the war will be about over, as he is said by the natives to be one of the most active and dangerous officers that Aguinaldo has.

He has with him a deserter from a California regiment by the name of Howard, and he is believed to be the one who shot our brave Gen. Lawton. The story is that Howard was hiding behind some bushes with Filipino soldiers behind him, who had been instructed to shoot him if he did not kill the general in three shots. It is said that he was successful in hitting Gen. Lawton with his third and last shot. Since that battle at San Mento, it is said, he has been made a major, having been only a sergeant before the battle. Our regiment has been scouting all around in the mountains near here trying to catch him. The way we came to know about his having shot Gen. Lawton was that we captured a Filipino with a Mauser rifle, and he told us all about it. He was in the fight with Howard. —[Montalban (P. L.) Correspondence Baltimore American.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Monkey Runs Amuck.

FANK PRIOR, the Punch and Judy man in a Court street museum, bought an African monkey yesterday afternoon, intending to take it home after the show closed last night. During the afternoon he played with his new acquisition and the two became fast friends. Just before the evening performance began he took the monkey, to which he had attached a string, into a basement poolroom next door on Howard street, where he tied him in a back office. He fastened the rope, as he supposed, securely to the handle of a safe door and left him.

Nothing more was thought of the monkey until about 8 o'clock, when the simian made his appearance in the poolroom. To the consternation of the habitués he jumped upon a table and, catching one of the ivory balls, shied it at one of the players. He then made his escape through the door and out onto Howard street. It took him only a moment to make a mental survey of the situation, and not liking the crowd of people passing, he ran across the street and into the doorway of a restaurant.

The restaurant was comfortably filled with people. The monkey jumped upon the lunch counter, and there was much excitement among the guests, but more among the women waiters.

At this juncture the monkey caught sight of a cat sound asleep near the kitchen entrance and proceeded to investigate. He pounced upon the cat, and the latter, with one bound, cleared the partition into the scullery. The monkey darted after the cat, and the next instant both were mixed up in a rough-and-tumble fight amid the crockery and glassware. The cat was getting the worst of it, so, with fur standing on end, made its escape through the door into the street.

The monkey followed just in time to come in contact with an iceman, much to the latter's surprise. The man was filling the ice chest at the time, but dropped the cake of ice he was carrying and endeavored to catch the monkey with his tonga. In this he failed, and the monkey, running past him, nearly upset a young woman who was serving a customer with a bowl of custard. This so frightened the waiter that she fainted, spilling the custard over her dress. The other women behind the counter fled, and the monkey disappeared in the confines of the kitchen, among the mass of broken china and glassware.

Mr. Prior, who had been notified of his monkey's antics, went to a nearby hotel and secured a blanket and with the assistance of some of the employés of the place finally secured his charge.

The monkey, it was found, had devastated the office of the poolroom, throwing everything movable around, and tearing up letters and papers of every description that had been left in the desk. —[Boston Daily Globe.]

* * *

Murder in a Zoo.

GOV. ROOSEVELT murdered Rose Coghlan in the leopard cage at the Zoo early yesterday morning, and the finest specimen of the India leopard ever brought into this country will be buried in the Zoo grounds today.

Gov. Roosevelt and Rose Coghlan were bought in May last, having been the pick of a score of mated leopards imported at that time. In size and markings the female was quite the most beautiful of all the cat animals in the garden. Head Keeper Manley, who has handled leopards for twenty years, says that no such leopard was ever seen in this country before, and zoologists who studied the creature pronounced her perfect.

It seems that an opossum got into the cage in some way and fell a victim to Rose Coghlan, who was preparing to

enjoy a "possum" breakfast when Gov. Roosevelt awoke and pounced down upon the dead opossum.

Quick as he was, Rose held onto her loot and a royal fight followed that ended in the death of Miss Coghlan. Her head was literally chewed off and strips of her beautifully marked hide were torn off by her ferocious mate.

Strangely enough, the governor resented all efforts to remove the body of the dead leopard from his cage. It was necessary that this should be accomplished before the grounds were opened for visitors, and it proved to be, in every way, the most exciting thing that has happened at the Zoo for many a day. Head Keeper Manley, with two assistants, undertook the job, and his success cost him a new coat and almost his life.

He coaxed Gov. Roosevelt to the end of the cage farthest away from the dead leopard, and with shreds of meat sought to keep him there until the two underkeepers could drag the carcass to the cage door. They had not touched a hook to the dead leopard before her mate was upon them, and, with a snap of his paw pushed the carcass clear across the cage.

The battle between the men and the beast continued for nearly an hour without result. Assistant Superintendent Carson stepped over to watch the fight, and while talking with Mr. Manley, who was standing with his back to the cage, yelled: "Look out!" But Manley was too late. The enraged animal, in one leap, had cleared the entire length of the big cage and fastened his claws directly under the collar of Manley's coat, whisking it off his back with a jerk that nearly dislocated the head keeper's spine. While the leopard was disentangling his claws from the wreck of Manley's coat the body of Rose Coghlan was removed from the cage. —[Philadelphia Record.]

* * *

Mrs. Root's Wise Dog.

MRS. GEORGE ROOT has been reading the Star daily for five years. She has trained a black spaniel to go out and meet the Star's carrier, and he is always on hand to receive the paper. The dog runs up and, resting his front feet on the pony's shoulder, takes the paper handed to him and trots home with it. The carrier tried to fool the spaniel one morning and did not give him a paper, whereupon the dog ran to a neighbor's house and, jumping up, seized the paper out of a Star box that was five feet from the ground. The dog never bothers with any other papers if he is given one, but he is determined to have a Star for Mrs. Root if he has to "touch" a neighbor for it. —[Clay Center (Kan.) Correspondence Kansas City Star.]

* * *

Monkey Lassoed by a Cowboy.

JOE GRIMES, a cowboy from Montana, proved himself a hero in the eyes of Tony Sorroco, an organ grinder, when he deftly lassoed the Italian's monkey, which, perched on the top of a tall telegraph pole in Chicago, had for an hour refused to heed the orders of its master, much to the amusement of a large crowd.

Sorroco is a character in the stock yards district and for years has made a business of appearing regularly about the noon hour with his monkey at the entrance of the yards and furnishing music and fun for the hundreds of employés. The monkey which accompanies Sorroco on his tours about the South Side streets was never before known to refuse to obey its master. At the old-time musician's beck and call the little animal would dance, shake hands with the children or doff his cap in return for a stray penny thrown in. Yesterday, however, the monkey was obstinate and refused to perform his tricks. Sorroco lost patience and finally spoke harshly to the animal. The monkey suddenly broke away and climbed nimbly to the cross-trees of the telegraph pole. There he sat and only made grimaces at the excited Sorroco in his efforts to coax him down. The sight soon attracted a crowd, which only tended to more excite the Italian. Finally Grimes drove along on his mustang, and, taking in the situation at a glance, reined in his pony and unfastened his lariat from the pommel of the saddle. Whirling the lasso several times over his head, Grimes finally loosened his hold on the rope and the lasso shot into the air. The next instant the crowd saw the monkey coming down from its lofty perch post-haste, with the noose firmly about his neck. The moment the animal reached the ground Sorroco seized him and then gathering up his organ hurried away. Grimes took off his sombrero when the crowd cheered and then dashed away on his pony. —[Toledo Blade.]

* * *

Mr. Hayden's Strenuous Hen.

THE grittiest hen in America lives over in Alsea. Her right to be called a brave hen has been tested, and no one who reads these lines will deny that she is ever likely to shrink from any duty, public or private. She is not only a brave hen, but a "strenuous" hen.

She is the property of one of the Hayden brothers. They also own a thrashing machine. The latter was taken out of the shed for the first time last week, and a small field of grain was thrashed to see that the machine was in good running order. When the job was finished the machine was returned to the shed, when, to the amazement of all, there in the corner of the separator sat the strenuous hen. Under her was a nest of eggs that she was endeavoring to hatch. She had been on the nest when the machine was taken out. She was there when the belts and pulleys began to whiz, when the fan began to sing and when the riddlers began to shake and rattle. The wind from the fan ruffled her feathers and almost took her breath, but, like the boy on the burning deck, she stayed at her post. What her thoughts were when the swift cylinder began to chew up straw cannot be guessed.

When found the hen was uninjured. There was dust in her teeth, and a somewhat frightened look in her eye, but she was on her nest. Of the eggs all were safe save one. —[Corvallis Times.]

September 23, 1900.]

Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

LI HUNG CHANG IN 1900.

FRANK G. CARPENTER HAS A TALK WITH HIM AT CANTON.

From Our Own Correspondent.

HONGKONG, Aug. 15, 1900.—Long before this letter is published Li Hung Chang will have reached Peking and will be counseling with the representatives of the great powers about the reorganization of the Chinese empire. There is no doubt as to the result of the war. The Chinese rebellion will probably be quickly quelled and the hornet's nest which the Empress Dowager has brought about through her friends the Boxers may result in her being stung to death.

In the meantime Li Hung Chang will do what he can to help his old mistress and his country. He is one of the shrewdest diplomats alive, and I believe he is as tricky as he is shrewd. I have heard much of him during my various visits to China, and have had a number of long interviews with him.

I met him first in 1888, when I visited Tien-Tsin on my trip around the world. He was the Viceroy of Chi Li, and superintendent of the trade of North China. His income from this position was several hundred thousand dollars a year, and he had already amassed millions.

With Li Hung Chang in 1894.

The next time I met him was six years later, when he was richer and more powerful than ever. This was just before the war between China and Japan. Li's wife had died, and he had given her a funeral, the cost of which would have been a fortune to the ordinary American. He had had a birthday on which his presents had amounted to tens of thousands of dollars, and he was on the top notch

of prosperity. I took a trip in his special car to the Chinese wall, and had the honor of being a guest at a dinner which he gave to our former Secretary of State, John W. Foster. The dinner was of that extravagant nature only affected by the millionaire Chinese. It embraced about thirty courses, and many of the viands were of the costliest description, the shark fins having cost their weight in silver and the delicate birds'-nest soup being almost as expensive as liquid gold. At that time I spent an afternoon with His Excellency. He talked freely about all matters relating to China, including the rebellion in Korea, which afterward brought about the war.

My next interview was at the Arlington Hotel, in Washington. The great Chinese Earl had seen his forces defeated in battle by the so-called "Japanese monkeys." He had lost his yellow jacket, but he was as proud and cocky as ever, for his trip around the world was almost a triumphal one.

A Chat with Li Hung Chang.

My fourth and last interview with Li Hung Chang was held a few weeks ago, just before the outbreak of the present trouble in China. I spent a few days with my friend Hubbard T. Smith, who was then in charge with my friend at Canton, and through his influence and a special request from Consul-General Goodnow and letters of introduction from the State Department at Washington was again able to have a long conversation with Earl Li.

I found him living in great state in Canton. He was getting a nominal salary of only a few thousand dollars a year, but the actual receipts from his office were in the neighborhood of \$500,000, and his personal possessions were estimated at something like \$100,000,000. I was told that he had been sent to Canton by the Empress Dowager as a reward for his services, in order that he might in his own

pockets and at the same time squeeze \$500,000 out of South China for the mighty old lady of Peking.

I found that it was more difficult to secure an audience with Earl Li than in the past. His Excellency was of business, and his age prevented him from seeing people as he formerly did at Tien-Tsin. It took much tape to get to him. The letter from Consul-General Goodnow introducing me was in the mandarin dialect, and was forwarded in a brown official envelope about a fourth the size of this newspaper page. One of our Chinese messengers in livery carried it to the palace, and His Excellency sent back another envelope, even inclosing his Chinese card and a request that I wait upon him at 3 o'clock that afternoon.

I had to have a Chinese card written in order that I might be properly introduced at the palace, and I had to go in state, for, for that afternoon, I was a man of importance, and no one of rank can walk in Canton.

Mr. Carpenter's Retinue.

My retinue could I have dropped it down on the streets of your city, would have drawn a bigger crowd than a circus procession. I had the official chair of the Chinese, a gorgeous box-like affair two feet wide, four feet long, four feet high, slung between two poles, each of which was about fifteen feet long. The box was covered with a green ribbon than any Irishman's ribbon on St. Patrick's Day, and the seat within it was of satin of a bright green color. I crawled into the box, and then four tall Chinese men, wearing the red, white and blue of the American flag, raised the poles to their shoulders and trotted off. Each man had a hat of white straw as big as a barrel, with a red silk tassel of the thickness and length of a horse's tail half bobbed. Each wore a jacket of red and blue stripes, and white bands about the ankles. Upon

of each bearer's coat an American eagle, and there were also the breasts. It was an interesting sight.

In addition to the bearers major domo, of our consuls. The soldiers were even more numerous. Their pantaloons were of black, they flapped about their bodies. They wore red flannel, embroidered with gold. They wore white straw hats, a tub and as limber as the line. The hats almost hid them in front of us through the narrow sign-shade. The hats were pushed off and over the shoulders, looking for all the time as if protecting that most vulnerable part—his back.

Riding in State Through Canton.

I wish you could have seen me through the crowded streets of Canton. In many places the people were on the chairs, and the people were on the walls to let us go through, in muslin pants and red flannel. Their way to the front, yelling for the great foreigner. Bare open mouths, and I was dragged low faces, out of which black hole lids, in all stages of cur-

Our way went through miles finally came into the great concourse. We could see the flag of their tops, which marked the way, long before we reached it, poles into an open space flags several acres in area. Crossing me down in front of the four pillars of the palace proper, and just stone tigers, hideously painted, guard the entrance.

The soldiers then surrounded the crowd, while the ting chi carried Earl Li. In three minutes and as he did so the great crowd inward and we were directed up the chair and carried me to the other, each surrounded by buildings and gorgeously carved. At the viceregal reception-room. Earl Li's secretary, his physiognomy of the back of whose hat a man walked in front of me, carrying it. He led us into a great room, in long table, covered with bowls, fruits, and at one side of which was a table and chatted awhile, awaiting the Viceroy. The two secretaries which they had learned in America.

Li Hung Chang in 1900.

Within a short time I heard out through the door I saw four men in an open chair across the court. A giant, his great frame covered with red, and his yellow face hidden which floated a great peacock feather.

As the bearers came closer I could see of Li Hung Chang, who is now from one room of his palace to another, set down and the bearers, seizing his feet, I could see that he has his trip around the world, and stomach which shows a visible On that day it lay in a great wrinkled covering the golden buckle, set with characters, which fastened his girdle.

The Viceroy was supported by the table where I was standing, and he gave me his long yellow hand at me his fat Chinese face lighted eyes twinkled behind their alms that he remembered me. He took and motioned me to the chair a place of honor in China.

Li Wants a Subscription.

He then began to ask questions his fatness has not touched his inquisitorial powers which he does States, and put one query after wealth and business. My only question was by tacking it onto one responding with a similar question that when he asked me whether money I replied:

"Not much, Your Excellency, for well for a private citizen."

"That must be a great deal," said I. "You Americans have a high standard of living that what seems a fortune considered as nothing among you."

"But, Your Excellency," said I, "that you are enormously rich."

"Yes, I know it is so reported," said the millionaire, "but, alas, it is not so. From the statements in your American papers have made me rich, whereas I am poor, indeed (this with a joking I think you rich American editors me. Can't you start one?)"

"I fear not, Your Excellency," said I, "as perhaps if you would make a statement might be laid before the American public that you are rich. A fifty-fifth what you have I should be."

"How much do you think I have, Your Excellency? Give me the amount in figures."

"Well, Your Excellency," said I,



"I Rode 100 Miles to See Mr. Carpenter's Photo."

benter.

same time squeeze \$10,000,000 or more from the mighty old lady of Peking. It was more difficult to secure an audience in the past. His Excellency was fully prevented him from seeing people at Tien-Tsin. It took much effort. The letter from Consul-General Godwin was in the mandarin dialect, and a brown official envelope about newspaper page. One of our countrymen carried it to the palace, and in reply back another envelope, even bigger, and a request that I would visit him again.

Chinese card written in order that I produced at the palace, and I had it at afternoon, I was a man of some rank can walk in Canton.

I have dropped it down on the streets have drawn a bigger crowd than I had the official chair of the consulate. Hair two feet wide, four feet long and between two poles, each of which was six. The box was covered with a silk shaman's ribbon on St. Patrick's day, it was of satin of a bright vermilion, and blue of the American Consulate, their shoulders and trotted off with a of white straw as big as a bread roll. Each wore a jacket of white and blue stripes, and white pantaloons about the ankles. Upon the

of each bearer's coat an American flag was beautifully embroidered, and there were also stripes of red and blue down the breeches. It was an imposing livery, and decidedly American.

In addition to the bearers I had the ting chi, or native major domo, of our consulate and four Chinese soldiers. The soldiers were even more striking than the chair men. Their pantaloons were of black paper muslin, so wide that they flapped about their bare yellow legs. Their sacques were of red flannel, embroidered in Chinese characters, and they wore white straw hats, with brims as big around as a tub and as limber as the washing when first hung on the line. The hats almost hid their heads as they marched in front of us through the foreign concession. As we entered the narrow sign-shaded streets of the Chinese city the hats were pushed off and allowed to rest hanging upon the shoulders, looking for all the world like great shields protecting that most vulnerable part of the Chinese soldier—his back.

Riding in State Through Canton.

I wish you could have seen me as they carried me through the crowded streets of that most crowded of cities, Canton. In many places there was hardly room for the chair, and the people were squeezed back against the walls to let us go through. Our soldiers, in their paper muslin pants and red flannel jackets, pompously pushed their way to the front, yelling to the people to stand aside for the great foreigner. Babies cried, boys stared with open mouths, and I was dragged through long lines of yellow faces, out of which black eyes gazed through button-hole lids, in all stages of curiosity, mixed with disgust.

Our way went through miles of business streets, and we finally came into the great court of Li Hung Chang's palace. We could see the flag poles with the bird cages on their tops, which marked the official dwelling of the Viceroy, long before we reached it, and we passed between these poles into an open space flagged with granite, which was several acres in area. Crossing this, my chair bearers set me down in front of the four great doors which lead into the palace proper, and just between the two gigantic stone tigers, hideously painted in red and white, which guard the entrance.

The soldiers then surrounded my chair and kept off the crowd, while the ting chi carried my red card into Li Hung Chang. In three minutes and fifteen seconds he returned, and as he did so the great doors in front of us opened inward and we were directed to enter. My bearers took up the chair and carried me through one court after another, each surrounded by buildings extravagant in decorations and gorgeously carved. At last we stopped in front of the viceregal reception-room. Here we were met by one of Earl Li's secretaries, his physician and a high official, out of the back of whose hat a peacock feather stuck. This man walked in front of me, carrying my red card before him. He led us into a great room, in the center of which was a long table, covered with bowls of cakes and crystallized fruits, and at one side of which was a smaller table, upon which were teacups and cigars. We sat down at the small table and chatted awhile, awaiting the coming of the Viceroy. The two secretaries spoke excellent English, which they had learned in America.

Li Hung Chang in 1900.

Within a short time I heard a commotion, and looking out through the door I saw four Chinese officials carrying an open chair across the court. In the chair sat a Chinese giant, his great frame covered with a silk gown of blood red, and his yellow face hidden by an official hat, out of which floated a great peacock feather.

As the bearers came closer I could recognize the features of Li Hung Chang, who is now so aged that he is carried from one room of his palace to another. As his chair was set down and the bearers, seizing his arms, raised him to his feet, I could see that he has put on flesh since he took his trip around the world, and that he has developed a stomach which shows a visible swell when he sits down. On that day it lay in a great wrinkle over his belt, almost covering the golden buckle, set with diamonds in Chinese characters, which fastened his gown.

The Viceroy was supported by his men as he crossed to the table where I was standing, and upon my presentation he gave me his long yellow hand to shake. As he looked at me his fat Chinese face lighted up, his piercing black eyes twinkled behind their almond lids, and I could see that he remembered me. He took a seat at the tea table and motioned me to the chair at his left, which is the place of honor in China.

Li Wants a Subscription.

He then began to ask questions, and soon showed that his fatness has not touched his intellect. He has the same inquisitorial powers which he displayed in the United States, and put one query after another as to my age, wealth and business. My only way of getting in a question was by tacking it onto one of my answers, or by responding with a similar question to His Excellency, so that when he asked me whether I was making much money I replied:

"Not much, Your Excellency, for a Viceroy, but fairly well for a private citizen."

"That must be a great deal," replied Li Hung Chang. "You Americans have a high standard of wealth. You are so rich that what seems a fortune among other peoples is considered as nothing among you."

"But, Your Excellency," said I, "it is currently reported that you are enormously rich. How about that?"

"Yes, I know it is so reported," replied the Chinese millionaire, "but, alas, it is not so. Most of my riches comes from the statements in your American newspapers. You have made me rich, whereas I am comparatively poor. So poor, indeed (this with a joking chuckle,) so poor that I think you rich American editors might raise a fund for me. Can't you start one?"

"I fear not, Your Excellency," said I, laughing. "But perhaps if you would make a statement of accounts the matter might be laid before the American people. But we really believe that you are rich. As for me, if I had one-fifth what you have I should be well satisfied."

"How much do you think I have, then?" said the Viceroy. "Give me the amount in figures."

"Well, Your Excellency," said I, "it is currently reported

that you are worth \$100,000,000 in gold. If I could have \$2,000,000 I should think it a great deal."

"Yes, and it would be a great deal," said the Viceroy. "I really don't think I could afford to give away \$2,000,000." Li Hung Chang's Day.

The question of age next came up, and after I had told Li Hung Chang how old I was I asked him a number of questions about himself and his habits. He is now 78, and feels that he is growing old rapidly. Still he is able to work, and he puts in from ten to twelve hours a day. He rises at 6 o'clock, has a cup of broth, and is then shaved and dressed. He reads the newspapers for an hour, and then eats breakfast, consisting of several bowls of thin gruel, some rice, and a spoonful of beef extract. After this he receives special callers and holds audiences until 12 o'clock. He has a great deal of mail, and this has probably been increased during the war. He attends to this during the afternoon. He eats a good lunch and then takes a nap for an hour and a short walk. After this he goes back to business until dinner time. He spends the evening with his friends, and makes it a rule to be in bed by 10 o'clock.

Americans in China.

The conversation beginning in this personal way soon drifted into public matter. The interview was held about a month before the outbreak of the Boxers, and there was then no apparent danger of the war which has since come. The Viceroy was much more independent in his statements than he would be now, and when I mentioned that I had been in the Philippines he turned rather fiercely upon me and asked what the United States meant by excluding the Chinese. He said:

"You people make a mistake in keeping the Chinese out of the Philippines. You must have them if you want the islands to prosper. They are the only cheap and reliable labor you can get out here. They will develop your country, build the railroads for you and work your factories. I tell you you have got to have them."

"I don't know about that, Your Excellency," said I. "Our people are afraid that if we open the doors so many of your Chinese will rush in that they will flood the country."

"I don't believe there is any danger of that," replied Li Hung Chang. "You would have some immigration, but not much. The Chinese are not naturally an emigrating people. They like home better than anywhere else. All that you have in the Philippines come from two of our provinces only."

The Philippines as a Trade Center.

"Would the admission of the Chinese increase the trade between the Philippines and China?" I asked.

"Yes, it would," said Li Hung Chang. The Chinese now control the retail, as well as much of the wholesale, business of the Philippines. We are naturally a commercial people, and every Chinese merchant and exporter you have in the Philippines is just one more link in the chain which will tie the markets of China to the Philippines and to the United States. The islands should be a base for your trade relations with China and the Far East."

"How about the Philippines? Do you think it will pay for the United States to own them?"

"I should think so. Your people seem to want more territory, and the Philippines are a good piece of property. I wonder if your government wants still more land. I should like much to know just what you want in China."

"All we want here, Your Excellency," said I, "is the open door. We want free trade and no favors."

"Yes, but you have that now," said Li Hung Chang. "China is now open to all the world."

China and Russia.

"But it is not open on the same conditions, Your Excellency," said I. "It is said that you favor the Russians."

"That is not so," said the Viceroy, emphatically.

"But is there not a secret alliance between Russia and China? I have heard it whispered in diplomatic circles that there is."

"No, there is not," said Li Hung Chang. "China has the same feeling toward Russia that she has toward the other powers. You are all on a level with us."

Japan and Russia.

"How about the strained relations which have prevailed between Japan and Russia since the Chinese-Japanese war? Do you think those two countries will fight?"

"No, I do not," said Li Hung Chang. "Neither Japan nor Russia wants war. The Russians are not ready for war. It is a mistake to think they are building the trans-Siberian Railroad for that purpose. They are doing that to develop the country. Siberia is enormously rich. It has but few people, and it must have a railroad if it is to be opened up to settlement."

Railroads in China.

"How about railroad development in China? It seems to me very slow."

"Yes, it is necessarily so," said Li Hung Chang. "We Chinese cannot move so fast as you people of the West. We want to construct roads, but we prefer to build them ourselves just as far as we possibly can. We will do it in time."

"How about the American concession from Hankow to Canton? Will that road be built, and will it pay?"

"Yes, it will be built, and it will eventually prove a very profitable road. It may not pay at the start, but it goes through a populous country and one full of material and industrial wealth."

He Chats of the Empress Dowager.

"I understand, Your Excellency, that the Empress Dowager is opposed to railroads and to all modern progress."

"That is not so," was Li Hung Chang's diplomatic reply. "She is in favor of the good things that are modern, but she wants us to be sure they are good before she accepts them. The newspapers have said many things about the government of China which are untrue."

"How much do you think I have, then?" said the Viceroy. "Give me the amount in figures."

"Well, Your Excellency," said I, "it is said that the Empress Dowager has

had the Emperor penned up in the imperial palace for months. Is that true?"

"No," said Earl Li, "it is not. The Emperor has held audiences with the Empress Dowager and they have been doing the business together."

"But, then, who is the real ruler of China? Who is governing the empire, the Emperor or the Empress Dowager?"

The above was a leading question, and Li Hung Chang could not evade it. He stopped a moment, and finally replied:

"The Empress Dowager is the real ruler."

She is Like Queen Victoria.

"But is not that a strange way to do, Your Excellency?" said I, "to have a young Emperor and let an old woman rule?"

"I do not think so," said His Excellency. "It is not different here than it is in England. The Prince of Wales is certainly old enough, but Queen Victoria rules. The Empress Dowager is very clever."

"But, Your Excellency, what can she know about the empire? She does not travel over it and she never gets out among the people."

"Queen Victoria personally knows nothing of her empire," said Li Hung Chang. "She goes now and then to Scotland and sometimes to the south of France. She has to take her information from the officials, and so does the Empress Dowager."

China a Monarchy Just like England.

"But, Your Excellency, will not the government of China soon change?"

Li Hung Chang might make a different reply to the above question today. What he said a few weeks ago was as follows:

"I think not. We had a revolutionist named Kang Yuh Weh, and others, who wanted to change China and make it a republic, like the United States. Such a government does well for you, but it will not do for China. We have a monarchy here, just as has England, Germany and Russia, and it will continue so."

Manufacturing in China.

"How about modern manufacturing? Is it increasing here?"

"Yes, many new factories have been built. More will soon be under way, and I look for the day when there will be modern factories all over China. Our people can handle modern machinery as well as your people. We understand how to combine capital and organize industry, and we expect to do considerable of that sort of work in the future."

"But, Your Excellency, is there not danger that when you have factories that with your cheap labor your goods will flood the markets and crowd the workingmen of other nations to the wall?"

"I don't think so. The Chinese is economical because he is poor. As he makes more money he will spend more, and it will keep us busy to supply our own wants. I don't think there is any danger of China bothering the world as an overproducer."

This practically closed the interview. The conversation was carried on while we were seated at the table together. After a cup of tea, which was served in Chinese cups, with gold saucers and covers, His Excellency rose and led the way to the dining table, where he again seated me at his left. During the chat there cakes and crystallized fruits were passed. Both were delicious, but I noticed that the Viceroy ate sparingly. He took but one cake and one cherry. He ate the cake, but left the cherry.

As we chatted he smoked between the paragraphs, a servant putting a great water pipe to his mouth from time to time. How he knew the exact time to hand the pipe I could not understand, but I suppose he got a wink from the great Viceroy now and then. The interview closed by our drinking some champagne together, whereupon His Excellency walked with me to the door and shook hands with me in American fashion as he said good-by.

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SPIRIT OF THE WEST.

Born of immensity, reared on boundless plains,
And in the sun and shadow of the mountains,
Vales and running rivers flowing seaward—
First friend of Indians and the pioneers,
Still be thou with us, Great Spirit of the West.

Born of all silence save the wind's wild whisper,
Breathing the self-same freedom of the ages
When the West was still primeval, and the sound
Of Nature's pastimes died away in echo;
Unheard except by thee and angels with thee,
Stay with us always, Great Spirit of the West.

From peak to peak, from mountain chain to ocean—
O'er plains and woodlands, rivers, brooks and lakes,
Where man is not, or where he toils in gladness—
In joy or sorrow, still be thou e'er present,
Leading an inspiration, a vague feeling
Pervading all, Great Spirit of the West.

As when a climber pauses for a moment
Upon the highest point of some great peak
And views the vast expanse before him, gazing
The light of fancy in his wandering eye
Shines to tell of pleased imagination
Opening the soul to make a wiser man;
So let thou be to us as one great eye,
That we may look with thee and welcome life
For all its sweetest richness 'mid the toil;
Do this for us, Great Spirit of the West.

O Spirit of the West, mysterious Outlaw,
Intangible something, deepening the breath,
Exerting strange emotions o'er our being
That urge a grasp at thin light air of freedom!
The West feels all thy impulse to the soul,
To God and Greatness, Spirit of the West.

D. E. T.

September 23, 1900.]

Illustrated Magazine Section.

osuke.

"elish life" and carry it with another book. It is a love of the two sons of Eben and the other is said to have social and clerical honors, and well-defined selfishness between these two brothers—an artless girl with whom in love, and whom his self-gone with him.

even in the cheap display the day, hundreds of others as bad, according to your as this one. As a picture much more value.

Appletons, New York Parker.]

these tales, but not without element in human life; which lie between the North Pole love seems season upon. It is not very day, to see Greenland and to the map of the farce the fact is, the white regions invaded more than once. as common as an incident fact, I am sure, will not local colors, but also in the stories—"Psalm vii, 5." that is not very common, themselves with the many artistic explorations of a certain "Sphinx" of the letters are present in almost at the same time, it is could give you many pictures. And that again is something of the day.

Albert White Vorse. Drexel 20.]

becoming modesty, the writer of the Y.M.C.A. am told—and who has championship in this part brought out a little hand-project of this book," says the simple nomenclature for; second, to present to be given on the gymnasium for those that care to practice club-juggling." He goes plain and arrange the work club-swinging and juggling places, a novice, I fear, will author means, at a single perusal, if a boy has gone ended the club at all, then, look upon those pages with in the book are a decided signs of the author in diverse delectation of the pupils Frank E. Miller. The Saalman, O. Price \$1.]

ICS.

it wise "to kill the geese is a very consoling sight to a problem as that of trusts us. Now the book before us of the mouth of the author. For he thinks, and very this day, the proper spirit approach the trust problem inquiry."

sometimes wordy, through 300 "what is trusts?" "the of competition," "what is competition," "trusts and need labor," "trust and the villages," overcapitalization, a great deal to do with the Chicago Trust Conference, of or trusts," etc., the author whole matter.

at we are living in a day opportunities are gigantic, in us, commercial projects are organizations have become a system of business institution; there seems to be of competition to such an to the consumers as well as to the public. . . . Consolidatable cheaper production. . . . Worse than y—the paralysis of business base of liberty. . . . the power of being really and merciless monopolies of the trust problem be-trusts of today owe their to their economic super-special privileges." Then actives, and the keenness

of vision and the utterance which are admirable, to suggest to you some of the remedies.

"Abolish all special privileges; prohibit and absolutely prevent railroad discrimination; lower the tariff—not when we can obtain our goods from abroad at a lower rate, but whenever the prices exacted by any trust or any corporation or individual are in excess of a fair profit after paying American wages. . . . Compel corporations to bear their fair proportion of taxation; let the public retain and, in so far as is lawful, retake all public utilities and franchises. Require corporations to pay fair taxation upon the franchises possessed by them, as has been done in the State of New York under the championship of Gov. Roosevelt," etc. But this chapter—the concluding chapter—is so worthy of careful and painstaking study of the student of American economics, I am sure, I can do nothing kinder to him than to refer him to the book.

[The Trusts. By Hon. William Miller Collier. Baker & Taylor Co., New York. Price \$1.25.]

VERSE.

Out of Maine.

The author has collected about two hundred pages of broken lines and the mutilated and hopelessly wounded bits of grammar and with no bigger apology than a single page—which, of course, is done in the same broken style, very wisely and in the most shrewd and commendable harmony with the commercial spirit of the age, and has come forth before the public to make money. There is as much originality in his financial scheme—pretty nearly as much as there is in his poems. For here is an author who deliberately plans to make money out of verse. If you cannot admire his literary quality, his nerve demands your respect.

"I don't know how to weave a roundelay, [which is most painfully evident; and were the words worth anything at all he ought to be hung for his useless extravagance.]

"I couldn't voice a sighing song of love; [And if he had dared in all the health of his monumental nerve, the world would have seen a catastrophe, the like of which is far beyond the dreams of a hysterical poet.]

"No mellow lyre that on which I play; I plunk a strident lute without a glove."

The above four lines quoted, make the first verse of the apology or warning which by some accident is wrongly christened, "preface." And the rest of the "preface" is:

"The rhythm that is running through my stuff Is not the whisp of maiden's trailing gown; The meter maybe, gallop rather rough, Like river drivers storming down to town.

"It's more than likely from the wood, Where chocking axes scare the deer and moose; A homely rhyme and easy understand— An echo from the weird domain of Spruce.

"Or else it's just some Yankee notion, dressed In rough-and-ready 'Uncle Dudley' phrase; Some honest thought we common folks suggest, Scene tricksy mem'ry-flash from boyhood's days.

"I cannot polish off this stilted rhyme With all these homely notions in my brain. A sonnet, sir, would stick me every time; Let's have a chat 'bout common things in Maine."

Now you would think—would you not, for there is such a thing as literary modesty, or hypocrisy or whatever you may call it even in the frank America—that the author is making his little, shy speech at the callous public. You have never made a bigger mistake in all your life if you think any such thing. They tell me that these pages are true to the life "Up in Maine." And I know that what he says in his "preface" is as true as the gospels. So at least this book can boast of two true things. Not every book of verse can do as much, as you know.

[Up in Maine. By Holman F. Day. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Price \$1.]

MEN AND THINGS LITERARY.

Since adventuring into Egypt in quest of the raw material of which fiction is made, Gilbert Parker's Canadian fields have been lying fallow. He returns to them, however, with new vigor, and even fuller power; and it is said the serial which he has just completed finds him at the highest dramatic level to which he has yet attained. The scene of the story is Pontiac (whether Valmont came,) and the period the middle fifties. The leading characters are Madeline, a famous singer, and her husband, Seignior of Pontiac, for whom she dares all and risks all. The story gains interest as it progresses and concludes with a striking and wholly unexpected finale. "The Lane That Had No Turning" will begin in the Saturday Evening Post for September 29, and run through five numbers.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have had to postpone the delivery of Mario Corelli's new novel, "The Master Christian," the number of advance orders having made it impossible to deliver on the date first announced. One hundred and fifty thousand copies was the total reached before publication in England and America.

Henry James calls his new volume of short stories "The Soft Side." It will be published toward the end of September by the Macmillan Company.

Like his "Among English Hedgerows," which was so cordially welcomed last year, Clifton Johnson's new volume, "Along French Byways," is a book of strolling, a book of nature, a book of humble peasant life, intermingled with the chance experiences of the narrator.

Charles Battell Loomis, whose "Yankee Enchantments" made such a hit that they are shortly to be issued in book form by McClure, Phillips & Co., tells an amusing story connected with his school life. According to Mr. Loomis, he was not a good scholar and his reports did not fill his parents with joy. They wondered why he did not make a better showing, as he was not a dull boy. The answer was at last forthcoming in a note from the principal of the school, who wrote: "Will you please see to it that Charles reads less fairy stories and puts in more time on his home studies. His fairy stories will be the ruination of him." That the principal was not a good prophet is shown by the fact that Mr. Loomis' fairy stories ran for nearly fifty weeks in the New York Sun.

The publishers of "Monsieur Beaucaire" announce another

edition of the book, which will not be from the press for ten days, owing to the time required in color printing. Meantime no copies are to be had and the demand is increasing. During the past ten days nearly two thousand copies have been sold—not a bad hot weather record for a small volume. While the little book has been selling steadily, preparations for its presentation on the stage have been going on. The dramatization was done by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland of Boston, and Richard Mansfield will present the play in New York next January.

Lafcadia Hearn's recent writings on Japan, "Exotics and Retrospectives" and "In Ghostly Japan," will be followed by a new volume entitled "Shadowings." Little, Brown & Co. are the publishers. The "Life of Parkman," to be issued by the same publishers, is the work of Charles Haight Farnham, a personal friend of the historian. "In 1886," writes Mr. Farnham in one passage, "he camped with me a month on the Batiscan River—the first time this lover of wild life had been to the woods in forty years. A delightful companion he was, interested in all the labors and pleasures of camp life, cheerful and patient under all circumstances.

The most interesting manifestation of his personality was his mute approaches to nature after so many years of separation. He would look up at a bold bluff that arose several hundred feet above the river, as if faint to scale once more such lofty cliffs. Often he would get into the canoe and float down the river for a glimpse of our neighbors, a family of beavers. I recall most vividly his expectant look off into the depths of the forest as I once took my rod and paddled away to give him a day of solitude."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announced Saturday, September 15, as the beginning of their publishing season for 1900-1901.

The fall season has always been the most important publishing period among American publishers, and this house, like many publishing houses, has in prospect this autumn the publication of a long list of titles, embracing essays, works in fiction, science, religion, history, nature-lore, and economics. On September 15 were to be published: "In the Hands of the Red Coats," by Dr. Everett T. Tomlinson, a story of the revolution, for boys; the Aldine Classics, five volumes of the most popular works of Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Lowell, etc., in handsome little "Pickering books;" "Numbers and Losses in the Civil War," by Col. Thomas L. Livermore, an enumeration for permanent record of the enlistments and losses of the war for the Union; "A Mountain Maid and Other Poems of New Hampshire," by Edna Dean Proctor, in a well-illustrated edition; "The Life and Letters of Robert Browning," by Mrs. Sutherland Orr, a reprint in single-volume form of her valuable two-volume work; the "Marble Faun," in a popular illustrated edition; and eight volumes of the "Notable Series," embracing representative work of popular authors.

The September issue of the new magazine, the Cornhill Booklet (Alfred Bartlett xxi Cornhill, Boston,) contains a welcome reprint of the famous Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde of Honolulu, by Robert Louis Stevenson, in defense of Father Damien.

What is probably the last piece of literary work executed by the late R. A. M. Stevenson appears in the Magazine of Art for September. It is an article on the work of James Maris, the Dutch painter.

There are forty-three signed contributions by well-known writers in the September number of the Smart Set, "the magazine of cleverness." The chief feature of the issue is a timely story of the stage by John D. Barry, entitled "The Leading Woman." Gertrude Atherton contributes to the number one of her startling short stories, entitled "The Greatest Good." Other notable contributions are "The Love-Making of Loo," by Kate Masterson; "At the Sixth Tee," by Rupert Hughes.

In the current (September) issue of Success, a discursive feature of timely interest is this: Should a young man who intends to enter business life go to college? One of the contributors is the late Col. P. Huntington, who argued forcibly that the higher education is not needed for practical business training.

The racial differences that exist between Japan and China have probably led some observers to believe that the two peoples are naturally antipathetic. The war of 1895 has been cited as proof of this, and in the present crisis in the Far East it appears to be taken for granted by many that the Japanese people will regard China's misfortune as their opportunity. That there is no valid reason for thinking that this is Japan's attitude, and that those who are most prominent in guiding Japan's public policy sincerely desire to establish and foster friendly feeling with China, is ably shown by Durham White Stevens, Esq., counsellor of the Japanese Legation, in his article, "Japan's Attitude Toward China," which appears in the current issue of Collier's Weekly.

Gov. Theodore Roosevelt's new book, which the Century Company will publish in October, is entitled "The Strenuous Life," and it contains the essays and addresses which the Governor has written or delivered during the past few years.

Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald contributes to the September number of the American Illustrated Methodist Magazine "The Negro Preacher in the South Before the War." The writer relates a number of humorous incidents which illustrate the character of the ante-bellum negro preacher.

THE LITTLE NUN.

Pensive, the Little Nun walks in the night,
Counting the yellow rosary of stars,
And asking of the moon what sweet delight
May lie beyond the peace of convent bars.

"I dreamed," she sighed, "that in a rosy bower
Lives one called Love, who, from his bluest eyes,
Can wink a tear that doth the world bewilder,
As does the dewdrop from the summer skies."

All pale, the Little Nun walks in the night,
Counting the yellow rosary of stars,
And sighing to the moon: "Some sweet delight
Must lie beyond the peace of convent bars!"

—[Anita Fitch, in Smart Set.]

The Queen Dowager of Portugal and her younger son, the Duke of Oporto, are at Aixles-Bains. Her Majesty will pay a visit to the King and Queen of Italy.

SOME OF THE FREAKS

OF CYCLONES.

By a Special Contributor.

"THE disaster at Galveston," said "Philosopher Phil" to me the other day, "makes me think of some of the cyclone happenings of last year—for the year of 1899 was a regular year of cyclones. I don't care what you say, I do not believe the age of miracles has yet gone past. What do you think of a wind which blew the wood-work out of a large wagon without moving the iron frame except to let it fall by its own weight when the spokes left the wheels? This happened in Dakota, the home of cyclones and northwest blizzards. Nothing else on the farm was disturbed. On the 27th of May, 1899, a windstorm visited the Bijou Hills, in South Dakota. Everything in its course was either torn up or driven into the ground. The ground was honeycombed with cellars, into which men and women dropped as fast as they possibly could. A family named Clothier occupied one cellar. Al. Clothier heard something whiz by with a buzzing sound, almost hitting him on the head, and on looking up he beheld the blade of a large knife sticking in the wall. The blade of it had missed him by about an inch and buried itself in the flat earthen surface against which he was standing. The knife had been blown from the Eastman place, over a mile away.

"A large stove fell in upon a party that had taken refuge under the Danish Lutheran Church of Chamberlain, S. D., injuring no one. Every monument in the adjoining cemetery was blown away.

"A Dakota cyclone lifted a cot containing two children out of a falling cottage, carried it unscathed through the flying debris and set it down two blocks away. Neither of the children was even rolled off the bed nor in the least the worse for their dangerous flight.

"A small boy in Kansas named Albert Biggs was caught in the tail of a whirlwind and carried a mile away, turned with a reversal of the storm and brought back to within twenty feet of where he had been picked up. He was uninjured, but a good deal scared.

"A crooning infant was found in a field far from any house after a cyclone in Wyoming. It was lying on its back wholly unscratched, and when found it looked up into the face of its discoverer and smiled. The parents of the babe were found dead a quarter of a mile away, buried in the ruins of their home.

"On the 27th of April, 1899, a windstorm visited Newton, Mo., and a family at dinner found themselves transported in their house a hundred yards across a stream and set down on the opposite side so hard that the building fell to pieces. The floor of the dining-room descended to the ground with its load and remained intact, upsetting nothing except a small spoonholder and an empty cream pitcher on the table. The walls of the house were taken away by the wind. The house adjoining was not taken away at all, but was completely twisted around on its foundation, so that its front door looked into its back yard after the storm was over.

"While the cyclone that visited the city of Kirkville, Mo., in April, 1899, was most destructive in its character, some of the students there will never forget their experience on that occasion. All around them houses had been scattered to the four winds of heaven and one of the State Normal schools was directly in the path of its flight. Wild-eyed and blanched with terror the students of the school congregated on the porch and watched the cyclone, which appeared in the form of a spiral-shaped cloud, bearing down directly toward them. Onward the storm came, destroying everything before it, swirled up into their very faces almost, when suddenly it seemed to change its mind, for it jumped aside, tore up a large nursery next door and swept on to finish the city. Some of the girls fainted, while others became hysterical and cried out as if in pain. While there was no school that afternoon, the old schoolhouse was spared.

"In the early spring of last year the cyclone's violent breath struck Cross Plains, Ind., and made some of the farms near that place look rather barren of vegetation before it got through with its deadly work. About three miles east of the town there was a 160-acre farm containing an apple, peach and pear orchard. Two barns and other houses, besides a large frame residence stood on the place, the oldest building being about fifty years old and used for a smoke-house. It was a log cabin 12x15 feet in size, built of logs cut on the place. Well, do you know that plague cyclone blew every tree out of the orchard, cleared off fifty acres of timber land as smooth as a stubble field, and swept off every house on the place except the old log smoke-house. A young apple tree near this stocky little structure was blown away, but not a ruffle of bark was disturbed on the smoke-house. Funny, wasn't it?"

JOHN A. MORRIS.

THE SECRET.

Do you know what moves the tides,
As they swing from low to high?
'Tis the love, love, love
Of the moon within the sky.
Oh, they follow where she guides,
Do the faithful-hearted tides!

Do you know what woes the earth
Out of winter back to spring?
'Tis the love, love, love
Of the sun, that mighty king.
Oh, the rapture that has birth
In the kiss of sun and earth!

Do you know what makes sweet songs
Ring for me through all earth's strife?
'Tis the love, love, love
That you bring into my life.
Oh, the glory of the songs
In the heart where love belongs!

—[Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Smart Set.]

[September 23, 1900]

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Just the Thing for Army Use.

ALDERMAN CHARLES H. RECTOR has secured patents for a portable house which he claims will be suited for a multiplicity of uses. The Alderman has been working on his invention for some years, and he thinks he has at last perfected a house which will be serviceable in many ways, and which will prove especially valuable in the army, where it may be used for officers' quarters or field hospitals in any climate. The house is made in sections so that any sized structure, from a small one-room affair to an immense building, with many partitions, may be quickly and easily put up. Fiber boards and angle iron are used in the construction, and it is claimed that the completed house is only one-third the weight of a portable wooden structure of the same size. Cots in any desired number may be put in the house, and may be so arranged that they may be folded against the wall when not in use. This house is 16x20 feet, and the ridge of the roof is 12 feet high. The side walls are 7 feet in height. This is the usual or ordinary size, and is the house which Alderman Rector believes most serviceable for army purposes. Eight cots can be placed with comfort in a house of this size. There is an air chamber between the inner and outer walls to maintain a uniform temperature. Hence the inventor says the house can be used in the Klondike as well as in places of tropical climate. The windows are of glass, and swing open like a door. Not a nail or a bolt is used in the construction of the house, and two people can put it up in thirty minutes. The entire structure weighs 1500 pounds, and can be loaded on an ordinary wagon.—[Chicago Times-Herald.]

* * *

Sea Serpent Forty Feet Long.

ATERRIBLE monster of the sea, with fiery eyes and a green body forty feet long, appeared in the Great South Bay off this place today, and hotel proprietors and boarding-house-keepers are hugging themselves with joy in consequence. For a sea serpent to come to a summer resort without first applying to be placed on the salary list is unusual. Evidently this sea serpent is out of a job, for he swam in toward shore in most spectacular fashion, humping himself so gracefully at times that those who saw him are ready to swear that he was trying to cut his initials in the air with his body.

There are some folks here so narrow that they don't believe there was any sea serpent in the bay at all, but fully five out of the 1500 people living here at present saw it and so there can be no reasonable doubt of the matter. Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Ryder of Brooklyn, sailing on the yacht Aida, declare that they got within ten yards of the monster. They say it was green, forty feet long, and equipped with fiery eyes. Mr. Ryder can lick any man who says he is a liar. After the story told by the Ryders had been well circulated, Mrs. J. H. Belden, Miss Ida Bera Simonton and Mrs. W. N. Jones all declared that they had seen the monster from the pier opposite the Prospect House. Mrs. Jones looked at it through a glass and says that the description of the sea serpent given by the Ryders is accurate in every detail. Everybody agrees that the sea serpent dived for the bottom the moment he discovered that the summer boarders were onto him.

There are still a few choice accommodations to be had at the hotels and boarding-houses here.—[Bay Shore (L. L.) Correspondence New York Sun.]

* * *

Hypnotism by a Little Girl.

ASTRANGE incident happened here today, when little Lillie Armstrong, a seven-year-old miss, went into a trance at the bidding of her little playmate, Dolly Horn. The children were all playing in the front yard of the residence of J. D. Horn, when the Armstrong girl announced that she was going to be the "doctor."

She approached Dolly Horn, and with hands outstretched commanded her to close her eyes and go to sleep. The little subject immediately sank against a tree and fell slowly to the ground. The other children, who had hardly noticed the experiment, surrounded her, as she did not move. They shook Dolly by the arm, but there was no response save her steady breathing. Frightened, they ran to the neighbors, as there was no one at home, and shouted:

"Dolly is dead. She fell against a tree and hurt herself."

"I told her to go to sleep. She isn't dead," asserted Lillie Armstrong quietly, her black eyes flashing. "She is only asleep."

But the others could not rouse her until Conrad Schmidt came along. He is something of a hypnotist himself, and in a few moments the girl had recovered.—[Beatrice (Neb.) Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.]

* * *

Freaks in Fruit Growing.

AWEST SIDE flat dweller recently ate a nutmeg melon for his breakfast. He noticed that it had a woody feeling in his mouth and tasted of cocoanut. A series of investigations followed, the first one with the fruit man, which led to a visit to a freak fruit grower in the suburbs. The peculiarity of the melon had stirred up all of the curiosity of the flat dweller, and he was resolved to follow the thing to its end. This determination was strengthened by the fact that a few days previous he had eaten another melon which tasted of geraniums.

On a little lot in the far South End there is an aged German botanist, who had turned his attention to fruit. He has a good deal of the art of a magician and some odd collections of fruit, including the nutmeg, which had been placed on the market. It was grown by grafting a sprig of nutmeg vine into the small stem of a cocoanut palm in a hothouse.

This is the first time in history that a nutmeg melon ever grew on a tree. On another vine, by a peculiar combination, nutmeg melons and geraniums were growing side by side, the fruit and the bloom being on the same stem.

Peaches were ripening on rose bushes, and peonies were blooming on apple trees. The German botanist explained his peculiarity by saying that there is a certain amount of poison in all fruits, and he puts the different poisons together to counteract each other.—[Cleveland Leader.]

* * *

A Wolf-Scaring Gun.

EXAMINERS in the Patent Office have learned by experience that it is a mistake to jump at conclusions regarding the usefulness of inventions. A contrivance at which they were inclined to poke a good deal of fun, designed to frighten wolves on western prairies, was patented less than three months ago, and already it has come into considerable use in the sheep-growing districts of that part of the country.

The device is an automatic gun, which goes off at regular intervals, scaring the wolves away from the flocks. It consists of a sort of box, which contains a clockwork arrangement, with a small steel barrel projecting from one end. A magazine, also within the box, is loaded with blank cartridges, which are fired by the clockwork once in ten minutes or so. By the help of a simple mechanical attachment the intervals between discharges are made as long or as short as may be desired.

Wolves do not attack sheep in the day time, and the gun needs to be in operation only from sunset to sunrise. It is at the period of lambing that the flocks are in danger, the fierce wolves raiding them and carrying off the lambs, and hence the apparatus described is intended to be employed exclusively during that season.—[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.]

* * *

Victor Emmanuel's Sangfroid.

AN ANECDOTE has been published proving King Victor Emmanuel's sangfroid when quite a youth. In 1887 experiments were being made at the fort of Monte Mario, Rome, on some cases of dynamite rendered inert for transportation. They were tried by firing bullets at them from a distance of five yards. The then Prince of Naples was watching the proceedings with great interest, standing close to the men who fired. All at once one of the cases when struck exploded, and the fragments flew over the heads of those present. It seemed that no one was hurt. The young Prince had not moved, but was seen to draw his mantle, which had been hanging loose, closely about him. He ordered the experiments to be continued. When all was over it was again noticed that the Prince in walking left traces of blood on the ground, and it turned out that he had been struck by a fragment, though not severely, and that he had drawn his mantle about him to hide that he was bleeding. He only allowed his wound to be examined and dressed after he reached the Quirinal.—[London News.]

* * *

A Church as a Prize in a Debate.

A FRAME church of modern architecture, with a seating capacity of 400, entirely new, and all paid for, will be given to the denomination whose representatives set forth most convincingly and attractively the articles of his church government and creed.

The church is located in the thrifty and populous community at Steele, near Decatur, Ind. It is being erected by farmers who live near it. The neighborhood is composed of the members of many religious denominations, but they have put aside doctrinal differences for the upbuilding of the community and have subscribed liberally to the fund for the new church.

As soon as the building has been completed the various denominations represented in the neighborhood will each send one of the best speakers to the church, and these will, in their turns, argue the merits of their respective sects and will plead with the church members for the ownership of the edifice. After all the speakers have been heard the denomination receiving the largest number of votes will receive a deed for the property.—[Indianapolis Correspondence Chicago Tribune.]

* * *

Borgian Arts in Paris.

AN EXTRAORDINARY affair has happened at the Chinese Legation in Paris, which has already been the scene of some startling episodes. The Italian secretary of the Chinese Minister, Signor Armani di Parma, on opening his correspondence recently, found a letter signed by a Polish woman named Marie de Czerwinski, who gave an address in the Rue de Clisson. She set forth that after having shone as a bright particular star in Lithuanian social life, she had become an exile and to live in Paris. She was at present, she added, on the brink of starvation, and said that nothing could be done by her except to start for China. As she is a linguist, knowing, besides Polish, the Russian, French, and Italian tongues, she thought that she could be utilized as an interpreter by the allied forces in the Far East. The secretary of the Chinese Legation was asked to kindly provide funds for her departure for the land of the Boxers, and to fix a meeting. Signor Armani di Parma was about to throw the letter in the waste paper basket when he saw that the envelope contained another inclosure. Opening this, he found inside it a flower resembling a daisy, which he mechanically applied to his nose, and was instantly overcome by a drowsy sensation.

Pulling himself together after a few minutes of somnolence, and being thoroughly revived by a sniff of smelling salts, the secretary rang for an attendant, whom he asked to examine the flower. The man put the daisy, or whatever it happens to be, to his nose, and he too became temporarily overpowered with drowsiness. Another attendant was called, and experienced the same strange sensations. Signor Armani di Parma then sent the envelope and all its contents to the police.

The flower was handed over to a chemical expert for analysis, and a warrant was issued for the immediate arrest of Marie de Czerwinski. She was found in the Rue de Clisson, and appears to be about 49 years old. She ad-

mited having sent the letter, but disavowed the flower. The police official who examined her said that the letter arrived intact at the legation, whereupon the Polish woman replied mysteriously that it must have been opened by a countess, who was her mortal enemy, and who possessed the secrets of Lucrezia Borgia and of the Borgia family generally. It was the countess who, in order to ruin her, had put a poisoned flower in the communication intended for the secretary of the Chinese Minister. The woman was sent to the Saint-Lazare prison, where she is undergoing examination as to her mental condition. The landlady says that she stayed out rather late, and was fond of talking about writing to the President of the republic and the Ministers. The landlady accordingly arrived at the conclusion that Mme. De Czerwinski was a little demented. The head of a convent who knows the prisoner, has also stated to the police that the woman is not responsible for her actions.—[Paris Correspondence of the London Telegraph.]

* * *

Scared Speechless.

PHYSICIANS are interested in the case of John McDonald, who last Monday fell in a faint and has not spoken since. The young man is 22 years old and resides with his father and mother and three sisters at No. 501 Armstrong street. His father is Addison McDonald, a factor for the P. Hayden Company, and a brother of Charles McDonald, formerly a justice of the peace.

Last Monday evening McDonald, Sr., came home about o'clock. The family was at home and John was reading a newspaper in the sitting-room. Mr. McDonald did not go into the house, but passed along the path at the side of the house to the back yard. He returned in a few minutes and tried the rear screen door and found that it was fastened. He rattled the door to attract attention and John just opened the inner door.

Hearing the screen door rattle he started and, peering outside, saw the form of a man dimly outlined in the darkness. Not knowing it to be his father, he slammed the door and ran into the sitting-room saying, "Mother, there are burglars at the back door." He reeled and would have fallen had not his mother and sisters caught him and placed him in a chair.

Mr. McDonald had by this time entered the front door and seeing that his son did not recover consciousness, he sent for a doctor. Dr. Warner came and remained with him until he recovered consciousness. Then it was found that his nerves were shattered and that he had lost the power of speech. Dr. Warner diagnosed his ailment as catalepsy and promises that although such cases are rare, the young man will certainly recover his speech.

The young man has passed an uneventful week, except for short spells of paralysis which attack his limbs occasionally. He has his faculties perfectly and eats as heartily as ever. A pencil and paper pad lie on the table beside him and on these he writes when he wishes to be attended to. Dr. Warner believes that he will speak by next Wednesday.

* * *

Wonders of Yellowstone Park.

CITY ELECTRICIAN EDWARD S. ELICOTT has returned from a month's trip through Yellowstone Park and the Rocky Mountain region, full of enthusiastic admiration for the scenic grandeur of that part of the North American continent.

"It is foolish to go to Europe if you haven't seen Yellowstone," said Mr. Ellicott today, "for it is the most wonderful place in the world. You get close to the old Indian doctrine out there. You can smell the brimstone and see the smoke. Nature impresses herself on one's senses more powerfully on that plateau, I think, than anywhere else in the earth.

"Yellowstone Canyon and Falls were the most interesting things we saw, although the park is full of marvels. The water gushes over that precipice second only to Niagara in volume and twice as great in height of fall, and the lack of great crowds of sightseers and other evidences of civilization heighten the effect until the eastern cataract is left behind in point of beauty. The geysers that shoot up nearly a hundred feet and the hot springs that bubble full of crystal water at 150 deg. are marvelous sights to me who has never seen them. In the park the streams are full of trout, but we could eat only those we caught in the Yellowstone River. We pulled fish from streams wherein the water was 72 deg., so, of course, they were not edible.

"We saw some bear and deer, all of them so tame that we could approach within a few feet. The government allows no firearms inside the park, but we felt no uneasiness from being unprotected because the country is so well covered by soldiers. Every trail is guarded and there is a post, commanded by a sergeant, every few miles. They put a seal on your firearms and if that seal is broken when it is examined as you leave the park, there is a heavy penalty to pay. One night we heard a bear among our horses, but it did not disturb us much. The animals are to be fed mostly near the hotels and we counted eleven silver-tipped bear once eating the refuse from one of them. The bear in the park is heavy this season, the hotel registers showing from thirty-five to fifty guests each day."—[Chicago Times-Herald.]

* * *

A Chinese Paper Edited by a Woman.

ONE of the most talented and indefatigable journalists in the Far East appears to be Mrs. M. Smith, the lady editor of the Peking and Tien-Tsin Times. "For several years past," writes a correspondent, "this lady has been conducting her weekly journal in Tien-Tsin and has earned the respect of all the British community in China and Japan for the accuracy of her information."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

September 23, 1900.]

THE HOUSE B

By Kate Greenleaf

A Pasadena House.

BEHOLDING room finished in quartered pine, green walls, a Smyrna rug, wish to know how to curtain the sawed oak seems too tall for stairs would have them of green linen, to denim. I give you this latitude in general effect will be the same, and all are advertised by Chicago houses, can find them here. On the pole window hang a green curtain each side. Then from a brass rod at the top hang a straight unruled white muslin from too much plainness here muslin dotted with little square such, or sprigs or lozenges. If these ordinary small worked dot. Hang central window and one on each side green at east window. I have been some effects from which I had and by finding that the material at the scantily used. To give pleasure to hang in even, and tolerably full face the window. They must never be dragged across the window in the width of goods do duty for two; should not be full enough to look "bare." These faults are as much to boxey folds and woody box-pine holsters. The way out of the difficulty to afford enough material to curtain and gracefully, is to use cheaper material would far rather curtain a window sheer, cream white cheesecloth and daintiness with lace and silk.

In No. 2 you say you wish to furnish room, 14x15 feet. You have an oak and some easy chairs, small chairs with beaded tops of black walnut. Black walnut set upholstered with green chintz (I saw a beautiful piece for sale on Broadway the other day,) has green and white muslin, ruffled and your walls with green and white stripes can use both sets of furniture together frieze should be a plain, pale green if you prefer it so, white, to match would use rugs of plain green Brussels make a pretty and inexpensive cover table of plain green India silk. Hem inch hem all around and work in the disks or scrolls in heavy white rope a tassel of green and white flowers at each end. Spread first a layer of white cotton and lay your silk smoothly over this pretty background for work basket, I have had in mind in this scheme green, the color of the first young leaves such was the color of the chintz I have.

Cushion your window seat with two cushions of plain green silk like tain the window against the glass with a fine small pattern of green all over. Windows in here should be curtained in pairs of white striped muslin, thick effect of the green figured muslin for first glance that of plain, delicate green airy looking at a window. One rug or two with your green ones. I think you effect of curtaining in this alcove so much I have suggested. Under No. 3 you are recommended for curtains, floor covering in Delft blue bedroom, 13x14 feet. You would be serviceable and pretty done in Delft walls papered with a soft, grayish blue cream, and use a frieze of blue and white crepe or calico. Hang curtains in here east room of white madras, with yellow think as these two rooms face the street stained alike. Let them fall in soft, in the sill. They will look very handsome would cover the floor in No. 3 with a rug and use rugs of blue and white tapestry with a yellow silk cushion and yellow dressing bureau, will add much to the effect. In your northeast room use a rug, a yellow figure on an ivory or pale gold in it would be richer. Plain ceiling, madras curtains as suggested.

A Couch Cover and Bed Ruffles.

Mrs. M. W. says: "Please give me a lounge for cozy-corner in living-room, light green and gold, woodwork painted in vining color is green in furniture. I think too light. Also what would you have around a white bed for ruffles? The paper, oak furniture and a carpet that Bagdad curtain having a good deal of a pretty for your couch, green corduroy and handsome. There is, however, on corduroy which is very ugly and should be furnishing, that is the dark bottle green holster or furniture store for green corduroy show you this. A cold dead green one is far prettier. Then there is green in beautiful shades, and it is only so cushion of yellow silk on this couch is white. A pretty valance for a bed is

ield.

ter, but disavowed the flower, whereupon the Polish woman must have been opened by a enemy, and who possessed all ergia and of the Borgia family as who, in order to ruin her, had the communication intended for Minister. The woman was then prison, where she is undergoing condition. The landlady says late, and was fond of talking of the republic and the Minister arrived at the conclusion was a little demented. The head prisoner, has also stated to not responsible for her actions, the London Telegraph.

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September 23, 1900.]

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

A Pasadena House.

B. H.: I WILL consider your letter in sections, as you have so divided it. In No. 1 you say you have a dining-room finished in quarter-sawed oak, oak furniture, green walls, a Smyrna rug in terra cotta, and you wish to know how to curtain the windows. The quarter-sawed oak seems too tall for straight, artistic curtains. I would have them of green linen, taffeta or art linen, or art denim. I give you this latitude in advice because the general effect will be the same, and although the linen taffetas are advertised by Chicago houses, I am not sure that you can find them here. On the pole which runs across your wide window hang a green curtain reaching to the sill on each side. Then from a brass rod at the top of each window hang a straight unruled white muslin to sill. A pretty relief from too much plainness here would be to have this muslin dotted with little square blocks, if you can find such, or sprigs or lozenges. If these figures fail you use the ordinary small worked dot. Hang two muslin curtains at central window and one on each side. Two muslin and two green at east window. I have been disappointed recently in some effects from which I had anticipated great pleasure, by finding that the material at the windows had been too scantly used. To give pleasure to the eye, curtains must hang in even, and tolerably full folds from top to sill of the window. They must never be stitched or twisted, or dragged across the window in the endeavor to make one width of goods do duty for two; on the other hand, they should not be full enough to look "bunchy" or to obscure the view. These faults are as much to be avoided as are the boxy folds and wooden box-pleats so loved by many upholsterers. The way out of the difficulty of not being able to afford enough material to curtain ones window completely and gracefully, is to use cheaper materials. Personally, I would far rather curtain a window fully and softly with sheer, cream white cheesecloth and denim, than to half curtain it with lace and silk.

In No. 2 you say you wish to furnish a sunny upstairs room, 14x15 feet. You have an oak bedroom set in here and some easy chairs, small chairs and old-fashioned marble-topped table of black walnut. If you will have your black walnut set upholstered with green and white flowered chintz (I saw a beautiful piece for 15 cents a yard at a store on Broadway the other day,) hang your windows with green and white muslin, ruffled and looped back, and paper your walls with green and white striped paper, I think you can use both sets of furniture together. The ceiling and frieze should be a plain, pale green of the paper stripe, or, if you prefer it, white, to match the other stripe. I would use rugs of plain green Brussels carpeting. You can make a pretty and inexpensive cover for your marble-top table of plain green India silk. Hemstitch a three or four-inch hem all around and work in the corners clusters of disks or scrolls in heavy white rope silk. Hang a handsome tassel of green and white floss at each of the four corners. Spread first a layer of white Canton flannel over the marble and lay your silk smoothly over this and you will find it a pretty background for work basket, books, etc. The green I have had in mind in this scheme is a delicate, apple green, the color of the first young leaves that bud in spring, such was the color of the chintz I have mentioned.

Cushion your window seat with the chintz and make two cushions of plain green silk like the table cover. Curtain the window against the glass with a white muslin having a fine small pattern of green all over it. All of your windows in here should be curtained alike. Hang sash curtains of white striped muslin, thick and thin stripes. The effect of the green figured muslin for outer curtains is at first glance that of plain, delicate green. It is peculiarly airy looking at a window. One rug of white fur will look well with your green ones. I think you would not like the effect of curtaining in this alcove so much as treating it as I have suggested. Under No. 3 you ask me what I would recommend for curtains, floor covering and paper for a family bedroom, 13x14 feet. You would find this room very serviceable and pretty done in Delft blues. Have your walls papered with a soft, grayish blue ingrain, your ceiling cream, and use a frieze of blue and white Chinese cotton crepe or calico. Hang curtains in here and in your northeast room of white madras, with yellow figures on it. I think as these two rooms face the street they should be curtained alike. Let them fall in soft, full folds straight to the sill. They will look very handsome from the outside. I would cover the floor in No. 3 with a fine white matting and use rugs of blue and white tags. An East India chair, with yellow silk cushion and yellow accessories on the dressing bureau, will add much to the beauty and artistic effect. In your northeast room use a yellow paper—that is, a yellow figure on an ivory or pale yellow ground; a little gold in it would be richer. Plain yellow frieze and ceiling, madras curtains as suggested.

A Couch Cover and Bed Ruffles.

Mrs. M. W. says: "Please give me an idea for covering a lounge for cozy-corner in living-room. The walls are white, light green and gold, woodwork painted white. The prevailing color is green in furniture. I do not want anything too light. Also what would you advise me to put around a white bed for ruffles? The bedroom has blue paper, oak furniture and a carpet that is dark blue." A Bagdad curtain having a good deal of green in it would be pretty for your couch, green corduroy is also serviceable and handsome. There is, however, one shade of green in corduroy which is very ugly and should never be used in furnishing, that is the dark bottle green. If you ask at upholsterer or furniture store for green corduroy they will probably show you this. A cold dead green, or a warm mossy green is far prettier. Then there is green denim to be found in beautiful shades, and it is only 20 cents a yard. Use cushion of yellow silk on this couch and one of green and white. A pretty valance for a bed is made of white dotted

or sprigged muslin. If you think this will be too diaphanous, for much depends on the general furnishing of room, use white dimity.

A Pomona House.

A. S. A.: You would like a color scheme for your reception hall, parlor and dining-room, but you have failed to give me an idea of your preference in colors. I am afraid of giving you a scheme which will not please you. However, you speak of Bagdad portieres in which green predominates, and of carpets having dark red and green in them. As your hall is well lighted you could make it very rich by papering it with mulberry red and painting the woodwork black. Your parlor opening out of this would be pretty papered with a cream and gold on the side walls and plain yellow over the ceiling and down to the picture mold; then the dining-room opening out of this could be all in plain yellow with good effect. If you prefer green for dining-room, however, it would also look well with the other colors. If you use yellow on parlor ceiling, cover your marble-top table with yellow silk as I advised "B. H." to do with green. If you would like something richer than this simple but pretty cover, use a yellow brocade bound with gold galloon.

A Santa Ana Cottage.

M. A.: You say that you would like a few helpful suggestions in regard to your cottage. I think I would hang green burlap in my parlor doors and you can have your pole wide enough to support the entire curtain on each side beyond the door. By this ingenious arrangement you can get the effect of veiling a much wider doorway than you actually have. Pull the curtains far enough forward to hide the frame of door in parlor. Hang them from oak poles like the ones used for window curtains. I think your couch would look artistic and pretty upholstered in burlap like your curtains. I would use a variety of harmonious colors on it in cushion if I had them in hand. Perhaps I can suggest something more effective than your gathered back for

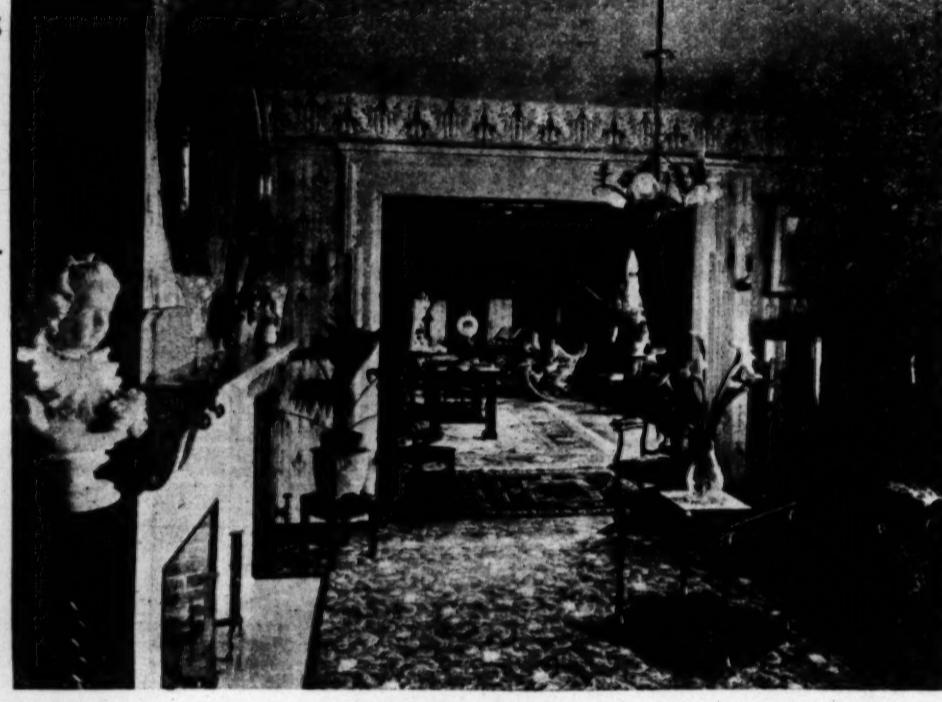
ver French gilt and rich oil paintings will also add much to this room. Do not use more than one growing plant, and place that against the light if possible, for much solid green would be too strong against the red.

Suggestions for a Whole House.

S. S. M., Santa Barbara: In glancing over your first letter to me I see that you ask what to do with some Roman photographs and Venetian scenes that you have. You say that you cannot afford to pay \$2 or \$3 each to have them framed and yet you wish to use them. Now you admit that you have a little money to spend on the rearrangement of your house and I think you could not invest a small portion of it to better and more decorative advantage than by having some of these mounted and a glass put over them, a narrow edge of black is all that is necessary to hold the glass in place and you can make a pretty group against the wall. These small flat pictures look well grouped in a hall or dining-room. I would by all means enlarge the opening between hall and parlor. I think the interior of your house would be much improved by this change. Sell your common looking dining-room chairs at a second-hand store and buy some new, handsomer ones. There is nothing more satisfactory than a handsome, well-arranged dining-room. I have read carefully your first letter of sixteen pages and your second shorter one, and I am convinced that what you need to do is to go relentlessly through your house and discard everything that has become shabby and unsightly. Replace these things as you can afford to do so by others that fit in with your new ideas of decoration, but I am sure that you will experience your first sense of relief when you have gotten rid of the things that have worried you.

A Quaint Dresser.

G. T., Los Angeles: You say that you wish to arrange in your bedroom a quaint and original dressing table and your request for a suggestion in this brought to my mind one that I saw some years ago in New York. It was in the



A HANDSOME RECEPTION ROOM.

this corner couch. Have a narrow shelf made to match your woodwork with a tiny railing around it, and fasten it against the wall running out both ways from corner over the couch. It should be high enough from the seat to permit any one to sit up comfortably without touching it with their head. Now fill in the wall space between seat and shelf smoothly with burlap and stand books against the wall, photographs, etc., on the shelf. You will now have so much plain green in here that you had better use a figured green or terra cotta silk for curtaining your bamboo bookcase. Perhaps a silk cushion would improve your straight oak chair.

A Reception Room.

D. A. S.: You ask if I think a reception room done in crimson would look too bright or too dark. You have a handsome Turkish rug which is nearly all crimson and you wish to paper your walls in the same color. As you say that the woodwork in this little room is old mahogany finish, I think the crimson walls and furnishings will be very beautiful and neither too dark nor too bright. To make the effect very rich I wish you could get a crimson paper which looks like the richest satin brocade. It should be in a panel design, all one shade, with embossed or velvet figures thrown upon it. I warn you it will be very expensive, indeed, but as you say your room is small, much will not be required. Only the most exquisite pieces of highly-finished mahogany or ebony furniture should go in here. Your chairs and divan and footstool could be upholstered in crimson brocade. Your curtains should be of heavy crimson satin over white lace. You ask if you can find the handsomest lace curtains out here in the West. I have seen exquisite point lace ones in San Francisco for \$50 a window. You say there is a little blue in the border of your rug. I would therefore use a little of this color here and there with great discretion, to relieve the red. I think this could only be done by a bit of cloisonne on the mantel or other blue enamel in bric-a-brac. A bronze jardiniere on a pedestal, a delicately-carved piece of marble (you will find this room a superb setting for marble,) and above all an elegant mirror in a oval roccoco frame of gilt will brighten and relieve the otherwise somewhat heavy scheme. Candelabra of sil-

bedroom of a young woman who was just then making her way as an artist, she has since become successful and money-making, but even in her time of comparative poverty her ingenuity and beautiful taste enabled her to render her little flat in Washington Square so charming that it was a joy to herself and her friends. To return to the dressing table, she covered a large dry goods box with cretonne, something with an old-fashioned flower on it, the general effect was pink and green and white. The curtains in front were of this and the top, I remember, had white linen mats under the pin cushion and canments, against the cretonne. The top of the dresser was nearly three feet wide and long in proportion. Over this swung a huge old-time oval mirror in a heavy gold frame. A glass which had probably fifty years ago adorned the drawing-room of some of the splendid old downtown houses and had had an interval of second-hand shops. The French gilt branch candlesticks, holding wax candles on either side of the mirror, had also been received from this second-hand oblivion, but the effect was not in the least tawdry or shabby; all had been burnished and polished to the highest perfection and all fitted in richly and heavily together. My glimpse from the studio into this room delighted me at the time and has always remained with me as a suggestion that I hoped some day to carry out. I give it to you to modify and adapt to your own use. This reminiscence recalls another which, though it may not be of use to you, will, I am sure, be interesting. The flat above the artist was occupied by Mrs. Brown Potter, who was at that time just entering on her theatrical career. As the daughter-in-law of Bishop Potter and a great social favorite in New York, she gave many beautiful dinners and the startling and unusual innovation that she had made in the decoration of her dining-room was much talked of. The walls of this room were a vivid scarlet and the curtains and hangings grass green. Even today, when the evolution of new ideas and the making of new combinations in house-decorations have become the theme of many pens, this cross-mingling of bright green and scarlet would scarcely be acceptable except on a golf coat, and yet I remember that this room was said to light up so beautifully as to lend great charm to Mrs. Potter's entertainments.

[September 23, 1900.]

September 23, 1900.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

THE NEW FLANNEL SHIRT WAIST. GLORIES OF FALL HATS AND OF DINNER DRESSES PREPARED FOR THE OPENING SEASON.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11, 1900.—The charm of the new flannel shirt waist lies as much in the quality of its material as in the manner of its making. Satin-faced flannel and wool-filled satin are the two new goods upon which the tailors and dressmakers are lavishing all the distinction and ornamentation that a shirt waist is capable of receiving. The satin-faced flannel is pliable and brilliant beyond anything we have ever had before, and it comes in the most delightful pale and deep pastel tones. Olive green, murky grays and the softest tints of marshmallow pink are among the blurred and becoming colors in which the easy

blouses will appear. Some of them are to button up the back, after the mode of popular summer shirt waists, and others are to have flapped and buttoned down pockets on the left breast—this last more for ornament than utility. The pouching front fullness will not be done away with, but even enhanced by tucking on the shoulders, while the chief feature of the new style is, of course, the rolling Byron collar.

Women who resort to flannel shirts for the comfort of the thing have insisted on the low, picturesque neck finish, and where the Byron collar rolls back a necktie of the softest panne ribbon is drawn and knotted. It may be a four-inch hand drawn through a delicate ring of chiseled gold, the ends tucked in the belt, or short, wide scarf tied in a simple knot under the chin with broad ends flaring out under the collar's tips. These waists are ideal for autumn golf, and their slightly full sleeves, caught into a straight cuff at the wrist are so arranged, with an elastic insertion, that when

the vigorous golfer rolls them high the elastic will hold the arm snugly and prevent any slipping.

Foliage Hats.

Nearly every woman's head boasts a new crown of autumn glory in the millinery way, and nothing is more surprising and yet welcome than the perfection to which the manufacture of autumn leaves has been brought. Foliage in richly-glowing colors has already taken first place as a decorative specialty, and the smartest hat to wear before the snow flies is a shape of brown, red or blue jay wreathed with ruddy maple leaves, or a toque of a new material in the millinery way that looks as if it were woven of braided grapevine tendrils. Crushed into an odd, almost impossible shape, the superadded trimming is done in russet, chrysanthemums, small clusters of ripe grapes or red, brown and yellow leaves, while the whole erection is made fast with hat pins, the heads of

which play a prominent part.

Wonderful, indeed, are some of the new stock. Gorgeous are the satyr's heads among the toques, another pin is in the and a stout, long, sharp-pointed globe of jade, or any exquisitely outlined by inlay.

The October Sailor.

No newer fancy in the walking hat has yet appeared with a big bow made of feathers directly in the front of the straw sailors trimmed that variation from the umbrella would have been a welcome heavy winter of these stiff.

It is the elegant, the almost autumn cloth gown that and if she is a great presses her with a degree of thing less than faultless fit this stern severity of style is.

Correct Modes in Dinner Dress.

It is vastly more agreeable the few evening gowns that indicators of good things to come from one of the best Parisian of any age under 50. Corn of the first dinner dress, an draped on an underdress of pink than yellow in tone, hear, the proper foundation flow, not stand, stiffly about and about the square, open pretty frock is laid heavy somewhat zigzag pattern, knot are made of black velvet.

The exceptions simply go elbow-sleeved dinner and ball are distinctly "have been," to wear them, but in the unglamorous nice effect is secured to the elbow, and draping the roots of which the loose extends clear to the wrist.

As Regards New Sleeves.

Smartest, though, of all sleeves in one piece, grasps the arm widens, to be caught in at close-fitting band. It has changing its colorings or mat the arm, and that, after all, is under sleeve is so unbecoming.

Admiring contemplation is frock of white Egyptian ti lower half of the skirt and are incrusted with black chain of black passe ribbon cut in the waist.

CLEANS AND REPAIRS.

MISS SARA MORTON HAS LITTLE BUSINESS.

By a Special

"My little leather bag contains all the implements necessary to clean a house," said Sara Morton explained. "I go from New York and have all the work to do."

"You have no idea how many houses I repair by the best houses, some of their stones will be tombs who watch me closely work on their property. It is a liability in a friend of mine to work. Before actually beginning establishment as an apprentice how to clean and repair jewels which I make a specialty.

"I had absolutely no trouble method is very simple, I can house, explain my business. By this method I soon had as could manage, and now I have to refuse simply for lack of liberal means has a good reason to keep it in such good condition repairing and cleaning at least they are willing to trust the to their maids, and as it is let me come in to clean it and send it to a jeweler, I get regular customers. Those who enter into the hands of any of them belong to another class. prize so highly are of little value."

"My charges are less than a dollar a day above the cost of all transportation expenses. That I am particular to have my woman doing, as you might say, in New York City. No, I never take are all free, and no rest, particularly my eyes, my patrons and also act as agents those who would like to sell the latest fashions in jewelry. When an article is no longer wanted they become very anxious to the money to get something that I keep in touch with the jewellers, they appeal to me to sell the articles, and when the

oppose the appointment of the Connaught, Buller, when a popular hero, would get the job.



A BEAUTIFUL JACKET.

This adorable little jacket, designed by Leo Greenfield & Co. of New York City, is of the richest broadtail, elaborately trimmed with ermine. The style of muff and collar and cut of the smart Eton coat gives a clear idea of the best fashions in fur for next winter.

A JAUNTY HAT.

A jaunty little hat of velvet and fur that flares away boldly from the face, where a gilt and brilliant buckle holds two close-curled ostrich tips in place.

SWISS MUSLIN GOWN.

For autumn and early winter dinners and dances old-fashioned Swiss muslin will be very generally worn. The model photographed here is an ideal style for young girls in their debut season.

A SUPERB TOILET.

Warm satin-faced crepe de soie is the foundation of this superb toilet. The skirt is gracefully tucked about the foot, and at intervals rich lace insets and needlework are arranged. The bodice is almost wholly of the lace and em-

broidery with a chiffon train and collar. This is one of the most magnificent costumes designed for the stage this season.

FLANNEL BLOUSE BODICE.

Here is absolutely the newest flannel blouse bodice to be seen in the New York shops. The style combines grace and simplicity in a delightful way. The stuff is a single-faced French flannel, in hedge-row green, stitched in silk of a lighter shade and with bullet-gilt buttons ornamenting the front.

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which play a prominent part in the hat's decoration.

Wonderful, indeed, are some of the hat pins that form the new stock. Gorgeous examples of the goldsmith's art show satyrs' heads among the grape leaves of a coquettish toque, another pin is in the form of a flaming torch of gold, and a stout, long, sharp-pointed shaft is topped by a terrestrial globe of jade, or onyx, or agate, with the continents exquisitely outlined by inlaid threads of gold.

The October Sailor.

No newer fancy in the way of a useful morning and walking hat has yet appeared than a felt sailor shape with a big bow made of taffeta, velvet or satin, arranged directly in the front of the crown—we have had so many straw sailors trimmed thus with dotted foulard that a variation from the unbroken uniformity of that fashion would have been a welcome change. Evidently, however, a heavy winter of these stiff head ornaments has set in.

It is the elegant, the almost puritanical simplicity of the autumn cloth gown that first strikes the beholder, and if she is a grace-loving beholder, it impresses her with a degree of dismay. Women with anything less than faultless figures will be in hard case if this stern severity of style is to prevail the season through.

Correct Modes in Dinner Dresses.

It is vastly more agreeable to turn to contemplation of the few evening gowns that have so far been put forth as indicators of good things to come. These ideas are direct from one of the best Parisian studios and apply to women of any age under 50. Corn-colored liberty silk is the basis of the first dinner dress, and the veil of yellow tissue is draped on an underdress of soft, heavy-corded silk, more pink than yellow in tone. Crisp taffeta is no longer, we hear, the proper foundation for evening gowns, that must flow, not stand, stiffly about their wearers. Over the hips and about the square, open neck and elbow sleeve of the pretty frock is laid heavy cream Irish point lace, in a somewhat zigzag pattern, while the girdle and shoulder knot are made of black velvet.

The exceptions simply go to prove the rule in favor of elbow-sleeved dinner and ball dresses, for long lace sleeves are distinctly "have-beens," though some women continue to wear them, but in the under-sleeve guise. An exceedingly nice effect is secured by bringing a close lace sleeve to the elbow, and draping there a deep-falling frill, at the roots of which the looser lace undersleeve begins and extends clear to the wrist.

As Regards New Sleeves.

Smartest, though, of all sleeves is that one which is cut in one piece, grasps the arm snugly to the elbow, and then widens, to be caught in at the base of the hand by a close-fitting band. It has the undersleeve effect without changing its colorings or material throughout the length of the arm, and that, after all, is the reason why the ordinary undersleeve is so unbecoming to the majority of women.

Admiring contemplation is invited for the second evening frock of white Egyptian tissue upon white silk. The lower half of the skirt and the upper portion of the body are incrustated with black chantilly appliques and a girdle of black panne ribbon cut in a point finishes and elongates the waist.

MARY DEAN.

CLEANS AND REPAIRS JEWELRY.

MISS SARA MORTON HAS WORKED OUT A FINE LITTLE BUSINESS FOR HERSELF.

By a Special Contributor.

"My little leather bag contains all the materials and implements necessary to clean and repair jewelry," Miss Sara Morton explained. "I go from house to house in New York and have all the work that I can do."

"You have no idea how many sensible women there are who will not allow their favorite pieces of jewelry to be repaired by the best houses, simply because they fear that some of their stones will be changed. I have many customers who watch me closely the entire time that I am at work on their property. It was the discovery of this peculiarity in a friend of mine that gave me the idea of my work. Before actually beginning my work I entered a good establishment as an apprentice, where I learned not only how to clean and repair jewelry, but also old watches, of which I make a specialty."

"I had absolutely no trouble in getting work. My method is very simple, I call, ask for the lady of the house, explain my business and as a rule get some work. By this method I soon had as many regular customers as I could manage, and now I have many calls that I am obliged to refuse simply for lack of time. Nearly every woman of liberal means has a good supply of jewelry, and few of them keep it in such good condition that it does not need repairing and cleaning at least every six months. Few of them are willing to trust the cleaning of their finer pieces to their maids, and as it is more convenient for them to let me come in to clean it than it is for them to collect it and send it to a jeweler, I get the work. These are my regular customers. Those who fear to allow their treasures into the hands of any one where they cannot watch them belong to another class. As a rule the articles they prize so highly are of little value to anyone besides themselves."

"My charges are less than those of a regular jeweler, and I am particular to have my work as good. I average \$5 a day above the cost of all materials used and my transportation expenses. That I consider good earnings for a woman doing, as you might say, mechanical work in New York City. No, I never take work home. My evenings are all free, and so are my Sundays. I need rest, particularly my eyes. I often buy articles of my patrons and also act as agent in bringing purchasers to those who would like to sell. Many women admire only the latest fashions in jewelry, just as they do in gowns. When an article is no longer what they consider stylish, they become very anxious to get rid of it in order to use the money to get something more to their taste. Knowing that I keep in touch with the taste and desires of my patrons, they appeal to me to act as agent. The majority of these women keep the jewelers boxes in which they buy the articles, and when they are cleaned and snugly

wrapped in their colored cottons it is hard to distinguish them from new. I have sold many such as wedding presents, and I cannot see the slightest objection to their being used in this way. They are always just as represented, and cost about half as much as they would if bought new from the jeweler. Of course, I have many bargains, for as a rule such ultra stylish women are exceedingly extravagant. As they wear only the latest designs and the most fashionable stones they are often glad to let things go for a much smaller sum than they originally cost.

Then, again, I have patrons who have met with reverses and are forced to sell their jewels. Such things are not absolutely necessary, and are the first to be disposed of when money is needed. Fluctuations in the stock market always has such an effect. Brokers seem particularly fond of having their family wear handsome jewelry, and when they are in luck most of them buy such pieces that can be sold when things go against them. I never lend money on jewelry, though I must admit that I have been asked to do so more than once. It is the one thing that I shall always refuse, and I think my reasons are obvious.

"My regular customers are, as a rule, of two classes, collectors or persons hunting bargains. The collectors have a fancy for some particular style or some article of all styles. They are always on the alert to add to their collection, and are willing to pay good prices. On the other hand the bargain hunters do not care what they get so long as it is cheap. Then there is another class who I cannot call regular purchasers. They are women of means and generous impulses. When my patrons meet with reverses and call on me I look their jewels over, put them in thorough repair, and take them to some of these women who I think will buy. I tell the circumstances, never the names, and it is seldom indeed that I do not make sales. All of this I do on a per cent. basis, and last year I almost doubled my earnings of \$5 a day.

"My work is pleasant, I might almost say dainty. There is nothing heavy or laborious, so I cannot see why other women should hesitate to undertake it. I am the only one in the field so far as I can learn, but I am sure that there is room even here in New York for many more."

LAFAYETTE M'LAWES.

THE WOMEN OF CHINA.

WORKING WOMEN HAPPIER AND MORE INDEPENDENT THAN LADIES OF RANK.

By a Special Contributor.

It has often been said that the women of Northern China, that portion of the empire invaded by Russia, reigns supreme in her own household. Though this is an exaggeration, she is undoubtedly of greater consequence than the women farther south. The Manchu woman, farther north than Peking, is certainly far more emancipated than her Hun sister, and she at least is allowed her natural feet to walk upon.

Another curious fact observed in China is that the

wealthy husband, must submit to being practically imprisoned, and are obliged to share the husband's affections with several others. In fact, the first wife is rarely loved by the husband. She holds the position of honor among the women of his household, it is true, but she is not the wife of his choice; she has been bargained for by his family, and he probably never saw her till the marriage took place. The others, on the contrary, are of his own selection. It is not unheard of for one of the wives to have a large influence over the husband, for women are women in the world over, and men are men. But, generally speaking, it is the women of the lower classes who, for the reasons just enumerated, play a heavier part in the everyday life of the great Chinese empire.

The appearance of the Chinese women is in accordance with their characters—generally attractive. She dresses in more comfort than do women in other parts of the world. The Manchus wear long skirts, but their blouses are loose, while almost all other Chinese women wear the long, graceful blouse and a pair of trousers, which the most emancipated western woman might envy from the standpoint of comfort.

It is well nigh impossible to get well acquainted with the secluded women of the upper classes. The daughter of the British Governor of Hongkong, Sir Henry Blake, has been more successful in this way than almost anybody else who has held a high social position in China. She studied Chinese first of all, and now has made real friends among the women of rank in Hongkong. A dinner party which she gave for them was a great innovation, and her friends predicted a failure. All the men were banished from the Government House for the evening, and the foreign ladies who were invited were in full evening dress. The Chinese women not only attended, but thoroughly enjoyed it. Some of them had made a previous acquaintance with knives and forks, but those who had not, learned in a few minutes, and used them daintily. They wondered at many of the dishes, and also at the bare arms and throats of their hostesses, saying that it must be "very cold." They themselves were dressed in the most exquisite of Chinese clothes of rich silks, heavily embroidered, and in addition wore magnificent jewels and ornaments of gold. To the person anxious to learn something of that class of Chinese women the occasion was one of unusual interest.

ANNA NORTHERN BENJAMIN.

THE COUNTESS AND CHILD CULTURE.

LADY WESTMORELAND HAS FITTED HERSELF TO INSTRUCT HER OWN CHILDREN.

By a Special Contributor.

The Countess of Westmoreland is the fourth daughter in a family famous for its beautiful women. The Countess of Warwick, the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Angela Forbes are her sisters, and it was to be expected that when Lady Sybil Mary St. Clair Erskine, daughter of the Earl of Roslyn, made her debut that a wealthy and attractive bachelor should fall to her matrimonial share. The ex-



RÉPRESENTATIVE CHINESE WOMEN OF MANCHURIA. THE PROV-INCE RUSSIA IS NOW INVADING.

women of the lower classes have much more freedom than those of rank, and are more or an equality with their husbands. The explanation of this is a matter of Chinese social economics.

The poorer a man is the fewer spouses he can afford to keep, so that the average man of the lower—not the middle—classes has but one wife. In this alone she holds an advantage over her wealthier sisters; and, again, companions in poverty are apt to take common cause. The poor man and his mate must work together. He cannot afford to shut her up or keep her apart from the world, needing her assistance as he does in his work. If he is a farmer the burden of all the household cares falls on her shoulders, and this takes her outside to fetch water, to wash the clothes or to make purchases at the store. She freely meets and gossips with the other women of the neighborhood and leads more of a social life than ladies of the highest station.

These ladies, on the other hand, though saved from manual labor and from the anxieties of poverty, and though richly clothed, housed and fed by the average

peculation was fulfilled in the person of the thirteenth Earl of Westmoreland, and in 1892 the marriage took place.

This was in Lady Sybil Erskine's first season, and since then her reputation as a beauty and delightful hostess has been eclipsed by others more ambitious of social prestige, for the Countess is not fond of London, and one must remain in London in order to be remembered. Like her sister the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Westmoreland prefers country to city life, and her beautiful home, Apethorpe Hall, to her London house. At Apethorpe she has laid out the most wonderful gardens in imitation of landscape gardening of Queen Elizabeth's time, and in among her lawns and flower beds are a marvelous collection of old English sundials.

Beside her gardens the mistress of Apethorpe Hall has ideas on child culture which she puts into practice on her three handsome little ones. She has fitted herself as their own kindergarten teacher, and has established nurseries and kindergartens in the village on her husband's estate.

[September 23, 1900.]

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

THINGS ALL AROUND US.

NATURE SERIES—XLV. WHAT WE HAVE LEARNED ABOUT INSECTS.

By a Staff Writer.

BY THIS time, if you have read these papers carefully, you must know a number of things about insects that you did not know in the beginning. But most wonderful of all the things that I have told you about, I am sure, are the changes through which most insects pass from babyhood until they reach the final grown-up form—as we may call it. Among these changes, those of the butterflies and moths are probably the most interesting and beautiful, although some others are quite as strange. The changes of the mosquito, for instance, are certainly remarkable enough, and nothing could well be much more wonderful than those of the flea, about which some one wrote you a story on this page, not long ago. From a little, wriggling, helpless, worm-like creature, living in dust or sand, to one that can leap many, many times his own height—so many that, if we had such legs we could hop right over the tallest church steeple—is surely about as big a change as one can well imagine.

Nearly all worm-like and grub-like creatures that you see are the young form of insects that look quite differently when they are grown up. Nearly all, I say; not all. For some such forms are themselves grown-up forms. Not all insects get wings before they die. Perhaps you will remember, too, that in some remarkable kinds, one sex has wings and the other never gets them; the little digger wasps that live in the earth, for instance. And in some kinds, two sexes have wings, but a third kind does not have any; the ants, for instance, as you will remember.

For one of the strangest things you have learned about the insects is that some kinds have three sexes—males, females and workers. Among these, the females are of the greatest importance, the workers next, and the males of very little account. They are smaller than the females and usually die much earlier. Among the bees they are thought of as little importance that they are killed off in the middle of a season.

Not only do insects change their form in a very remarkable way, from babyhood to the grown-up condition; they also live, often, in very different places, at different parts of their lives. Some that are winged, later on, begin life swimming about in the water; the mosquito and the dragon fly, for instance. Others, like the seventeen-year locust, live at first in the earth; others on trees and bushes and all sorts of plants; and still others, boring insects, in leaves, stems and the trunks and roots of trees. Some of these last kinds are especially hated by the farmer because they are so hard to get at and do so much harm to his orchard trees and other growing things.

Some insects, however, as you will remember, do not eat any parts of plants, but live on animal food. Some sorts—the sand wasp belongs to this kind—eat animal food when they are first hatched from the egg, but vegetable food later in life. And some sorts—like the dragon fly, which you will remember is a real insect hawk when he grows up—eat animal food all their lives, from the beginning to the time they die.

But we discovered the most remarkable relations between a number of vegetarian insects and the plants from which they get their food. Long ago we learned that big flowers and colored flowers are big and colored in order to attract the attention of insects, so that these will not easily miss them in seeking their food. And we learned, also, that insects which visit flowers are gaily colored, like these, because they will be less noticed among the flowers by their enemies, if they have these tints; just as, on the other hand, insects that live in the earth are gray or black. And we found that the arrangement between insects and flowers was such that the flowers not only were colored to attract the attention of the insects, but that they even provided honey in order to get the insects to carry their pollen from blossom to blossom, in coming after the honey, and that, further, the honey cup was so placed and the flower so shaped that the insects could not very well help getting pollen on themselves when they came after the sweetmeat; although I must add that certain insects sometimes bite through certain flowers, to get the honey, thus burglarizing them, instead of walking in at the front door and paying for their food.

We learned, too, that insects are among the most wonderful creatures living, in the tools that they carry about with them as parts of their bodies. They have about all the simple tools that human beings have ever invented and some that we probably might take a lesson from, even nowadays, when we have so many inventions. With these tools, they make themselves tents out of leaves and build houses for whole tribes to live in, or make cosy nests where their young will be well covered from the enemies that might destroy them.

We saw, too, that insects must be quite intelligent, in order to use these tools well, and that they often show intelligence in other ways. As we saw, the social insects, those that live together in houses that they build for themselves, are very like human beings in the way in which they divide up their labor and work together for the good of the whole tribe. And as we learned, these insects even show affection for each other or something very like it; at least the workers take care of the babies of the nest together and help each other when wounded in battle or sick for any reason. A man who studied insects a great deal found that ants from the same nest would recognize each other, even after they had been more than a year apart. He took some ants out of a nest and put them back again after months, or even a year, putting in ants from another nest, at the same time; and he found that, in almost all cases, the stranger ants were thrown out of the nests, after a little time, but the ones belonging to the tribe received. And when he put

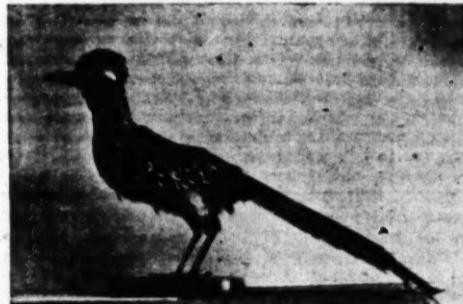
the ants back in their old nest smeared with something, the other ants in the nest cleaned them off.

THE ROAD RUNNER.

By a Special Contributor.

This interesting bird belongs to the great order Scansores, in which are found those more perfect forms of birds, closely related to the Quadrupeds or four-footed animals. In their order, too, we find the parrots and trogons, those beautiful birds of the tropics in which the power of speech seems to be inherent, needing only the superior intelligence of man to awake it to usefulness. These two families, however, have no representatives in this State, but their cousins, the cuckoos, have two members here in Los Angeles county. One is the California cuckoo, while the other is the road runner. If you will look up his scientific name of Geococcyx, you will find that it means a "ground cuckoo." He is also called chaparral cock, snake killer and (by the Mexicans) paisano. You can always tell his tracks in the dust of the road, as they form a perfect letter X, each foot having two toes behind and two in front. For this reason birds of this family are called Zygodactyl—a word which means "cross-toed."

His Spanish name of paisano comes from his country-like habits, for, notwithstanding his fine figure and beautiful dress, his home is always in the level mesas or low foothills, where his great speed may have ample scope. You have probably all read of the old country cuckoo, how they deposit their eggs in other birds' nests, leaving the work of incubation to other hands, or rather wings. But our little chaparral cock is no such a vagrant. Some time in the latter part of March he and his wife (for they remain paired the year around) build a large, saucer-shaped nest, composed of coarse twigs, in some low shrub or clump of cactus. Here from four to seven pure white eggs, about



ROADRUNNER.

the size of those of a tame pigeon, are laid. Intervals of sometimes several days occur between the laying of each egg and the one following it, so that frequently eggs, newly-hatched young and half-grown birds will be found in the same nest. I have found such families in Orange county as early as March 20, and in the San Fernando Valley as late as June 12. The young begin to run about and shift for themselves as soon as they leave the nest. Their food consists mainly of noxious vermin, such as snakes, lizards, scorpions, centipedes and field mice. They are also accused of sucking eggs and killing small chickens—but one who has (as I have several times seen him overcome the hill rattlesnakes will not, I think, begrudge him the egg or two which the foolish poultryman leaves in his way. One hot afternoon as I was crossing the hills in the oil field near Fullerton I came suddenly upon a little swale or level space in the rocky cañon. Here I found myself just in time for a battle royal. A large yellow rattle, endeavoring to cross the dry creek bed, had fallen beneath the eye of a full-grown road runner, and while I was too late for the preliminary events, still the fight was at its height. The bird had his four long claws fair set into the snake's neck, and was driving his vicious beak repeatedly against the reptile's skull. When the snake in his thrashing around made things too warm for the little bird the latter deftly hopped away, to return immediately to the attack, and before the snake could coil would rain blows upon him at random. After this duel had kept up for some ten or fifteen minutes, I made an inadvertent movement, and the road runner scuttled away into the scrub, leaving the rattlesnake too exhausted to attempt either resistance or flight, so I killed him. I have no doubt that the bird would have eventually killed him by its own efforts.

Needless to add, the time-worn fable of the cactus leaves is false. In this tale the road runner was made to pluck cactus leaves and pile them about and on the snake until the latter was hopelessly entangled amid the thorns and there perished.

These birds are justly noted for their swiftness of foot,

STRENGTHENING THE MEMORY.

METHODS FOLLOWED BY PUBLIC SPEAKERS—CURIOUS AIDS TO MEMORY.

By a Special Contributor.

Many people complain of having a poor memory, and yet that faculty can be developed as easily as can the biceps muscle. Nor is it necessary to go to any professor of memory or to master any elaborate system in order to accomplish this result. One does not have to go to a gymnasium to strengthen one's arm or back. Sawing wood or rowing a boat will do it. Similarly memory may be cultivated by one's own efforts and amid one's ordinary pursuits.

One man made the Sunday service of his church serve as a memory exercise. After the service he would endeavor to recall the numbers of all hymns sung, the chapter and verse of the scripture lesson, words of anthem, texts and points of sermon. This required the paying of close attention and a conscious effort to impress these things upon his mind. By this and other equally simple means he developed a memory that was absolutely at his command.

Famous speakers who have memorized their speeches have adopted various simple devices to aid them. The late Hon. John Bright fixed in mind the different points in his speeches by first drawing little figures or pictorial representations. If part of his speech had to do with a bridge, he would make a little sketch of such a structure or with Ireland or Scotland he would sketch a small map of the country or the district. He could remember these little figures or pictures. When he rose to his feet he could call them to mind, and select them one by one as he proceeded from point to point in the address—not having any note or manuscript by him at all. That was the method best suited him.

Another way of memorizing the points of an address to be delivered, one which the writer has frequently used, is by means of anagrams. It is very simple. Suppose we were called upon to deliver a Fourth of July oration, and wished to speak mainly on these three points: (1) Historic origin of the day; (2) the success of the experiment in government then inaugurated, and (3) the destiny of the republic. A very suitable anagram to recall these points to mind would be the letters U. S. A. He could set his topics down in this way:

Union proclaimed by Declaration of Independence.
Success of experiment in government.

After the present, what?

He does not need to take any notes with him on the platform. He can easily remember these letters. Remembering them, they recall his topics. And remembering the general topic it will itself suggest any subdivisions pertaining to it.

Certain people possess what may be called the sense of location. If they remember a passage in a book, they can tell you which side of the page it is on and what part of the page. There are students with that kind of a memory who prepare their recitations by taking a large sheet of paper and writing different parts of the lesson in different places on the paper. They then rely on their sense of location to call to mind what ever they may wish to remember.

Again, there are people who have a keen eye for color. They will make their memoranda on slips of paper of different colors. Then simply calling to mind a particular color will enable them to remember the memorandum associated with that color. Of course, all this is based on what is known as the faculty of association of ideas.

Some people, who can remember words and phrases, find difficulty in remembering figures or numbers. In such cases a curious expedient has sometimes been resorted to. A phrase will be devised the initial letters of which suggest the figures sought to be remembered. For example, suppose someone's street number to be 128. The suggestive phrase might be "I seek him." The letter I will suggest the figure 1; the letter S somewhat resembles an 8; and the two perpendicular strokes of the H suggest the Roman numeral II. A roundabout method this may be but it has served to fasten figures in the memory of people who have previously found them troublesome.

But perhaps the most wholesome way in the long run is simply by repetition and effort to fix the thing in the memory directly without tricks of memory or artificial methods. By memorizing one sentence or verse a day from the best literature the mind will soon have a fine treasury of beautiful thoughts, and an enriched vocabulary. Dr. William Punshion, a great English preacher, did this, and his fine prose may have been largely due to his familiar acquaintance with the best literature.

For quotation purposes it is necessary to remember verbatim, and though this is the hardest task of memory it well repays the effort. Once trained the memory will be able to recall the exact words of conversations, sermons and passages in books without having made any conscious effort to commit them.

A distinction is sometimes drawn between two kinds of memory. There is what is called a carrying memory, such as is exercised by the conductor on a train. He remembers the faces on a particular train, while attending to tickets, and then straightway forgets, and so on with each train in his charge. Certain children are said to exercise a carrying memory with their lessons—remembering them just long enough to carry them from the house to the teacher, and forgetting them after recitation. The other kind of memory is the kind that does not forget.

WILLIAM H. P. WALKER.

Tawkiao is the name of a native king in New Zealand who edits a little eight-page paper, with three columns to a page, printed in both the English and the native tongue, and called the Pleiades of Seven Stars.

[September 23, 1900.]

THE NIGHTMARE A SENSATION THAT

[New Orleans Times-Democrat] always so cowardly in night—leaves lawyer who has a taste for any infamy in oration in confessing this, able to find out, everybody in the throes of nightmare, and make such a pitiable spectacle whatever that might befall.

"I think that the explanation to be found in the fact that accompanied by a sense of lashed that choking—the 'shame' is a homely phrase—has an effect entirely distinct and different from that of pain or peril, horror and distraction that He will do anything to get out on more than one occasion have been choked and killed, have held that the circumstances be given special consideration dreams the entire nervous system to suppose that the memory be intensified. At least, that offer for my sprints through

TWO COURAGEOUS

LUCY AND SAMANTHA

PAIR OF CANNIBALS

[Denver Republican:] Aw Creek, almost in the heart of in West Virginia, two old maidens, the Hearst, live in a little of the nearest neighbor. They are of their father, Alexander, seemingly happy and content women are 86 and 42 years light old gentlemen. Judson county puts it, they are great delight in raising large and other poultry, which the lumber camps scattered McDowell and adjoining enough money to keep them.

Some time ago "varmints" house and turkey pens of the carrying off dozens of chickens poultrys, which soon ascended and their progeny of half-grown wildcats by the aid of their three miles farther up the creek shot at them on either of the pursued them. A few nights sister with the remark that "our henhouse again, S'manthy, and in a few minutes with a long pitchfork and he to the henhouse, in which a place. Lucy had brought with a lantern which, as she set farthest away from the door yellow, glistening eyes, and coat of the intruders.

"Catmounts, two of 'em; ax, S'manthy, while I stir Lucy.

"All right, I'm ready," replied Lucy. She didn't wait to be struck and sprang at the woman struck a hen roost in her spring or the women would have faced catmount landed close skirt in his claws, but a down and a plunge of the long-pronged go and retreat without having the dress of Miss Samanthy, mount which had struck the her feet, and with a hiss and springing squarely at the throat the wildcat was the mountain jammed one end of the long-handled pitchfork and held it firmly in his claws, and, like the tiger in the chest. The long prongs the spring, added to the pointed steel clear through the body, and the wildcat down by recovering Samanthy was slashing at the ax. She had dealt it one blow, laid in shoulder wide open, another when the larger catmount covered from his rough hand. As before, the attack was pressed. The cat jumped, but a woman him from springing straight to Samanthy doubtless owed his safety, as the catmount intended he missed and struck several nest on the top of an old frightened cackle, confusing woman to get in a blow with

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Girls.

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BY PUBLIC SPEAKERS
ADS TO MEMORY.

Contributor.

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AM H. P. WALKER.

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oppose the appointment of the *amico* of Connaught, Buller, being a popular hero, would get the job when Wolseley stopped out. Lord Roberts being a back number and too old to take the place to which he might suppose him- self.

Drills, Twills and Stripes our facilities in our station house in South Africa.

THE NIGHTMARE AFFLICITION. A SENSATION THAT MAKES COWARDS OF US ALL.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat:] "Strange that we are always so cowardly in nightmares," remarked a New Orleans lawyer who has a taste for the bizarre. "I don't believe anybody ever lived who stood up and made a square stand against the amorphous horror that invariably pursues us in such visions. When I have a nightmare and the usual monster gets on my trail, my blood turns to water, and my conduct would disgrace a sheep. I am beside myself with stark, downright fear, and I have no idea left in my head except to run like a rabbit. All pride, self-respect, dread of ridicule, and even the instinct of self-defense are scattered to the winds, and I believe, honestly, I would be capable of any infamy in order to escape. I have no hesitation in confessing this, because, as far as I have been able to find out, everybody acts exactly the same way in the throes of nightmare, and I feel certain I would not make such a pitiable spectacle of myself in real life, no matter what might befall."

"I think that the explanation of the nightmare panic is to be found in the fact that the dream is almost invariably accompanied by a sense of suffocation. It is well established that choking—the 'shutting off of one's wind,' to use a homely phrase—has an effect upon the mind which is entirely distinct and different from that produced by any other form of pain or peril. It fills the victim with such horror and distraction that he is for the moment insane. He will do anything to get relief. This has been brought out on more than one occasion in the defense of men who have been choked and killed their assailants, and judges have held that the circumstances of such an attack should be given special consideration as extenuating the deed. In dreams the entire nervous system is relaxed, and it is natural to suppose that the mental effect of suffocation would be intensified. At least, that is the best apology I have to offer for my sprints through nightmare land."

TWO COURAGEOUS OLD MAIDS.

LUCY AND SAMANTHA HEARST'S FIGHT WITH A PAIR OF CATAMOUNTS.

[Denver Republican:] Away up near the head of Eagle Creek, almost in the heart of the Flat Top Mountain region, in West Virginia, two old maids, Misses Lucy and Samantha Hearst, live in a little one-story log cabin, miles from the nearest neighbor. They have lived alone since the death of their father, Alexander Hearst, about ten years ago, seemingly happy and content with their lot in life. The women are 86 and 42 years old respectively. As that delightful old gentleman, Judge Jim Campbell of Monroe county puts it, they are God's gentlewomen. They take great delight in raising large numbers of turkeys, chickens, and other poultry, which they sell as occasion demands to the lumber camps scattered about the dense forests of McDowell and adjoining counties, for which they receive enough money to keep them in groceries and other articles.

Some time ago "varmints" began to raid the chicken house and turkey pens of the old maids, destroying and carrying off dozens of chickens or turkeys in a night. The prowlers they soon ascertained were two big catamounts and their progeny of half-grown ones. The women tracked the wildcats by the aid of their dogs to a cliff of rocks about three miles farther up the creek, but they did not get a shot at them on either of the dozen or more occasions they pursued them. A few nights ago Lucy Hearst aroused her sister with the remark that "them peaky catamounts are in our henhouse again, Samanthy." That was enough for Samantha, and in a few minutes the two women, Lucy armed with a long pitchfork and her sister with a light ax, ran to the henhouse, in which a terrible racket was taking place. Lucy had brought with her an old-fashioned perforated tin lantern which, as soon as Samantha opened the chicken-house door, she set down on the floor. In a corner farthest away from the door the woman saw two pairs of yellow, glistening eyes, and caught a glimpse of the gray coat of the intruders.

"Catamounts, two of 'em; now you get ready with your ax, Samanthy, while I stir 'em out with the fork," said Lucy.

"All right, I'm ready," replied Samantha, but the wildcats didn't wait to be "stirred out." They both gave a scream and sprang at the women. Luckily one of the cats struck a hen roost in her spring and was thrown backward, or the women would have fared badly. As it was the biggest catamount landed close enough to seize Samantha's skirt in his claws, but a downward sweep of the short ax and a plunge of the long-pronged pitchfork made him let go and retreat without having done any damage except to the dress of Miss Samantha, which was torn. The catamount which had struck the roosting pole was now on her feet, and with a hiss and a scream she tried it again, springing squarely at the throat of Lucy Hearst. Quick as the wildcat was the mountain woman was quicker. She jammed one end of the long handle against the ground and with the right hand turned the pronged end toward the oncoming wildcat, and held it firmly and steady as a Mexican tigre, and, like the tigre, she caught the brute fairly in the chest. The long prongs were sharp and the force of the spring, added to the weight of the cat, forced the pointed steel clear through the wildcat's body. Then followed a terrible battle. While Lucy was trying to hold the wildcat down by recovering the pole of the fork, Samantha was slashing at the infuriated brute with her ax. She had dealt it one blow which, missing its head, laid its shoulder wide open, and was preparing to give it another when the larger catamount, having somewhat recovered from his rough handling, again made an attack. As before, the attack was preceded with a yell and a hiss. The cat jumped, but a wound he had received prevented him from springing straight forward, and to this diversion, Samantha doubtless owed her safety, for instead of lighting, as the catamount intended, on the woman's shoulders, he missed and struck several feet to the left, landing in a nest on the top of an old hen, which flew out with a frightened cackle, confusing the cat long enough for the woman to get in a blow with her ax, which split the wild-

cat's head wide open, killing it almost instantly. Meanwhile the old female cat which had been perforated with the pitchfork and chopped so severely with the ax, made one more attempt to attack. Before Lucy was aware of the cat's movement, in the semi-darkness of the henhouse, the latter caught her by the sleeve of her dress and tore great strips, tearing her left arm from the elbow to the wrist. The cat failed to get a hold with the teeth, but would have done so a second later but for Lucy's sister, who, seeing Lucy's plight, whirled the light ax over her head and struck the catamount just behind the shoulders, severing its vertebrae.

That ended the fight. Both catamounts were dead, and the women escaped with a badly torn arm on the part of Lucy and two ruined dresses. A dozen chickens were lying dead on the floor by the side of the catamounts. The next day, with the aid of a couple of timber cutters, a raid was made on the cliff of rocks and the catamounts' den was found. Four half-grown catamounts and five kittens were killed, entirely wiping out the catamounts of that region. Lucy and Samantha Hearst are now the heroines of Flat Top Mountain.

BLACK BEAR STORIES.

NO. I.—THE BEAR TELLS HOW HE PLAYED WITH THE BABY.

By the Big Black Bear.

I know that most story books tell you that the bear is a very savage animal, and that many boys and girls have fallen victims to his fierceness, but don't you believe any such yarns. I am a bear 10 years old, and I think I ought to know something about it. I have always been ready to run away from man, woman and child, and I never showed any fierceness unless I was attacked first. As for eating a boy or girl, why, I'd rather have my fill of mulberries or a piece of tender pig. When I was a year old my father said to me:

"Now, Cub, you must get out and hustle for yourself, and I want to warn you to keep clear of all men. They will hunt you for the sake of your skin, which is worth at least \$10, and you will have to be pretty cute to keep that skin on your bones. Keep to the thick woods by day, and when you run around o' nights you must be on your guard. Never attack a man first, but if he hunts you with dogs or wounds you, then fight back."

My parents agreed that I was one of the jolliest and best-natured cubs they ever heard of, and it was my longing for fun that got me into a scrape almost as soon as I left home. I was journeying through the forest in search of a home for myself when I came to a clearing a settler had made. I saw him felling trees, but sneaked along up to the house to see what sort of a place it was. It was a log house, and the woman was washing clothes outdoors under a tree. On the ground by the door sat a baby about a year old. I don't know whether it was a boy or a girl, but the little one laughed and crowed as it rolled around in the dirt. By and by I got to laughing, too, and then began to creep forward. A bear can move as softly as a mouse if he wants to, and after a few minutes I was close to the baby.

Shall I tell you what my plan was? I was going to seize the child and make a run for it, but it was to be all in fun, you know, and I wouldn't carry it too far. I wanted to hear the woman yell and see the father come running. The baby crowed as he got sight of me, and when I got near enough he buried his little fingers in my fur and laughed in my face. I rubbed my nose against his cheek and he cackled in glee, and when I put out my tongue and licked his chin he was tickled half to death. I picked him up by his clothes in a careful way and was about to move off when the mother turned and saw me. I expected she would scream out and perhaps faint away, but she was not that kind of a woman.

"A bear! A bear!" she shouted, and she picked up a club and came running at me.

I was a bit confused by her actions, and the first thing I knew she brought that club down on my head and made me see stars. Then she tore the child away and tossed it into the house, and as I staggered around she picked me up and soured me into a barrel of water. I got out as fast as I could, you may be sure, but was half-drowned, and what made it worse was that she used that club on me again to my sorrow. In fact she ran me into the woods, whacking me at every step, and when she finally let up I was a badly-used cub. I had swallowed a painful of water, all my bones ached, and when I met the wolf he looked me over and said:

"Well, well, but of all the woe-begone bears I ever saw you are the worst! Have you been trying to crawl through a knot hole?"

I told him what had happened, and he replied:

"I see. You got yourself into a scrape because you wanted to be too funny. You'd better let joking alone. My grandfather was a wolf who was always looking for something to laugh at, and one day he went to joke with a big steel trap. The trap wasn't on the joke, and it caught him by the legs and held him fast till the farmer came and killed him."

ILLS OF WILD ANIMALS.

CONSUMPTION, PNEUMONIA AND CANCER TAKES THEM OFF.

[Washington Star:] "What diseases are wild beasts in captivity subject to?" was the question the writer recently put to a leading animal importer.

"Well," was the reply, "monkeys for the most part die of consumption and pneumonia. Antelopes, moose, deer and other browsing beasts die because proper food cannot be found for them. In my opinion, the tannin in the bark and twigs which these animals feed most largely upon is what their systems need in order to keep them in a healthy condition. Of course, very little of this is found in the hay and other foods which are fed to these animals in captivity. In regard to the far western animals of this country there seems to be some peculiar quality of the alfalfa and other grasses of the prairie which is absolutely necessary for their sus-

tenance and well-being. I think that the climatic change has very little influence upon them. I have shipped lots of mule deer, black-tailed deer, antelope and Rocky Mountain sheep to Europe and the continent, but they did not live one year. You see that moose, for instance, live largely upon lichen and bark. Of course, these foods cannot be secured so far from the forests, and hay proves to be a very poor substitute. I have no doubt that if these animals could be supplied with their natural food they would live as long as lions and tigers."

"All the African, Indian and Australian animals come to this country through a general depot in Germany. If any weakly specimens arrive in that country they are kept there until they recover. While in transit across the ocean it is a very common thing for non-carnivora to go without food for ten days, and they are often seasick. This is particularly true of llamas, antelopes and camels. There is a good deal of ignorance about the medical treatment of wild animals. Those which feed upon grass are treated in sickness much the same as a horse. In the case of lions, tigers and beasts of the cat family generally, the same medicines which are given to a dog under similar circumstances are used."

"One of the most difficult of species to keep alive is the South American tapir. They are brought chiefly from the Amazon River, and belong to the pig family. Like the monkeys, they all die of consumption. Snakes, as a rule, die of cancer. I have often taken from the mouth of a python pieces of decayed tissue as large as a walnut. This disease is produced by the habit of the snakes striking their fangs into wood or any hard substance with which they come in contact. The fangs are usually broken off in these attacks and cancer supervenes. As soon as I detect the cancerous growth in the mouth of snake I know that the reptile is doomed. I remember a curious instance of this kind in connection with a magnificent royal Bengal tiger, which went mad from convulsions brought on by eating too much, and in a frenzy the tiger ate off her own tail close up to the body, and devoured every inch of it, including the hair."

"About three years ago I lost three rare Koodoo antelopes in a very curious manner. They were confined in a stable which was infested with rats. Late one night I heard a great hubbub in the stable. Opening the door, I found the antelopes springing all over the stable, striking their horns against the flooring overhead and acting as if they were frightened out of their wits. I noticed that they looked at a particular spot in a corner, and when I saw a rat come out the effect was magical upon the antelopes. I tried in vain to quiet them, and the next morning they were found dead in the stable. They had died from fright."

WISDOM OF ANTS.

[London Saturday Review:] "We have had an alarming visitation of small red ants out in my neighborhood this season," said a gentleman who lives in the "Garden District," near Audubon Park. "They swarm over the premises by the million and, although we have waged war on them in every imaginable manner, we have made no perceptible inroads in their ranks, and once or twice we have actually been on the point of beating an ignominious retreat. Meanwhile I have been led, in self-defense, to make something of a study of their habits, and, like everybody else who has given the subject any attention, was amazed at their sagacity and evident powers of reasoning. In thinking up different ways of making themselves a nuisance they display intelligence of a high order."

"The other night, for example, I brought home a package of candy for my wife. I did it in fear and trembling, for I knew that our brand of ants had a special weakness for confectionery; but on the way out I conceived a scheme to hold them at bay. Before retiring that night I placed a tall tumbler in the center of a wash bowl, balanced the box of candy on top and filled the bowl with water, thus making a sort of medieval moat around the sweets. Next morning the candy was literally red with ants. I was greatly astonished, of course, but upon scrutinizing the water I saw that the little pests had built a beautifully-balanced pontoon bridge out of minute fragments of dust and lint that had settled on the surface from the air, as is always the case in a close room. They had pulled one atom against another until they had formed a complete chain, reaching from the side of the bowl to the stem of the tumbler, and a continual procession was passing over it to the box of goodies on top."

"This is not a fairy story, but a cold, unvarnished fact; and since then we have ceased to attempt to circumvent the invaders. They have too much gray matter in proportion to their small, red bodies."

COIFFURES OF POMPEII.

[New York Tribune:] On many houses in Pompeii are to be seen small round or square frescos, from six to twenty-four inches in diameter, like medallions, painted on the walls, which portray the faces of people who were probably the inmates or owners of the house.

Among the portraits of women are to be seen features clearly recognizable as those of grand dames of the period, whose coiffures are of nearly every variety known to the fair sex. Some of the frescos are indeed curious. One, for instance, portrays the full figure of a woman who wears a handkerchief-like bandage tied across one eye. In some the hair is piled high on the head, in others it rises in studied disorder. There are heavy coils of hair hanging over the shoulders; there are fringes and curls on the forehead. Some have it divided in the center, passing in heavy folds close to the temples and over the ears, while others keep it bound up in a net of gold thread. Some wear delicate veils; golden fillets bind back the raven locks of others, either en masse or waved in little ridges. Many of the faces are peculiarly pleasing, and even modern in their charm. Especially interesting are the pretty coral and pearl earrings which shine from under the masses of luxuriant hair. A few are coral and gold pendants, others are simple drops, but all seem proportioned to the styles in which the hair is arranged.

Michael Biddulph, the London banker, who has just retired from Parliament, represented Herefordshire for thirty-five consecutive years. Mr. Beach, the "Father of the House," and Sir Wilfred Lawson, the noted temperance advocate, were probably the only members of the next Parliament whose terms of service date back to the sixties.

sent, and Mr. W. E. Edelmann elected to fill his place. P. W. was chosen secretary.

F. G. Grandell, a former member of the

[September 23, 1900.]

rate at which both sexes are away.
why we wear hats, anyway? We natural covering on the head that keeps it warm. Moreover, it is a cover to lose, and biologists tell us that which our ancestors some distance off has disappeared through the years. Our ancestors exhibited a few more years and brought up to wear clothes than his immediate family judge by the pelt said to be in the summer time are certainly brought up to do without them. Significant features of the face—
a considerable number of people of appearance they possess, some people and but few without them. In the case of ure, whenever they are put on, not go bareheaded?

IN CHINA.

SEEM SUPERFLUOUS TO STERN EDUCATION.

marriage of the upper classes in number of very elaborate cere-

monies themselves

to be better off a great feast items of the day's proceedings wedding breakfast, is spread west of the dining hall. But, he nor bridegroom is permitted even displayed. Instead, a meal in the courtyard. Before the to his father and the wedding knocking his head six times her hands him a goblet of wine bride.

never alters. It is in the follow seek your wife, and behave and wisdom." The sedan chair, fitted for the reception of the, and is often richly adorned A profusion of gilding is al-

most always sent as escort banners, torches, carried in the procession, appropriate to the occasion, loaded with golden fruit, is large family. A goose and a fowl, fidelity, while a dolphin in a high position. The color—the hue of rejoicing. Red silk, together with the red costumes of the attendants.

And with the musicians

utensils gleaming, a Chinese powerfully alike to eye and to make way for the cor-

rovides a severe punishment

on her journey to her new

by a few lines written on

friend of the bridegroom—

"man"—she does kow-tow

a last cup of wine, and,

from her parents on the new

entering, and her duties

best styles of Chinese elo-

while the poor little bride,

patience she may command,

she veils herself in silk of

the return procession starts.

ceremony takes place, the

containing rice and betel

at the feet of her future

submission to his will.

first time the bridegroom

of the heavens and

a Chinese marriage cere-

monial of the ancestral tablets

day after the wedding,

must prostrate herself be-

fore the bride with a cup of

a grand visit of ceremony

vans laden with presents

OF THIEVES.

America that is at pres-

ent have committed any

casts of the world's so-

ciety—and where, the of-

all thieves that come to

any detective to molest

one, one of the least ad-

Central America. Hon-

or jungle and gigantic

of bugs, vampires,

of things that creep

region where life in the

ht one feels as though

are to be found men

from their own coun-

and Philadelphia all fur-

Italy, and even far-

try make no attempt at

are born to wear, and

the laws of their own

ists.—[London Express]

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for *The Times*.

Fruit for Rheumatism.

MANY people suppose that because fruits contain a large amount of acid they must necessarily produce acid conditions within the body, when eaten. This is an error. A well-known authority on dietary matters says that the use of fruit diminishes the acidity of urine, and thus antagonizes rheumatism and gout. The acids in fruits undergo changes which diminish the acidity of the blood and aid in the elimination of uric acid. The most digestible fruits are ripe grapes, peaches, strawberries, apricots, oranges, whortleberries, very ripe pears, steamed figs, dates and baked apples. A writer in an exchange says:

"A dietary consisting wholly of fruits is a valuable means of overcoming biliousness. Such a dietary may be maintained for one or two days or a week. A modified fruit dietary is highly beneficial. Two meals may be eaten, the breakfast of fruit only, and the ordinary dinner, or if three meals are taken, the first and last meals should consist of fruit only. The most laxative fruits are apples, figs, prunes, berries and peaches."

Hot Weather Habits.

A WRITER in the New York Sun has the following sensible remarks upon the best methods of keeping down the discomfort arising from excessively hot weather. Like other sensible people he criticizes the ice-drinking mania which prevails in this country:

"One's appetite is bound to flag with the coming of hot days, and it's a lucky dispensation of Providence that it does. Nature recognizes the fact that with the temperature in the 90's the system doesn't need as much fuel as it does when animal heat is all that keeps the body warm. So the old Dame issues orders to stop stoking, but the man who thinks he owns the body in question doesn't pay any attention to her. He remarks in consternation that his appetite is falling off and he takes to tonics and pick-me-ups and appetizers. He uses every artificial means to tease himself into eating larger quantities of food than he needs for health, and when he has forced himself into overloading his stomach he lays the flatteringunction to his soul that he has done the square thing by himself and has taken precautions against sickness. Now the fact is that he probably eats too much all the year round, and eats altogether too much in warm weather. The stomach ought to rebel against carbonaceous food in summer and if its warning isn't heeded, it is excusable for making things decidedly unpleasant for its owner.

"Fat meat, pastry, butter, bread, cream and stimulants of all sorts are out of order on the hot weather menu. Of course, habit demands a certain amount of bread and butter and cream, but the amount should be exceedingly small. The natural craving for acids that comes with hot weather should receive respectful attention. Fruit and green vegetables are the most important features of summer diet. Lean meat, poultry, fish, plain oil salads and light ices are all excellent things for a stomach whose energy is undermined by the heat. As for drinks—there one comes to the very essence of summer dietetic crimes. With the first leap of the mercury every American makes a mad rush for the water cooler or the nearest soda fountain, and, from that hour until October, tries conscientiously to have a stream of iced liquid trickling down his throat during half of his waking hours. The practice is absolutely disastrous to health and produces temporary coolness at the cost of subsequent greater discomfort, but there is no use in arguing the point. Tinkling ice in a glass is an invitation that no American can withstand. If iced drinks must be taken, at least they should be relegated to between meal periods. Iced tea, iced water, iced lemonade, iced coffee at meals are a dietic abomination.

"Iced liquid at 35 deg. going into a stomach literally stops the process of digestion, which doesn't go on until the water has been warmed to the point of about 100 deg. Now a summer stomach has enough troubles of its own, without having to cook up 65 deg. of heat for each drink poured into it, and, as comparative comfort in hot weather depends entirely upon a satisfactory condition of general health, the man who suffers from the heat couldn't do a worse thing than drink iced drinks with his meals. The more water, of reasonably cool temperature, he drinks, the better, for it induces perspiration, and perspiration, while unbecoming, is summer salvation. A little lemon juice, lime juice or even a dash of vinegar in the water is thirst quenching. Milk or milk and vichy is a good summer drink, if it agrees with one in any kind of weather, but there is danger of its producing biliousness, and buttermilk is safer in summer. In fact, with the single exception of good water, buttermilk is perhaps the best of hot weather drinks. The whole army of 'cups' and whisky and gin are unwholesome in hot weather, because of the blood-heating and nerve-exciting stimulant in them, as well as because of the ice that makes them tempting."

Open-Air Treatment of Consumption.

THE most sensible thing that has been introduced in European hospitals for a long time is the open-air method of treating consumption which has become quite popular in one of the leading London hospitals. There is no section of the world better adapted to the introduction of such a system of curing disease than in Southern California. The London Standard says:

"So satisfactory have been the results achieved by the 'open-air' method of treating consumptive patients in the North London Hospital for Consumption, which in this respect has been the pioneer among metropolitan hospitals, that it has been found necessary to provide greater facilities for the extension of the treatment, with the result that a special open-air wing, with balconies to accommodate forty patients, has been erected, at a cost of £3000.

and was opened yesterday by Sir Henry Harben, who was able to point with conviction to the fact that early last year twenty-four beds were set apart experimentally, that the windows of the wards in which these beds are situated have remained open in all weathers, the patients being kept warm by means of additional blankets and artificial heat, and that this treatment, combined with proper rest, good feeding and graduated exercise, has proved so successful in arresting the progress of the disease that every available ward except those reserved for bronchitis and asthma cases has been converted into an 'open-air' ward.

"Where patients have been admitted in the early stages of the disease recovery has been attained in the majority of cases, and 76 per cent. of the cases have done so well as to encourage the hope that they may be considered as permanently benefited. The medical register, in his report, says that nearly all the patients eventually return to their work, some to their ordinary occupations, but, wherever possible, to work in the open air. Though it cannot be said with confidence that none of these will ever have a relapse, it is certainly true that the vast majority of those who follow out the hygienic principles and mode of living which they have been taught in the hospital, will continue to do well." In connection with the opening ceremony and in aid of the funds of the institution, for every vacant bed in which there are twenty applicants, a largely-attended garden party was held in the hospital grounds at Mt. Vernon, Hampstead."

* * *

Drinking Water.

THERE is no doubt that we do not drink enough water. Our bodies consist largely of water and the average man needs to drink from four to six pints of water daily in order to maintain health. This is the amount of water eliminated from the body by means of the kidneys, the skin and lungs.

It is evident that a fresh supply is constantly needed to supply this loss, and in the process of digestion to carry away waste matter. If the amount of water imbibed is not sufficient for all this, the health must suffer. Air, water and food are the essentials of life in the order given. A writer in Good Housekeeping says:

"A person can fast a long time, experiments have proven this, but the same person could not get along without water for that length of time.

"As a usual thing, women are the ones who suffer the most from an insufficiency of water. Mothers should see to it that their children have plenty of water to drink.

"There is a diversity of opinion regarding drinking at meals. Some assert that the practice is injurious, as it dilutes the gastric juice. Others again claim that a glassful of pure drinking water taken during the process of mastication is healthful. On one point, however, all authorities agree, namely, that ice water is injurious.

"Whenever we have a hot spell of weather it is customary for the wise ones to warn their friends not to drink things. There is a certain truth in this, but the discomfort that arises from reaction, if the drink is too cold, is the basis of it all. Perspiration is apt to follow, saturating the clothing and causing discomfort. The fact is we need more water during hot weather or when exercising. Our food, of course, contains a portion of this needed liquid, especially the fruits and vegetables and thirst is not experienced so often with a vegetarian diet.

"There is no doubt but that hot water quenches thirst in most instances better than cold. Taken regularly at the rate of one glassful half an hour before meals, it promotes digestion, and in catarrhal conditions of the stomach is recommended by physicians. It has also been tried as a remedy for insomnia.

"Many nervous troubles would be greatly benefited by increasing the amount of water consumed and constipation is largely the result of an inadequate supply of water.

"One of the reasons people thrive at mineral springs is that outside of any medicinal properties the springs may possess, they drink much more water than at home.

"There be those who have the courage to drink warm tea in summer in the faith that the reaction will be cooling.

"It takes courage on a hot summer day to resist the alluring signs displayed of birch beer and soda water, to say nothing of iced tea and milk, but the frequent use of these drinks is hard on the digestive apparatus. It seems almost vain to preach against these cooling drinks for hot weather, but one can at least advise moderation.

"An English writer advises that when the rest cure, which has become so popular, is undertaken at home, milk should be freely used. A glass is taken in the early morning, another sipped at breakfast, a third in the middle of the day, one in the afternoon and finally, one just before retiring at night.

"Generally speaking the theory advocated by the best physicians nowadays, is to drink often and much. It cleanses the system, increases circulation and helps to make a clear complexion. Therefore, ye men and women, the latter especially, drink. Take clear, pure, sterilized water and be thankful so simple a remedy of nature is near at hand."

* * *

Solitude and Insanity.

THE medical and hygienic press has recently been widely discussing the various causes of insanity, which is increasing so rapidly in the United States of late years. A writer in an eastern exchange has the following on one phase of this subject:

"There is a wise old German saying that 'only a god or a brute can dwell in solitude.' Men and women need congenial companionship both for the sake of health and happiness. Just as one's lungs, after using up all the oxygen in a close room, need to be filled with fresh out-of-door air, so one's mind needs contact with other minds to get new ideas. There is such a thing as mental as well as physical hunger. Herders on the large cattle ranches of the West frequently become mad from the isolation they are forced to endure. Women on lonely farms and in small villages grow morbid and mildly insane, and people do not realize that the cause is want of companionship.

"It is for this reason that a woman's work at home is always more trying than that of her husband, who goes to his office, sees new faces and has the friction that is produced by meeting other people. Even the farmer has more intercourse with his neighbors at the market than his wife,

who may not see anyone outside of her own family for weeks.

"It is a great mistake for young married people to isolate themselves, even if their taste leads them to a quiet life. They should make it a point to cultivate the acquaintance of a few agreeable friends."

* * *

Air Baths Versus Sea Baths.

FOR many people an air bath would be more beneficial than the dip in the ocean. At least, an effort should be made to combine the two as far as possible. The London Express says:

"The 'dip into the briny,' which at present represents such a fine confusion of national feelings, will have two serious rivals this summer. By poster and by peripatetic lecturer, seaside visitors will be urged to forego their annual visit to a modified kind of purgatory in favor of simple air or sun bathing.

"An enterprising society that was recently formed in London to deal with certain aspects of hygiene has just taken the matter up, and we have just been assured that they are going to pursue this campaign with all the vigor they are capable of.

"A medical member of the committee dropped into the Express office the other afternoon and, on a promise that we would only reveal the bare outlines of their propaganda at present, he assured us: 'We mean real business in this respect of holiday reform.'

"The truth is, the English ideas of bathing in the sea are hopelessly antique or absurd. The majority of people do not rush to the water because they long for exercise, or even because they believe it is the 'proper thing' to do, but because they have some dim, ill-defined notion that it will improve their health.

"Now, more often than not, this 'dip' that has been so generally recommended in recent years, proves too severe a shock to weak, sensitive systems unaccustomed to sudden or violent exertion. As a consequence, many persons have felt bad after-effects of such immersions, but have been too proud and foolish to own them, and have persevered in the treatment until they have had to retreat home with hidden weaknesses they had never known when they left their hot, packed and overcrowded towns.

"But think—if they had only taken a simple air or sun bath, how much better they would have been!

"As is well known to all medical men, the mere exposure of the body to the air produces changes (physical changes, I mean,) which go far toward counteracting the degenerating effects of civilized life. The fact is, nature intended that more of our skin surface be brought into daily contact with the air than we expose with the present fashions.

"Unfortunately, our clothing nowadays shuts our bodies out from the life-giving atmosphere, and as a result the skin does not perform its functions properly, and the liver, kidneys and lungs are compelled to do double duty. Believe me, it is in this way we hourly tax our system and daily help to pave the way for many ills of life.

"Let those persons, then, who value the effects of their holidays, dress in the lightest things they can, and when the weather is favorable get the best air or sun baths they can make practicable.

"There is only one regrettable thing about this dry bathing at the seashore. Propriety compels us to clothe our bodies too thoroughly to do all the good we should like with it. On this account the tendency to unduly increase the weight of bathing suits should be deplored.

"We shall, however, have something to say on this very point in our posters, and we hope that when our campaign is over people at Brighton, Scarborough, Blackpool, Margate and Douglas will go in for air or sun baths on a system carefully worked out in detail, but elastic enough to suit all kinds of strong or delicate constitutions.

"Meanwhile, perhaps, it will be enough to add one word of warning. Let those who think the air and sun are excellent mediums of health always remember that a thorough rubbing down after each bath is also just as invaluable. Indeed, we attach the greatest importance to this part of the treatment, for we believe that by its means the skin is not only exposed to the beneficial action of the air still further, but it receives direct from this rubbing a new stimulation, which keeps it in healthy action all through the day."

* * *

Food and Strength.

IT IS a common saying that meat is necessary. People are often told that they should eat more meat to keep up their strength. The popular thought that meat and strength go together is hard to eradicate. A writer in the Healthy Home says:

"As a matter of fact, meat is not specially a strengthening food. That is, while it is comparatively easy of digestion when properly cooked, it does not contain nutritive principles—strength-giving principles, in anywhere near the proportion that many other foods in common use furnish.

"Dr. Hall, in fitting out the Polaris expedition, was compelled to study how to get the foods which, in the smallest bulk, would give the largest amount of nutrient. At one point of his expedition the men were compelled to abandon the sledges and travel on foot, carrying their food on their backs. They carried the food which would give them the most nutrient for a given weight. One day Dr. Hall sat down on a glacier to eat his dinner, with the temperature many degrees below zero, and with a terrific hurricane blowing. Of what do you suppose his dinner was composed? Simply of whole-wheat crackers. Why? Because in these whole-wheat crackers there were more strength-giving, more muscle-making, and more nerve-making elements than in anything else of equal weight which he could get and carry.

"In this connection it might be stated that while analyses of foods are of some service, as showing their nutritive value, yet they are by no means an infallible index of their real value, for the reason that some foods which show on analysis a high range of nutrient are in such form that no stomach can digest them. In this, as in all other matters, good sense must come to the rescue of the theorist."

oppose the appointment of the lease of Connaught Buller, being a popular hero, would get the job when Wolseley stepped out. Lord Roberts being a back number and too old to take the place to which he might suppose him-

the morning precision of the system which Sir Ralph has done so much to perfect is indicated by the experience

which the commander of a volunteer force who recently sent to the War Office the

conducted my court conscientiously,

and as carefully as time would permit; and all matters in which said corporation or its officers were interested before me were treated fairly and

as well as care on the part of the persistent and patient trainer. In England and on the continent Prof. Lockhart is considered to be the

sent, and Mr. W. Edelman, who was elected to fill his place. P. W.

was chosen secretary.

Mr. F. Grand

[September 23, 1900]

September 23, 1900.]

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.

The New Directory.

THE Los Angeles city directory for 1900, which has just been delivered, comes in a novel and unique form. In place of a book, it is mounted on rolls and placed in a case something like a cash register. Several months ago a description of the invention was published in this department, so that it is not necessary to again go into details.

One of the main advantages of the new form is that quarterly supplements may be furnished, giving all changes of address and address of new residents, mechanically arranged so that the new information is before one all the time. The value of the supplement will not be realized now so much as six months hence, when it will show several thousand changes. The company will make a complete canvass every twelve months as usual, when new main rolls will be furnished.

The entire machine is a home product, the Axelson Machine Company being the manufacturers, having secured the contract with eastern and northern manufacturers as bidders against them, which shows that we are not behind the times in prices. The new directory shows a large increase in manufacturing concerns.

This city promises to be the headquarters for the manufacture and distribution of directories for the United States, as the National Company will introduce this machine in all cities of the United States and Europe. The stockholders of the National Company are more than twenty of our progressive business men and they will probably confine the manufacturing to this city.

The local company will follow this up with a telephone directory and later a public directory of Southern California, which will be placed in public locations.

Incidentally it may be stated that, adopting the usual ratio used by directory companies, the directory just issued shows that the population of Los Angeles at the time the names were tabulated was 116,336. This is considered by the compilers to be a very conservative estimate.

* * *

Pomelo Sugar.

YET another use has been found for the pomelo. A Los Angeles man has perfected a product which is on exhibition at the Chamber of Commerce. It is "pomelo sugar." When a spoonful is stirred into a glass of water it makes a fine lemonade, with the distinctive flavor of a pomelo. In this connection a country exchange, the Santa Ana Blade, falls into a peculiar error. In commenting upon the statement that pomelo sugar was exhibited at the Chamber of Commerce this astute bucolic journal says:

"Sugar can be made of so many things, that it seems doubtful whether this new source will pay. It is something like alcohol; you can make it of sawdust or fence rails, but whether it would pay or not is another proposition. Grape fruit has a medicinal value that promises to absorb the supply for some time to come, and until this market is supplied it would probably be wise to produce sugar from such things as beets, that have no higher value."

The idea that anyone should attempt to manufacture sugar from the pomelo is certainly amusing. It would be about as reasonable to manufacture sugar from lemons, or even sunbeams from cucumbers.

* * *

The Beet-Sugar Factories.

FOLLOWING in regard to the operations in the beet-sugar factories of Southern California for the year 1899 is from a report just printed by the Department of Agriculture on the beet-sugar industry in the United States for that year:

"American Sugar Company, Chino, Cal.—The Chino factory was the third in the order of introduction into the State of California. The season of 1899, like the two preceding seasons, has been so dry that the farmers have not been able to produce sufficient beets to keep the factory running a full campaign. This factory has a capacity for working 750 tons of beets daily. The campaign this year commenced August 26. The slicing closed October 29, giving it a run of sixty-five days, about half of a full campaign. It averaged during this time about seven hundred and twenty-five tons of beets daily; while the tonnage per acre was not very large, the quality of the beets was quite superior, the average running over 16 per cent. of sugar in the beet. This is a remarkable showing, in view of the fact that most of the beets grown for the Chino factory are grown year after year on the same ground. The quality of the beets does not seem to deteriorate in any way, but it is very likely that this succession of beet crops is having an effect on the tonnage produced, although the shrinkage is usually attributed to drought.

"It is understood that the ownership of this factory, the factory at Oxnard, and those at Grand Island and Norfolk, Neb., have all been merged into one company, and that in the future they will be known as properties of the American Beet-Sugar Company. This company was organized by Henry T. Oxnard of New York City, for the purpose of absorbing the above plants, all of which he was instrumental in organizing and building. It is also claimed that this company will locate and build other factories throughout the United States from time to time, the next one being at Rocky Ford, Colo., for 1900. Mr. Oxnard has been one of the most indefatigable organizers of the beet-sugar industry in this country.

"Los Alamitos Sugar Company, Los Alamitos, Cal.—The

Los Alamitos factory was the fourth in the order of introduction in the State of California. In its construction and arrangement it is looked upon by manufacturers as a model in every way. It started out with a capacity of 350 tons of beets daily and began its first campaign in 1897. The section of country supplying this factory with beets prior to this year was a large sheep ranch, but its success the first year in securing beets from these new and untried lands was so pronounced that the factory was encouraged to go ahead and double its capacity, which it did, giving it a capacity of 700 tons of beets daily. During the years of 1898 and 1899 climatic conditions have been exceedingly unfavorable for raising sugar beets. The factory only secured enough beets in 1898 to run seven days, and during the past year the factory was in operation only twenty-one days. This has been a very discouraging experience, but in view of the fact that the whole of Southern California has experienced during that time an unprecedented drought, the managers of this factory are disposed to continue their efforts until normal conditions shall obtain once more. The factory succeeded in working about eleven thousand tons of beets, from which they manufactured 100 tons of sugar.

"American Beet-Sugar Company, Oxnard, Cal.—This factory was commenced in 1897 with a view to working in the campaign of 1898, but owing to the drought the management decided to ship the beets to Chino and have them worked in the factory at that place. This year the factory made a short run closing down October 27, the balance of the crop being worked up at Chino as in 1898. It seems that the rains retarded the harvesting operations; also that it was difficult to secure labor sufficient to keep up with the enormous demand of this factory for its daily run of beets, which is 2000 tons. It opened its campaign August 16. The total amount of beets raised and harvested for this factory was 10,000 tons, but about one-third of this amount was taken to Chino."

* * *

Fiber Factory.

NEW industry is to be established in Lower California. The San Diego Tribune says:

"Agent Stuart of the Santa Fé has received the shipping receipts for 100 tons of machinery that is now on the way here from Chicago for a fiber factory that is soon to be established in Lower California. The fiber is to be made from the maguey plants and will be used in making twine for binders, rope, matting and other articles. The enterprise originated with Don Manuel Riveroll of this city, assisted by a man named Kwiatkowski of Pasadena. They first secured from the Mexican government a concession to gather the plant on about fifty thousand acres, extending from Santo Domingo south, and Mr. Kwiatkowski went to Chicago and secured the necessary capital to establish the factory. It is said that McCormick, the famous Illinois harvester man, is interested in the enterprise. The plant will probably be located at Mulege, on the gulf side of the peninsula, and Mr. Kwiatkowski is now in San Francisco for the purpose of chartering a vessel to take down the machinery and to run regularly between this point and the factory, carrying down supplies and bringing back the product from the factory. The maguey plant resembles the small century plant or Spanish dagger with a stem. It grows to a height of several feet without irrigation and is full of fibers."

* * *

Rock for San Pedro.

A RIVERSIDE paper reports that about twenty-five carloads of rock are being shipped daily from the quarry near West Riverside to the scene of operations at San Pedro breakwater. A large force of men is necessary to get out this quantity of rock and the quarry is a lively place.

* * *

Were Once Wild Cats.

A SPECIAL from Phoenix, A. T., to the Rocky Mountain News of recent date, speaks of a number of mines that were, when first operated, considered wild-cat schemes, but with the expenditure of capital and energy have proven to be of almost fabulous value. The article is as follows:

"Mining developments have taken place recently in Arizona which justify the opinion formed by mining men a year ago, when the copper output was last computed, that this Territory will soon lead in the copper production of the United States. The production last year was valued at about \$20,000,000, and the increase for this year will be notable.

"The United Verde, the greatest producer of Arizona, intends suspending operations soon in order that the plant may be renovated. The works have been running steadily for seven years, and when the machinery is repaired and the plant enlarged there will be an important increase in the output and the pay roll will be much larger.

"The most important plans for an increase in the copper production are under consideration by the Arizona Copper Company and the Detroit Copper Mining Company of Clifton and Morenci. The former company is now turning out about \$3,000,000 worth of copper bullion annually, of which it is estimated that \$1,400,000 is profit. The Detroit Copper Mining Company, which is a Phelps, Dodge & Co. concern, is putting out about \$2,500,000 in copper bullion, making the combined output of the two districts almost as great as that of the United Verde. The size of both plants will be greatly increased, and it is generally believed that in a short time the copper output of the noted United Verde district will be exceeded by that of the Morenci mines.

"The Arizona and Detroit companies are working in the same deposit near Morenci and in the heart of the holdings C. M. Shannon of Clifton owns several claims which he recently bonded to the Thompson Investment Company of Butte, Mont. Under the option that company has made some important developments and when the lease expires in April the mines will probably be transferred at a good figure. Negotiations are being made for a 100-ton water

jacket and a concentrator to be put on the San Francisco River at Clifton for treating the ores of the Shannon mine.

"Most of the successful copper mines of the Morenci district represent wild-cat undertakings. The present holdings of the Arizona Copper Company were located by a company which engaged in a wild-cat business, and when it was accidentally discovered that the locations were valuable, they were taken up by a Scotch stock company four years ago. The mines were operated at a loss until five years ago, up to which time the output was inconsiderable. A leaching plant was then put in and under a competent management the output has been increasing steadily and the mines were put on a paying basis. The plant is handling the ore of one daily, of which 200 tons running as low as 10 per cent. are being treated profitably by the leaching plant."

"A year ago a wild-cat company located a number of claims which were cut by a baby gauge railroad running from Clifton to Morenci. They had been gone over by prospectors for twenty years and the locations were regarded as valueless. In a short time great deposits of copper were revealed. The Media Copper Company purchased the claims at a large figure and thousands of tons of rich copper have been blocked out since. That company also contemplated putting in a smelter on the San Francisco River and making other improvements."

"The Detroit Copper Mining Company in two or three months, will complete a narrow gauge railroad from Clifton on the Arizona and New Mexico line, to its mines at Morenci, which will obviate the necessity of transporting supplies and machinery over the Arizona Copper Company line to Clifton and thence by the baby gauge to Morenci."

* * *

Riverside Branching Out.

RIVERSIDE is preparing to extend its already large business. The Riverside Press says:

"Lying west of West Riverside and north of the San Ana River is a territory in area nearly as large as Rhode Island, that is capable of great development, and when fully developed, would be of great value to Riverside county."

"To the southwest is the Fuller ranch, where a large house has been completed this season and several hundred acres are being planted to alfalfa. Near the San Bernardino county line there are several artesian wells, and for some miles east the water level is very near the surface, from four to six feet in many places—gradually growing deeper as you approach West Riverside on the east of Cucamonga and Etiwanda on the north. A number of wells have been put down for irrigation purposes in this section and in every instance a large volume of water has been secured."

"About four miles south of the Southern Pacific track, just west of the West Riverside hills, is located the big vineyard of the Riverside Vineyard Company. The officers of the company are Charles Stearns, president, and Mrs. Stearns, secretary, of Los Angeles; and A. J. Stalder, superintendent. They have planted this season 640 acres of grapes, and expect next winter to plant a like amount. They have just installed a large pumping plant, and are pumping 150 inches of water day and night. They have a seventy-five-horse-power boiler and a forty-horse-power Worthington pump. The pump is at the bottom of a pit ninety-seven feet deep, with a brick curbing from the bottom. At the bottom of the pit is a 12-inch bore well, 400 feet deep, the water standing about 100 feet from the surface, the pump lowering it only about fourteen feet when running to its full capacity. Mr. Stalder estimates the cost of the water at 17 cents per inch, and the total cost of the plant at \$8000.

"It is the intention of the company next year to put in a pump of double the capacity of their present one, thus securing a much larger flow, at a smaller cost per inch."

"As soon as the vines begin to produce, a large wine will be erected on the premises. The company has enough funds to carry the scheme through, and the success of its proposition is practically assured."

"Col. Rogers has a large force of men and teams engaged in extending the West Riverside ditch. He has water-bearing lands near Colton, and is doing considerable development work there and turning the water into the West Riverside ditch, using it on the land of the Riverside Vineyard Company.

"The promoters of the scheme to develop water on Magnolia avenue and take it to Corona have abandoned the idea of taking it to Corona and are contemplating turning the water into the river and taking a like amount on the north side, covering about the same land as the Kingston ditch.

"One of the possible routes of the Salt Lake and San Joaquin through this community from Chino to West Riverside.

"Considering all these contemplated improvements, it is hoped that prosperity will result for this community in particular, and the surrounding country in general."

SAN DIEGO TOBACCO.

A considerable amount of tobacco will be harvested this year in San Diego county. The San Diego Tribune has the following:

"Patterson Spragg returned last night from a visit to the Buena ranch near Escondido, and says that his company will harvest 4000 pounds of excellent tobacco leaf this season from ten acres of land. The plants were sown in May and the first crop harvested early in July, and the other crops will be cut before October."

Prof. S. A. Knapp of Louisiana, who was sent as agricultural expert by the Department of Agriculture to examine the agricultural resources and possibilities of Porto Rico, and to arrange for the establishment there of one or more agricultural experiment stations, reports earnestly against any attempt to increase the area in sugar cane in the island as greatly against the interests of Porto Ricans.

SOU'WEST BY

By Bill the Kid

IT WAS a dreary journey from San Francisco, this time, because the horror overhung everything else, of friends there who had left Los Angeles in the best of health. Were they still alive and enjoying good health? What a relief it was, to be sure, to see brighter on the Ventura hills and clamber slowly up the steep Cañon. Still it was a painful trip when one knew that all his relatives in other households in odd employés in the Southern Pacific had been selected by Engineers previous good service in California, scattered all over the State, from Siskiyou to San Francisco the next day, to find the latter both ready and willing to travel over the State, that all the California

If you were to put the New Orleans trophe of sixteen years ago into Johnstown's honor of 1889, and the San Francisco disaster on top of it, you would part of what damage the Galveston hurricane well recollect the hurricane which L'Ile Derniere of the old creole, coupled with the total loss of the steamer with 600 souls on board, in the Gulf from the southwest pass of the Mississippi River, could show you about what though there has been sixty feet of fifteen years. You can see that the wind in this storm than in that one or Galveston Island would be completely as was L'Ile Derniere. Such before, but did no such damage in concentration. In former years Galveston had six or eight little ports along the Lone Star State, the others being Lavaca and Indiana as the largest slight degree of superiority over the so near the mouth of the Brazos River. Large quantities of cotton in rivers at a man about 55 years old, who had a life of a master mariner, with a friend, Capt. William Cathcart, who amount in the pioneer days between ports of Australia. At that time brought here on a freight charge of age of forty-five days, so it was not became wealthy. On his return to Galveston my uncle and two others to put in a build up docks at Indiana. They were far ahead of anything in Galveston came a storm which wiped out Indiana, ever sought to rebuild its commerce, its projectors lost heavily, my relative impoverished in his old age. Since the port of Indiana has been merely a

Railroads have since made Galveston never have made herself. Last year than any other three cities in the South than any other port in the world, nearly rivaled New York, Baltimore. There was no parallel in the commercial to the growth and progress of Galveston, but a shallow but capacious harbor that of less of that was required to of the greatest seaports that the world seemed to invite the commerce of wharves. The observant eye of the and noted all this. The pilothole of a sloop to New Orleans and back again with her outward cargo, was all the according to the size of the ship; which no cargo ship can make any carry 4000 tons or upward. To reduced down to about \$800 either way, so as all nations feeders of the Southern Pacific energetic old man's ambition. He made Galveston a proposition by which they would allow the largest ships to come charge without incurring the expense was to build first-class wharves, equal machinery necessary for the rapid discharge of vessels. About \$400,000 had been when the great catastrophe of 1889 they say that all the Southern Pacific will be rebuilt and made stronger and same clear head which planned the location for a vigorous prosecution of the work that now comes up, suggested a storm in the history of the continent, of insurance hereafter be upon vessels are bound for Galveston? This is of importance that it cannot very well be unimportant.

Insurance is the foundation of all physician, the clergyman and the along without it, but the merchant must have it. Suppose A has \$1000, start him in a retail grocery store, wholesale grocer, who says, "Give me \$1000 and a policy of insurance on more, and you can have \$3000 worth

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SOU'WEST BY SOUTH.

By Bill the Bo'sun.

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SOU'WEST BY SOUTH.

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I WAS a dreary journey from Los Angeles to San Francisco, this time, because the story of the Galveston horror overhung everything else, and there were thoughts of friends there who had left Los Angeles barely a year ago in the best of health. Were they still alive? Well, a message received at Saugus told the welcome tale that they were still alive and enjoying good health, if nothing else. What a relief it was, to be sure! After that, the sunshine seemed brighter on the Ventura hills as we left them astern and clambered slowly up the steep defiles of the Soledad Canyon. Still it was a painful thing to contemplate, even when one knew that all his relatives were safe. There were anxious faces in other households likewise, for of the thirty odd employees in the Southern Pacific survey corps, nearly all had been selected by Engineer Boschke on account of previous good service in California and had relatives scattered all over the State, from Siskiyou to San Diego. Shall anyone say what pleasure I felt, on my arrival in San Francisco the next day, to find the Associated Press manager both ready and willing to transmit the good news all over the State, that all the California boys were safe?

* * *

If you were to put the New Orleans yellow fever catastrophe of sixteen years ago into a bundle with the Johnstown horror of 1889, and the St. Louis cyclone of more recent date on top of it, you would scarcely have one-tenth part of what damage the Galveston typhoon has done. I can well recollect the hurricane which blotted Last Island (L'Isle Dernière of the old creole days) out of existence, coupled with the total loss of the steamship Evening Star with 600 souls on board, in the Gulf of Mexico not 125 miles from the southwest pass of the Mississippi. The navigators of the Gulf can show you about where Last Island lay, although there has been sixty feet of water over it for over fifteen years. You can see that there was probably more wind in this storm than in that one, but not as much sea, as Galveston Island would be blotted off the map as completely as was L'Isle Dernière. Such storms have occurred before, but did no such damage merely from the lack of concentration. In former years Galveston was the largest of six or eight little ports along the water front of the Lone Star State, the others being Powder Horn, Port Lavaca and Indianola as the largest. Galveston reached a slight degree of superiority over these other ports by being so near the mouth of the Brazos River, down which came large quantities of cotton in river steamers. I had an uncle, a man about 55 years old, who had retired from the stormy life of a master mariner, with about \$60,000. He had a friend, Capt. William Cathcart, who had made a trifle larger amount in the pioneer days between San Francisco and the ports of Australia. At that time Australian wheat was brought here on a freight charge of \$20 per ton for a voyage of forty-five days, so it was no wonder that Cathcart became wealthy. On his return to Baltimore, he persuaded my uncle and two others to put in about \$40,000 apiece and build up docks at Indianola. They got them done and they were far ahead of anything in Galveston, but one night came a storm which wiped out Indianola and no one has ever sought to rebuild its commercial fixtures. All four of its projectors lost heavily, my relative being completely impoverished in his old age. Since then, the once able-bodied port of Indianola has been merely a commercial tradition.

* * *

Railroads have since made Galveston as Galveston could never have made herself. Last year she exported more corn than any other three cities in the South, and more cotton than any other port in the world, while for wheat she nearly rivaled New York, Baltimore and San Francisco. There was no parallel in the commercial history of the nation to the growth and progress of Galveston. Lying on a shallow but capacious harbor that only needed dredging—and less of that than was required to make Melbourne one of the greatest seaports that the world has ever seen, she seemed to invite the commerce of all the world to her wharves. The observant eye of the elder Huntington saw and noted all this. The pilotage of a vessel up the Mississippi to New Orleans and back again to the Son'west Pass with her outward cargo, was all the way from \$400 to \$900, according to the size of the ship; and this is an age in which no cargo ship can make any money unless she can carry 4000 tons or upward. To reduce those port charges down to about \$900 either way, so as to make the ships of all nations feeders of the Southern Pacific system, was the energetic old man's ambition. He made the citizens of Galveston a proposition by which they were to dredge the harbor to allow the largest ships to come up to town and discharge without incurring the expense of lighterage, while he was to build first-class wharves, equipped with all the machinery necessary for the rapid discharge and loading of vessels. About \$450,000 had been expended in this way when the great catastrophe of the 8th came along. Now they say that all the Southern Pacific works at that point will be rebuilt and made stronger and better than ever. The same clear head which planned the long pier at Santa Monica is directing matters there, and there is no lack of ability for a vigorous prosecution of the work. But there is a question that now comes up, suggested by this most violent storm in the history of the continent. What will the rates of insurance hereafter be upon vessels and their cargoes that are bound for Galveston? This is a matter of such importance that it cannot very well be overlooked or treated as unimportant.

* * *

Insurance is the foundation of all commercial business. The physician, the clergyman and the lawyer may get along without it, but the merchant or the manufacturer must have it. Suppose A has \$1000, which is insufficient to start him in a retail grocery store. He goes to B, the wholesale grocer, who says, "Give me \$1000 cash that you have got and a policy of insurance on your stock for \$1500 more, and you can have \$3000 worth of goods on sixty and

ninety days." Insurance is therefore the key to that situation. I knew a man once who wanted \$10,000 from William C. Ralston and had no collateral. He was a big and hearty man of about 45. Ralston finally compromised by lending him \$7000, for which he took his note. He then got him to go and insure his life for \$10,000, the premium being paid by Mr. Ralston. The man died a year later and Ralston collected the life insurance policy, from which he deducted the face of the note, the accrued interest thereon and, next, the premium on the policy. That being done, remitted the balance to the dead man's widow, who had gone East to live with relatives. So I say that insurance is a very important factor in the everyday life of commercial people. Now most of the big insurance transactions of the day are done by foreign corporations, mostly English and German. They don't want any big premiums. What they want is low premiums and safe risks. It might be that these cautious and conservative old chaps might refuse to take any risks on vessels bound for Galveston. We all know that the San Francisco underwriters never take any risks between October and May on vessels trading to Point Arena, Humboldt, Coos and Yaqina bays and the Umpqua and Siletz rivers, while for Port Orford and Crescent City the period of insurance is only five months. Now, suppose the European underwriters were to decline risks to Galveston, how would the Southern Pacific corporation go to work to surmount the difficulty? Simply by opening an insurance corporation of their own and, if they can go ten years without a disaster like the present one, they will be as rich an insurance company as any in America.

* * *

Some steamship corporations have so many vessels that it does not pay them to take out insurance policies. They therefore insure themselves by paying a certain amount of their profits into a sinking fund, out of which they build new vessels to replace such as have been worn out or lost altogether. The Pacific Mail Company of New York has always done this. In 1873 they had a terrible streak of hard luck. The Sacramento, the fastest ship they had, was wrecked on Cerros Island in March, while three others of their large wooden ships broke their shafts in April and May; and the Colorado, the pioneer ship of their China line, was condemned at San Francisco as unseaworthy and had to be broken up. In 1894 they lost the City of New York at the mouth of San Francisco Harbor; and, a year later, lost another vessel of the same name just north of Santa Cruz. Either one of those ships was worth \$1,000,000, so that the sinking fund must have gotten some pretty hard rapa. The Colina was also lost in 1895, but she was a twenty-three-year-old ship and had paid for herself at least five times over. Hence the way is open to the Southern Pacific Company (of Kentucky) to insure all vessels bound for Galveston. Just now it looks to be something of a gamble, but, when one remembers that Galveston has had only three really bad "northerns" in fifty years, the risk is not as great as at first appears on the surface. It is better for them to do that than to trust the success of their export to foreign corporations, who would exact prohibitory rates on all shipments to Galveston.

* * *

The hard part of the whole business is the uncertainty of the fate of many who have perished there and the few who have escaped. Just see how it is going to hamper the action of probate courts all over the United States. When you propose a will and ask for letters testamentary, the first thing you have to do is to prove that the signer of the will is dead. I have been engaged on such a case for a month, with everything perfectly clear as to the day and hour of the death of the decedent. How will it be with the estates of the missing people of Galveston? And especially how about visiting people who went there one day and lost their lives the next? When last heard of, they were bound for Galveston and that's all there is about it, for nobody is living who saw them there and recognized them. I can tell you it does not always do to presume people dead. I knew a curious case in Olympia, where a harness maker named Mose Scott went off and left his journeyman laborer in charge of the business. He said he would be gone three months, but at the end of a year there was no "Mose" in sight. He was a very popular, handsome fellow, barely turned of 40, and looking ten years younger than he was. People began to talk about it. Of course, Scott had gone away, but might he not have come back and been killed? The journeyman had charge of the business and was clearing a few dollars every month, which he placed in bank to his employer's credit, but the trade had fallen off and most of it gone to Tacoma. One day out came a man from the East, who said he was "Mose" Scott's brother, and said he was told that the bulrushes' namesake had died in Europe nearly two years before. This was nearly three years after Moses had left the city of polities and claims. The brother applied for letters of administration, with an ex-Secretary of the Territory for his attorney. The letters were granted and then came the ten months prescribed by law before the estate could be finally settled. The notice to creditors of Moses Scott, deceased, met with no response, for he was a man who had paid all his bills as he went along and so did the journeyman in whose charge he left the business. At the expiration of the ten months, the business was sold out and the proceeds divided among the heirs, as well as the money that had accumulated in bank. The final report of the administrator was filed, approved by the judge and his sureties exonerated from any further legal liability. And then, what then? It was about five years after the departure of Moses Scott from Olympia, that a tall man arrived there on the evening train from Portland. He walked down Main street with a light and jaunty step for a man of his years and halted in front of a harness shop over which a newly-painted sign appeared. It was not the new sign that bothered him so much as the expression, "Successor to Moses Scott." He went into the shop and asked:

"Is the proprietor in?"
"That's me," says the man.
"What the H—oboken are you doin' here. Who made you proprietor of this shop?" asked the tall man.
"The Probate Court of Thurston county. I bought this shop from the administrator of the estate of Moses Scott, deceased," said the occupant.
"Estate of John Brown's body a-moulder in the grave," roared Scott, "who in thunderation said I was dead."
"Y—you? You don't mean to say you're Mose Scott?" quaked the other.
"I am Moses Scott, by the jumpin', geewhallopin' John

Sherwood, and I'd like to see the alkali galoot that's been administering on my estate," roared Mose. "Well, jest you wait till I can get around to see old Struve and George Barnes."

"Mr. Struve moved to Seattle five years ago and Mr. Barnes is dead."

Well, to make a long story short, Mr. Struve came up to the capital and applied to have the whole proceedings set aside, but the judge was obdurate. He didn't care what Mose Scott said, he was legally dead if not buried. "You are dead in law, Mr. Scott, and this court's time is too much occupied to admit of carrying on any further conversation with a corpse." The last heard of Mose, he was suing "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts" for a restoration of his property. My own belief is that, singular as this Scott case may seem to the reader, it is likely to be repeated in many cases growing out of this Galveston trouble. There will be dead men (in law) walking in upon their "Pinsfore" relations at all hours of the day and night, for the next five years.

Having nothing particular to keep me in town yesterday, I went down to San José and spent several hours out at Alum Rock Park. I have seen but few parks that I like better than that, although it is nestled in between the perpendicular walls of a deep cañon. They have had just enough of the landscape gardener's art to make it beautiful without rendering it as artificial as most parks are. Not a native tree had been removed, that I could see, but the delightful autumn breezes went soothingly through the branches of buckeye oak and tapering pine alike, while the patriarchal sycamores reared their gnarled and motley limbs to every point of the compass. They have a sulphur spring there and a soda spring about four miles farther up the cañon. There is a spring house up the cañon, only a short distance from the railway station; and into it are piped the waters of all these springs, so that you can drink just what you like. The sulphur water is tepid, but the soda is ice cold, though a trifle salt. My better half, who knows all about the confectionery trade, suggested that they had made ice cream and salted the ice; and that they had then thrown the ice into the soda spring to cool off the water. But then, you know, women can be so mean and satirical at times, when they feel like it. The thing which pleased me most was the utter freedom of all the animal life in the park. There was a great aviary, filled with all sorts of Australian birds, but I had seen them in their native somber forests, and did not care to contemplate them in captivity. I preferred to look at the free and joyous birds of my own land. A "flicker," or "high-hole," as they are called in the New England States, chattered away from the dead limb of a tall pine, into which he already had begun to drive his winter supply of acorns. From the crest of a great live oak a half dozen blue jays were wrangling as though it were a discussion of the "16-to-1" question. Robin redbreasts were there also, plucking the fast-ripening alder berries, while from a yellow-barked madrone the blue breasts and yellow legs of the great wood pigeons could be seen. Chipmunks jumped upon the benches and ate bits of crackers from the hands of the children, while the quail, conscious of the fact that no firearms were allowed there, darted across the grass plots like so many chickens. It was Sunday and all the birds were in good voice for the endless oratorio of the woodland. From the dark and tangled copse along the creek, the noisy catbird mingled his jarring notes with the sweet orisons of the meadow lark. There were dark clouds over the saw-toothed summits of the Coast Range and a roll of distant thunder came in, every once in a while, like the muffled diapason of an organ, to swell the volume of this continuous concert of the merry birds whose trills and appoggiaturas defied the art of a Patti or a Sembrich. I left there, hoping that I might live to see Griffith Park grow up to be something like it—beautiful without being too artistic. The serene solitude that brings rest to the tired body and calm to the overworked brain, must be the outgrowth of a design to leave the native trees undisturbed wherever such is practical. Let us hope to have one park, at least, where Nature shall be sovereign and where the landscape gardener's art shall aid it rather than to give something wholly artificial, however beautiful.

* * *

I met Hon. Horace Davis, whom I knew forty-five years ago, when he was a country merchant doing business at Shan's Flat. He is now at the head of the Sperry Milling Company of Stockton, the most prosperous city in the State, of its population. I inquired how he and the world were getting along together. "Well, this trouble in China has cut into our exports of flour very largely, but the demand from the Philippines is constantly increasing. Besides that, the Speckels boys will put on a line of steamers to Tahiti as soon as their new ships for their Australian line have arrived from the East; and that will make an increased demand for all sorts of California products. All present indications point to a vast enlargement of Pacific Coast commerce in every direction."

"How will the electoral vote of the State go? For McKinley, of course, but by what majority?"

"I cannot say exactly," replied Mr. Davis, "but you will find it will be nearly double what it was in 1896. Many Democrats who did not vote for him in 1896, will vote for him now. There is no great national issue and the expansion question is a great commercial issue to the people of this State. Men are not apt to vote directly against their own business interests and this will be a business campaign, if ever there was one."

Now there are two opinions, one from a cultured gentleman, who has been president of a university and a member of Congress; and the other from an illiterate Irishman, who gets his daily bread by shoveling coal into the furnaces of a river steamer. But they both mean one and the same thing, although not expressed in the same exact language. It only goes to show you the general sentiment that pervades all classes of society here. It begins to look very much like a business campaign.

The Dowager Empress of Russia has always declined to accept the guard of Russian detectives during her visits home. On her recent visit, however, this custom has been altered at the command of the reigning Czar, and much against the desire of the Empress. She is now followed by eight Russian detectives of the international service.

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[September 23, 1900]

September 23, 1900.]

NOSTALGIA.

By a Special Contributor.

IT WAS a beautiful, calm, September afternoon when Harry was laid away in his last resting place. Peace brooded over the landscape, and over the hearts of those who had assembled to pay the last tokens of love to the mortal remains of him who had passed away. He had died of homesickness for his beautiful Switzerland, where childhood and boyhood had been passed, and which he had left only one short year ago. His California home was beautiful—and mountains tinted with amethyst, azure and purple, over which golden sunrises and sunsets shed their enchantment, encircled the horizon on every side. The eye caught glimpses of the distant ocean, bearing on its bosom white-winged boats and stately ships from Orient and Northland into the port and "happy haven" of the beautiful bays; so deeply blue and sparkling in almost perpetual sunshine. But neither this beauty nor the dear companionship of loving brothers and sisters could satisfy the heart-hunger for the snowy peaks and emerald lakes of his Swiss home. He pined and sank into a lingering disease, which baffled all medical skill, and all the tender ministrations of love to overcome.

And so on this sweet, calm afternoon friends and neighbors had been bidden to a beautiful and simple service. White flowers and palms formed a bower around the casket—white the apparel of family and friends, while the white-robed minister, standing in the midst, spoke gentle words of peace and love and hope, of the "peace which passeth understanding," of the "love that never faileth," of soul unfoldment, and of resting and trusting in the word of Him who said, "I will not leave you comfortless." That the loved one had come into a realization of this divine love, and had passed into the world beyond, an awakened and satisfied soul, there could be no doubt, and "we are here to pay our tribute of love and respect to an arisen soul. The stone of mortality has been rolled away; he is not here, he is arisen. Arisen and entered upon that upward path, into that native, divine air of the soul, and we are here to celebrate his birth into a freer, higher, nobler life. The bonds of love which bound our hearts and his are not to be broken by the hand of death, neither are they to become bonds to bind us down to sorrow, for we are not separated, but divided, in spirit, and with God there is no separation, and though none of us can stand wholly free from the sense of sorrow for bereavement, there is that within the soul of each one of us which can lift us up into the realm of pure spirit, and reveal to us the truth that spirit is deathless."

If the dove of peace hovered over the landscape, and all nature lay serene and quiet, its influence was doubly felt in the breasts of family and friends, as they felt the power of these words of truth coming direct from the heart of the speaker. Then the four lads of nearly Harry's age gently took up the casket and bore it to the flower-lined grave, dug by the loving hands of elder brothers. As the little procession, led by the white-robed minister, each one carrying flowers and palm branches, wound its way to the beautiful spot chosen for Harry's last, quiet bed, it seemed like an Easter festival—death had no sting, nor grave a victory here. The sun was sinking into his ocean bed behind the western hills, glinting with his last rays the higher mountain peaks and purpling the valleys, when the young pall-bearers gently lowered the form of their young friend into his narrow bed, strewing flowers over him until the grave was brimming with a mass of bloom. At the sound of the falling clods of earth came a stifled sob from a sister—Nature's last and unavailing protest against the beloved one's form being put out of sight.

Slowly and softly "Our Father" was repeated, and a few more comforting words spoken. "Not on the plane of our mortal thought can we meet the dear one again, but on that higher plane of spiritual consciousness we shall know that he is not dead nor absent, but only gone before. His love will still brood over and comfort us. The bright gates of Morning have opened for him, and could he speak to us, his words would be, as the evening shadows close over us—

"Say not good night, but in this brighter clime
Bid me good morning."

OLIVE BROWN.

FLORY'S HAND-CAR CAMPAIGN.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] The most novel political campaign ever inaugurated in the State of Missouri, or the United States, for that matter, was begun Friday morning, when Joseph Flory, candidate for Governor of Missouri on the Republican ticket, jumped on his railroad cycle and started a campaign trip from Carondelet to the foot of Olive street. He has no elaborate plans, but every one was on edge to see his novel vehicle, and when he stopped and introduced himself he received cordial greetings. Before the fall election takes place, it is probable that every man, woman and child who lives along the railroad lines will have seen "Joe" Flory and his handcar.

Friday afternoon, during his peregrination, Mr. Flory left his vehicle on the track outside of the works of the Southwex White Lead Company. He walked through the offices and met many, whom he greeted, and then back into the plant, where men were working with oil and dirt and metal. Mr. Flory stepped up to a toil-begrimmed old man, and said: "My name is Flory and this card tells about me," and with that he handed the man one of his campaign cards.

"What are you trying to tell me?" the toiler asked, with a look of supreme incredulity on his honest face. "You are not Flory. I have read of him. He wouldn't come around here and see me."

This was amusing and at the same time pleasing. Flory answered: "But I tell you, that I am Flory, and I propose to be the next Governor of this State if you people who work will help me. I am not ashamed of work, and I don't want you to think for a minute that my hat will be a bit bigger after the election than it is now."

"I can't help that," the old gentleman replied. "I know Flory would not come around and see me and nothing will

us workingmen. They never do that. But if I find out that you are Flory, the man who is running for Governor, I will vote for you, and don't you forget it."

And no amount of persuasion could fully convince the man that Joseph Flory, candidate for Governor, had shaken his hand and spoken kindly to him.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

[Denver Post:] A gentleman is a male biped with an abnormally-developed soul.

While these rare creatures are widely diversified in form, habit and occupation, their inner individuality is always found to be the same.

A gentleman may eat with his knife and sport loud neckgear, yet, nevertheless, he bears the hallmarks of a true nobility which no uncouth manner of unsightly raiment can conceal.

His own honor is above reproach, therefore he doubts not the honor of others.

He has a broad charity for all mankind, and his faith in his fellow-creatures can sustain unshattered many rude shocks. His belief in the goodness and purity of his mother, sisters (and, in maturer years,) his wife, is born in him, grows with his growth and follows him to his last resting place.

He views the graces and good deeds of womankind with admiring, approving eyes which greatly magnify their good deeds, but he overlooks the faults and frailties of the weaker sex, or else inspects them through the vanishing end of his mental telescope, which causes them to appear infinitesimal.

Adam was the first man, yet he has no claim to that higher title, for did he not "peach" on the only lady of his acquaintance in a most ungentlemanly manner?

HORRIBLE HUMOR IN CHINA.

[Foreign Correspondence:] Mrs. McKenzie, wife of Rev. Mr. McKenzie, gave further details of the terrible fight. She said: "Two missionary ladies, young Swedish women of another party, were taken by the mob and stripped, and in a nude condition were compelled to walk 100 miles in the burning sun to a place where they were to be executed, a jeering mob reviling them the whole length of the march. The heads of these poor women were actually on the block when one of them burst into hysterical laughter and shrieks. The execution paused, while the fury of the mob changed to amusement. When the poor woman laughed they laughed, and the affair ended by the executioner becoming merry also and letting the women go free."

HER NARROWEST ESCAPE.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] An old lady who had come in from the country on the Northwestern Railroad stepped into one of the horseless carriages that are now run from the Wells-street station to the shopping district. She approached the carriage from the rear, and didn't notice when she got in that there were no horses hitched to the thing. Her whole attention was being paid to the "runner" in the blue uniform who stood on the sidewalk looking for passengers.

"How much do you charge?" she asked.

"Five cents," he said. "Take you right over to State and Madison. Going right away. Step in. Room for just one more."

The old lady settled back comfortably in the easy seat to which she had been assigned, and a moment later the carriage was bumping along over paving stones, dodging in and out among tracks, sliding sideways in slippery car tracks, and grazing elevated-railroad pillars. A row of men sat on the cross seat in front of the lady, shutting out the view ahead, so she sat with her hands in her lap and rode contentedly along. At the corner of Madison and Dearborn streets several passengers got off, and then for the first time the lady from the country had a chance to look out in front. She saw the operator pull a nickel-plated lever; then she glanced over the dashboard. There was a look of mingled alarm and wonder on her features.

"What's happened to the horses?" she exclaimed.

"There ain't any horses," said a boy who was hanging on the steps behind.

The old lady stood up just as the man in charge of the automobile rang his gong and started ahead.

"Ho! stop!" she cried. "Let me out! I won't ride in this thing. Stop it! Stop it! Help!"

"Madam," said one of the passengers, "there's no reason to be alarmed. It's perfectly safe. We are—"

"No!" she replied; "I wouldn't have gone in here for \$100 if I'd have knew what it was! Let me past!"

The carriage had stopped, and she began to tramp on the feet of the other passengers in her hurry to get out.

"We're almost there—on'y half a block further," some one said. "You better stay in."

"I wouldn't stay in if it was only half a foot further," she declared, as she scrambled down the steps. Then she stood on the sidewalk, watched the automobile move on through the crowded street, put her hand over her heart and said:

"My! That was the narrowest escape I ever had! And me with all that money in my pocket to pay pa's insurance, too!"

A BUSY MOUNTAIN.

[Indianapolis Press:] Capt. J. T. Ellard, of the Brazilian Pacific Railroad survey, reports the results of his explorations in the volcanic region of Ecuador, and mentions that the crater of Mount Sargay averages sixty cinder eruptions an hour, and that the explosions of smoke-whirls are almost continuous. The liveliest volcano of the Old World, "ever-snorting Stromboli," can barely equal that record, and has to pump up its lava to an elevation of only 2800 feet, while Mount Sargay rises 17,300 feet above the level of the Pacific.

FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW.

[Puck:] (First Ape:) "And some apes have developed into men?"

(Second Ape:) "So they say."

(First Ape:) "Well, thank goodness, some of us have escaped!"

THE AMERICAN ZEST TO BLAME.

[Indianapolis Journal:] "Terrible weather we have had in all our big cities."

"Yes; it's dangerous business starting up competition of

It Coaxes a New Skin

To demonstrate the power of Anita Cream over freckles, tan and all discolorations, a free sample and full information will be sent to any address upon receipt of 2c in postage. Full size jar for 50c.

Poudre de Riz Anita is a perfect, pure and harmless complexion powder. Comes in four shades and can be used while taking the Anita Cream treatment without causing smarting 50c a box.

Hyacinth Cream is a perfect cold or bland cream which builds up tissue and softens hardened skin. A cure for hang nails and soothing to burns, sunburn, chapping, etc. 25c a jar.

Oriental Blackhead Powder is a positive cure for blackheads. It is highly recommended by dermatologists and physicians 25c a box.

California Violet Jelly is a most delightful preparation for softening and cooling the skin. It contains no grease or anything to make the hair grow and is quickly absorbed. It is daintily perfumed with violets. 25c a tube.

Any of the above can be had of druggists or will be sent post paid upon receipt of price. Full information for the asking. Address

Anita Cream Advt. Bureau,

Los Angeles, Calif.

CURSE OF DRINK

Drunkenness Cured by

White Ribbon Remedy,

Can be Given in Glass of Water, Tea or Wine Without Patient's Knowledge.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the desire for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed drunk, a "tippler," social drinker or drunkard.

Impossible for anyone to have an appetite for alcohol after using White Ribbon Remedy.

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Going to Jones' Book Store Save Money on School Books

Will sell my old school books

and get others second-hand.

Late \$1.50 Novels for \$1.00

The same rented for 10 cents each

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WHEN THE OLD CARPETS

Do not buy new ones, but use our

...FINE HARDWOOD FLOORS...

The cost is but little higher, and they are much more healthful. Cleanly and satisfactory. We shall be pleased to submit colored sketch and estimate of cost, if we have room.

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D. BONOFF, Furrier,
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Furs made to order, remodeled and paired. Seal skin garments especially reshaped a specialty.

A full line of skins of all kinds carried in stock. A portion of every garment guaranteed. Tel. Black 2422.

D. BONOFF, Furrier, formerly with Marshall Field & Co.

They're All Coming Editorial.....

The Merry-Go-Round Her Path of Exile, B. Guards of the Great

Center of Politics, B. Saw the Eclipse, By

Uphill, but Easy, By

"Augusta, Pack the

Perils of Rulers, By

Sudden Change of Ho

The Chinaman at Ho

Stories of the Firing L

A LESSON IN NAT

Andrews had been dining for Italian restaurant, and was given a pri

orator. One night at dinner drew's table.

"How you do, Meester Andre

Exuse mi, Meester Andrews,

set you pleas."

Andrews told him he would b

"I t'ank you, Meester Andre

pleas, w'at eas a pol' bear?"

"A polar bear?" said Andre

you know, a big, white bear."

"Yes, Meester Andrews, I

like to know w'at 'e do."

"What he does?" said Andre

at the North Pole."

"Exuse mi, Meester Andre,

I like know w'at eas a pol' bear."

"Oh, what he does," said Andre

at the North Pole, you know.

ice?"

"Aw—he set on dthe ice! Y

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"What else he does?" said Andre

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"Aw!—he do nothing bot set

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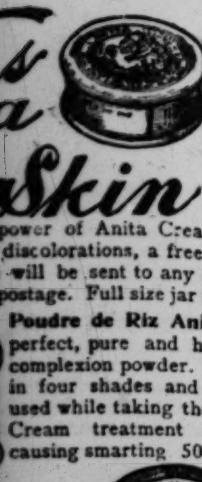
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Andrews' host was retiring,

was somewhat aroused, and he c

"Why are you so much inter

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Oriental Blackhead Powder is a positive cure for blackheads. It is highly recommended by dermatologists and physicians. 25c a box.



Advt. Bureau,
Los Angeles, Cal.

E OF DRINK
ness Cured by
ribbon Remedy.

lass of Water, Tea or Cola
tient's Knowledge.
llure or destroy the diseased appen-
the patient is a confirmed in-
or drunkard.
have an appetite for alcoholic liquors
medy.
Co., 25 South Spring Street. By mail
writing MRS. T. C. MOORE, President.

es' Book Store to
on School Books.
my old school books
hers second-hand.

Novels for \$1.20.
ated for 10 cents each.

West First Street.

CARPETS WEAR OUT
new ones, but use our
RDWOOD FLOORS...
and they are much more beautiful,
satisfactory. We shall be pleased to
give an estimate of cost, if we have exact
information.

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N. A. MARSHALL, Manager.

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237 N. Broadway, Opp. City Hall
Furs made to order, remodeled and re-
shaped a specialty.
inds carried in stock. A perfect fit is
guaranteed with Marshall Field of Chicago.

Drills, Twills and A
series, our facilities
are well equipped to
make up any quantity.

oppose the appointment of the Duke
of Connaught, Buller, being a popular
hero, would get the job when Wolseley
stepped out. Lord Roberts being a
back number and too old to take the
place to which he might come.

The unerring precision of the system
which Sir Ralph has done so much to
perfect is indicated by the experience
of the commander of a volunteer force
who recently sent to the War Office the
place to which he might come.

conducted my court conscientiously,
as carefully as time would permit; and all matters in which said cor-
poration or its officers were interested
before me were treated fairly and

as well as care on the part of the per-
sistent and patient trainer. In England
and on the continent Prof. Lockhart is
considered to be the greatest of the Eu-

sent, and Dr. J. W. Edel-
lected to fill his place. P.
was chosen secretary.

E. E. Crandall made a
speech, in the course of which

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A LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Andrews had been dining for some weeks at a favorite Italian restaurant, and was great chums with the proprietor. One night at dinner the latter approached Andrews' table.

"How you do, Meester Andrews? Ver' glad to see you. Excuse mi, Meester Andrews, bot I like to ask a favor, sef you plees."

Andrews told him he would be delighted.

"I t'ank you, Meester Andrews. I like to ask, eef you plees, w'at ees a pol' bear?"

"A polar bear?" said Andrews. "Why, he's a—a bear, you know, a big, white bear."

"Yess, Meester Andrews, I know. Excuse mi. Bot I like to know w'at 'e do."

"What he does?" said Andrews. "Why, he—he lives up at the North Pole."

"Excuse mi, Meester Andrews, I no care w'ere 'e leef. I like know w'at ees a pol' bear, w'at 'e do."

"Oh, what he does," said Andrews. "Well, he's up there at the North Pole, you know. He just sits around on the ice."

"Aw—he seet on dthe ice! You most excuse mi, Meester Andrews, I donna de Engleesh moch. I like know, sef you plees, w'at else 'e do w'en 'e no seet on dthe ice."

"What else he does?" said Andrews. "I don't know of anything else he does. He just sits around up there on the ice."

"Aw!—he do nothing but seet on dthe ice? I t'ank you, Meester Andrews. Ver' moch oblige. Excuse mi deesturb your deenair. I t'ank you ver' moch."

Andrews' host was retiring, but Andrews' curiosity was somewhat aroused, and he called him back.

"Why are you so much interested in polar bears?" Andrews asked.

Andrews' host looked troubled.

"Ah, Meester Andrews, I tell you. I hat a goot friend wat die. He half beeg funeral naix Sunday—oh, beeg funeral! Dthey askk me be pol' bear. Bot no, I t'ink not—I no seet on ice."—[Harper's Magazine.]

IN A CARRIAGE.

"Say," he moaned, "I don't do nuttin', dis time, honest." "I ain't takin' you to the station-house," denied the officer, coloring and looking sideways at his companion.

"You were run over, and we are carrying you to where a doctor can see how much you are hurt," said the girl, gently.

The eyes of the boy turned to hers, and the face lost some of its fright and suspicion. "Is dat on de level?" he asked, after a moment's scrutiny. "Youse oin't runnin' me in?"

"No," answered Miss Duran. "We are taking you to the hospital."

"De hospital!" exclaimed the little chap, his eyes brightening. "Is I in de rattler?"

"The what?" asked Constance.

"De rattler," repeated the questioner, "de ding-dong."

"No, you ain't in no ambulance," spoke up the officer.

"You're in this young lady's carriage."

The look of hope and pride faded out of the boy's face. "Ic ain't playin' in no soror luck dese days," he sighed. Suddenly the expression of alarm reappeared in his face. "Where's me papes?"

"They're all right. Don't you work yourself up over them," said the roundsman, heartily.

"Youse didn't let de udder newbies swipe dem, did youse?" the lad appealed, anxiously.

"I'll pay you for every one you lost," said she. "How many did you have?"

The boy hesitated, and scanned her face, as if he were measuring the girl more than he was his los. "Dere wuz twenty Joinalis," he said, speaking slowly, and his eyes watching her as a cat might a mouse, "an'—an'—twenty Woilds—an'—an'—an' thirty Suns—an'—an' thirty Telegrams—an'—an'—" He drew a fresh breath, as if needing strength, shot an apprehensive glance at the roundsman, and went on hurriedly, in a lower voice, "an thirty-five Posts—"

"Ah, glong with you," broke in the policeman, disgustedly. "He didn't have more'n twenty in all, that I know."—[Paul Leicester Ford in Harper's Magazine.]

A MINISTER'S QUEER CAT.

Not the least important dweller in the home of the pastor of a popular and fashionable uptown New York church is a Maltese cat, beautifully marked and of rare breed, which shall be called Jim. That is not the real name of this household pet, who would probably scorn so common a one

as Jim, but there are reasons why he should not be too closely identified. Jim is no common cat. He knows his friends among the callers at the home of the minister, and those to whom he does not take a fancy are pretty apt to find it out. He knows the "at home" day as well as any member of the family, and on that day takes a prominent place on the divan, ready to receive the attentions of those of the callers whom he numbers among his friends, and puffs with satisfaction when they fondle him.

The minister had occasion to move his residence a short time ago and of course Jim moved with the family. He did not seem to like the new place. He went from room to room, looked carefully at the wall-papers, seemed to sniff at them as though they did not meet his approval, and then he disappeared. An hour later he appeared again, somewhat battered and bruised, took another look at the wall-decorations and seemed to decide that, unsatisfactory as they were, it was better to endure them than the perils to be encountered abroad.

Next door to the old home of the minister lived a woman who was very fond of Jim and regretted the circumstances that brought about the change of residence. She wrote a letter the other day and addressed it to "Jim." This letter was placed by a maid on the hatrack in the hall, along with the other letters delivered at the same time. Jim seemed to know this letter was intended for him, because when a member of the family came downstairs that morning he was found trying to tear open the envelope. Strangely enough, he had never taken such a liberty with a letter before that time and has not disturbed any other letter since.

Although Jim has lived all his life in the home of the minister, he does not always show that humility which would naturally be expected. He likes to make visits, but no other cat is allowed on his premises. Next door to Jim's home is a house he loves to visit. He will roam all through it and play with the cat which lives there, but the other day when the neighbor cat came, as if to return a call, Jim met him at the door, hit him on the side of the head with a paw and marched proudly up the stairs, as though he felt he had done something worthy the pet of a minister's household.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

SUPERSTITION SAVED HER.

[Galveston News:] "Superstition has not entirely died out, and often is found where least expected," said a conductor who runs into Galveston, in telling of an incident of his latest trip. "This was brought out very plainly day before yesterday. A well-dressed, intelligent-looking woman, a woman whose every action denoted refinement and whose appearance and speech indicated that she was highly educated, was the one who exemplified this."

"At a station where we wait about ten minutes the incident occurred. We stopped, as usual, and I left the train and went into the ticket office to speak to the agent. While there I noticed this woman as she was leaving the ticket window to board the train, having just bought a ticket to the next station.

"As she went out on the platform, she bought a daily paper from the news agent, and, just glancing at it, saw that it was dated Friday, August 17, whereupon she rushed back to the agent and asked that he cancel the ticket and refund her money, saying that upon the receipt of a letter that morning she had decided to visit a friend at the next station, but had forgotten that it was Friday, and, as she did not care to travel on that day, said she would wait until the next, and asked that her money be refunded if the ticket extended.

"She was getting her money back just as I left to go on the train. She waited until Saturday, and no doubt has been thinking ever since of the great danger she escaped."

A FREE RIDE ON A COW.

Buena Park, usually a quiet little suburb, was stirred to a high pitch of excitement one night recently by the adventure that overtook one of its prominent society women and her four-year-old daughter. She had been downtown shopping and was delayed. She reached the sacred precincts of that aristocratic suburb about 9 o'clock at night and it was extremely dark. Being in a hurry to reach her home, she concluded to go across-lots, so as to save time. Firmly holding to her little girl by the hand she plunged into a dark path leading across the prairie.

About midway between Sheridan road and her yard she came upon what in the darkness she thought to be a high bunch of grass. She raised her foot to clear the obstruction. To her surprise and terror the bunch of grass was alive, and across beneath her with frightened bawls, and can tearing across the prairie.

Screams, loud and shrill, from both mother and child rent the quiet night air of the peaceful village, whose residents, with visions of foul murder and hold-ups conjured up before them by the unwanted sounds, hurried from their

The Kind That
Nourishes.

MEEK'S
Aerated Bread.

This is a bread which combines the most nutrition with the least tax on the digestive organs—nothing equals it. Invalids who have not tasted bread for years make this their principal diet. There is a reason for it. Why? Because with our new process we can expand the gluten in the bread without fermentation. Most bread consumed comes from bakers—the house wife has not the time to attend to it, nor can she get the same result by having the same flour.

It is a science to bake bread well. We have been in the business over thirty years and we know the exact temperature which it requires and all the other conditions. We quote the following from one of the leading physicians of this city. "I regard aerated bread highly nutritive, easily digested and far better than ordinary bread—due to its being free of fermentation." The increasing demand for aerated bread tells the story.

Meek Baking Company,

Retail store 226 W. Fourth St. Tel. M. 1011.
Bakery, Sixth and San Pedro St. Tel. M. 322.

Lolita Beauty Cream

Makes skin soft and silk-like; is not a bleach, contains no poisons, may be used on the most sensitive skin, takes the place of powder. Recommended by hundreds of Chicago ladies. Once tried, always used. Costs 50c; worth \$1.00.

ELLINGTON DRUG COMPANY

AGENTS, CORNER FOURTH AND SPRING.

Wood Carpet.

A covering for floors in place of the ordinary dusty and otherwise objectionable woolen carpets. Polished Oak \$1.00
Floors per square yard.

TEL. BROWNS 706
Jno. A. Smith, SEND FOR DESIGNS
Established 1891. 707 S. Broadway

When the old carpets wear out do not buy new ones, but use cur

Fine Hardwood Floors. The cost is much less than carpets, and they are much more BEAUTIFUL, HEALTHY, CLEANLY and satisfactory. Paid for \$1.00 per square yard and up.

EXCELSIOR POLISHING CO.,
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Agents for Rinaldi Bros.' Porcelain Enamel Paint.

houses into the dark night, armed with all sorts of weapons.

The noise ceased, however, as suddenly as it had begun. Search discovered the society leader unconscious in the long grass with her sobbing little one clasped tightly in her arms and a frightened cow tugging at its tether.

Application of cold water brought the woman to her senses, and when she realized a cow had given her a free ride she grew indignant and threatened never to speak to any of her friends who mentioned the circumstance. It was too good to keep, however.—[Chicago News.]

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[September 23, 1900]

EDITORIAL SH

City News.

XIXTH YEAR

FUTURE O

Scheduled for
British Army
as Any He Ha

[SPECIAL CORRI

LONDON, Sept. 12.—It is hard tape to bind it around a sword. Hence much discord at the British War Office. It had nicely arranged that the Queen's youngest son, the Duke of Connaught, should succeed Lord Wolseley as commander-in-chief of the British Army. Her Majesty had been sorely grieved when her amiable old cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, had been unceasingly shoved out of the nice position of commander-in-chief of the British Army to make way for a soldier, and it had been the intention to gratify her inclining years by restoring to the family this most fashionable post. Along came the Boers, who were all fashionable, and gave this fashionable department a rude shock, and set the plan of gratifying the Queen at nought.

And thus it is that "Bobs," who is not fashionable, will almost surely become commander-in-chief of the British army on October 1st when Lord Wolseley's five-year term expires—or as soon thereafter as he can leave his present engagement in South Africa. If the Boers are not well in hand by November 1st, the date set for the practical end of the war, it is intended to prolong Wolseley's term for a month or two months, as the case may be, so that Lord Roberts shall find the seat waiting for him.

WOLSELEY REALLY TRIED

One result of this move will be that Lord Roberts's salary will go up—a jump from \$14,800 a year to \$500—only \$2500 less than if he had remained Secretary of War. Another result is likely to be a shaking of dry bones in the British War Office.

What 'e does not know o' war, Gen'ral Bobs. You can arst the shop next door. Can't they, Bobs? Oh, 'e's little, but 'e's wise; 'E's a terror for 'is size. An'—e—does—not—advertise—Do yer, Bobs?

But although "Bobs" is a terror for his size, the chances are that he will not have made much more head against the red tape of the War Office than had Lord Wolseley if he had come commander-in-chief five years ago. The gallant Wolseley was popular with great popular hope that he would stir up things and do well at

empty places men who really knew something about the needs of the army and sufficient energy to accomplish something; he was going to cut off a lot of heads that had no brains, leave the useless places empty and save that much money for government; he was going to reduce the power of the civilian and of the War Office up in Pall Mall, and was going to see to it that the army of the concern, down at the Horse Guards, had something to say about purely military affairs.

GOT HIMSELF DISLIKED.

And thereby Lord Wolseley met got himself disliked. The Secretary of State for War, the Marquis of Lansdowne, knew far better what was possible and becoming in a fashionable partment than Lord Wolseley did. Marquis had been an under secret in the department long before he became its head. His wife, a daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, was one of the most exclusive hostesses in London society. His father and his grandfather had been of personal service to the Queen. His friends and his wife's friends and the Queen's friends' friends were all interested in the social success of the department, and to some of the bluest blood in the land spilled by an ambitious fighting man whose father was a mere major whose wife was simply the daughter of Mr. A. Erskine, was not "convenable," "comm'e il faut" or "de rigueur."

So Lord Wolseley's career as a former came to a sudden end. His gestures were not approved, and without the War Minister's approval, he found he could do precious little in matters that pertained exclusively to the army, and not at all to the civilian end of the War Department. Public opinion was not much concerned with the army, and it appeared there was no good making a row. Little by little, the commander-in-chief settled down to his routine, redoubled itself about him, and he succeeded to make the best of a bad nation, like the wise old general was.

A PRETTY PLAN.

It is now pretty well known that Lord Wolseley's only important pointment for the Transvaal war was that of Sir Redvers Buller. The commander-in-chief is reported to have said when the war broke out that the Boers could easily be disposed of in 25,000 men. Buller was to wipe them out in a month or two, and then come back covered with glory and honor. If public opinion should oppose the appointment of the Duke of Connaught, Buller, being a popular hero, would get the job when Wolseley stepped out. Lord Roberts would be called back again.

Newmark's
Hawaiian
Blend
Coffee.

Change from one kind of mush to another as often as you wish—but stick to your morning cup of this rich, fragrant Hawaiian Blend.

The same mush every morning becomes monotonous. Never so with Hawaiian Blend. Use it 365 times in the year—year in and year out—it is always most welcome. One pound packages only. Never in bulk. Imported, roasted and packed by . . .

NEWMARK BROS., Los Angeles.

CAPITOL FLOUR

It isn't all in the "knowing how" to make good bread. It's mostly the kind of flour you use. The skilled cook can't make good bread with poor flour. A beginner at bread making can make the finest bread with *Capitol Flour*, that's because it's the best flour.

It is full of health, strength and nourishment for every one who eats it.

Sold by all grocers. Every sack guaranteed.



CAPITOL MILLING COMPANY,
LOS ANGELES.

MARRIAGE RECORD.

TIME APPROVED NOTES.

Sheets and native |

I heartily recommend it to all.

Drills. Tens.



Pomelo Ginger Ale Root Beer



The great trio of Puritas products, the beverages that crown the feast, quench the thirst and maintain health. The pure, sparkling Puritas distilled water is the basis, the finest and most healthful roots and herbs in the Root Beer, the finest imported Jamaica ginger in the Ale, and the pure juice of the healthful grape fruit in the Pomelo. One dozen bottles \$1.40. We buy the empty bottles back for 20c.

THE ICE AND COLD STORAGE CO.

Telephone Main 228.

When the name is

On the Cracker "Bishop"

You can look for all around cracker goodness. No other cracker in this market is "just as good." They go from our ovens to your grocer fresh every day—crisp, toothsome and all a good Soda Cracker should be. Your grocer has them in bulk or our Princess Soda Crackers in boxes.

Bishop & Company.

FUTURE OF "BOBS."

Scheduled for Commander in Chief of the British Army and Facing as Fierce a Fight as Any He Has Seen.

BY GUNTS BROWN.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)

LONDON, Sept. 12.—It is bad for red tape to bind it around a sharp sword. Hence much disorder at the British War Office. It had been decided among them that the Queen's youngest son, the Duke of Connaught, should succeed Lord Wolseley as commander-in-chief of the British army. His Majesty had been sorely grieved when her amiable old cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, had been unceremoniously shoved out of the command of the British army to make way for a soldier, and it had been the intention to gratify her degrading years by restoring to the royal family this most fashionable position. Along came the Boers, who were not at all fashionable, and gave this fashionable department a rude shock, and upset the plan of gratifying the Queen's whims.

And thus it is that "Bob," who is not fashionable, will almost surely become commander-in-chief of the British army on October 11, when Lord Wolseley's five-year term expires—so soon thereafter as he can leave his present engagement in South Africa. If the Boers are not well paid by November 1, the end of the war, it is intended to prolong Lord Wolseley's term for a month or six months, as the case may be, so that Lord Roberts shall find the most warmth.

WOLSELEY REALLY TRIED.

The result of this move will be that Lord Roberts' salary will go up with a jump from \$14,000 a year to \$21,000—\$7000 less than if he were Secretary of War. Another result is likely to be a shaking of dry bones in the British War Office.

WHAT'S IN IT?

"Bob" does not know what's in it. General Boer:

You can arrest the shop next door.

Can't they, Bob?

Oh, 'tis little, but 'tis wise;

I'm a soldier, sir;

—don't advertise.

Do you, Bob?

So although "Bob" is a terror for us, the chances are that he would have more much more trouble against the men of the War Office than had Lord Wolseley if he had become commander-in-chief five years ago. The gallant Wolseley was put in with great popular hope that he would do something about the mess he found in the army, and sufficient energy to accomplish it. He was given to do off with a lot of heads that had no brains in them, leave the useless places empty and save that much money for the government. He was given to believe the power of the civilian and of the War Office up in Pall Mall, and was going to see to it that the army and the country, down at the Horse Guards, had to submit to a bad set of military affairs.

GOT HIMSELF DRILLED.

And thereby Lord Wolseley merely got himself dismilled. The Secretary of State for War, the Marquis of Lansdowne, knew far better what was suitable and necessary in a fashionable general than did Lord Wolseley. The Marquis was an under secretary in the department long before he became its head. His wife, a daughter of a famous general, was one of the most exclusive houses in London society. His father and his grandfather had been of personal service to the Queen. His friends and his wife's friends were all interested in the social scenes of the department, and to have some of the bloodiest fighting men who had been in the army, whose wives were simply the daughter of Mr. A. Briskin, was not "convenable." "Coming ill fated" or "de rigueur."

Lord Wolseley's career was destined to a sudden end. His suggestions were not approved, and without the War Minister's approval, he could do precious little, even in matters of policy. He was a commander-in-chief who are going to overturn his system get left. War ministers may come and go, and so do permanent Under Secretaries of State for War, but the War Minister was all interested in the social scenes of the department, and to have some of the bloodiest fighting men who had been in the army, whose wives were simply the daughter of Mr. A. Briskin, was not "convenable." "Coming ill fated" or "de rigueur."

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A GOOD PLAN.

It is now pretty well known that Lord Wolseley's really important achievement for the British army was that of Sir Redvers Buller. The commander-in-chief is reported to have said when the war broke out that the Boers could easily be disposed of if the Boers would only be disposed of.

Now comes the news that there is a month or two, and then come back covered with glory and loaded with honors. If public opinion should turn to the army, and if the Duke of Connaught, Buller being a popular hero, would get the job when Wolseley stepped out. Lord Roberts is being a good man, after all.

He didn't turn out very well, but he was a good man, after all. A Cabinet minister, a soldier, and an associated Lord Roberts to supersede Gen. Buller, it is said that the commander-in-chief knew nothing about the war until the news next day in the morning. He was brought out of chaos, became a popular hero, and is coming home with public opinion behind him, and the Duke of Connaught waiting for him.

Will the fact that he is backed by public opinion enable him to succeed where Wolseley failed? The question of international interest, for it is the whole standing of the British army, and it will assume a tremendous importance in the world's judgment of France if it can be decided war with France is out of the question. "Bob" is already Baron Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford, P.C., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C., D.C.L., and three times L.D. The freedom of London, Glasgow, Edinburgh and half a dozen other places have been conferred upon him. He has medals and clasps to burn, he has been thanked officially twice by both houses of Parliament and on several occasions by the government, and before he began to write dispatches himself he received so many of the coveted mentions in

Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1900.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Part III—8 Pages.

PRICE 5 CENTS

BIG GOLD STRIKE BY LOCAL MINERS.

A gold mining company, largely controlled by local capitalists, operating near Alleghany, in Sierra county, claims to have made a sensational strike.

The location is sixty-four miles northeast of El Dorado, where the first California gold nugget was discovered. T. R. Garner is the superintendent of the mine, which is operated by the Oceola Gold Mines Company. He was in this city September 11, when he received a telegram from the foreman at the mine saying that two new ledges contained an immense deposit of coarse gold, had been struck.

The superintendent hastened back to the property and said to the miners: "Two feet of very rich ore, some containing gold, was struck shortly to work the ore, which is said to be free-milling."

George W. Beck of Pasadena, Mrs. M. C. Green of Los Angeles and William H. Lee, ex-city attorney of San Diego, who is president of the corporation, are the largest holders of the stock in the Oceola corporation.

Speculators, the remarkably rich ore are expected to arrive in Los Angeles tomorrow, and they will be placed on exhibition.

WARM EPISTLE FROM OWENS.

Shows Up the Cheek of the Parker Push in Judge-ship Contest.

Maj. Madison T. Owens has issued the following memorandum and sent it to his political enemies:

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 22.—I feel that an explanation is due from me to the public, and particularly to my friends, concerning my position before the late Republicans County Convention.

The "push" is doing politics 265 days and 265 nights in each year, and do not depend on such means of num-

ber to decline to execute orders in regard to judicial nominations. They, more than any others, are interested in keeping the judiciary out and above politics. Any of them may have a "present" that their "playboy" for some or damage—and how such confidence would they have if they found that their case was to be tried before a judge who would be subject to the influence of a "playboy" corruptor? And yet in the great majority of cases, when they never would find it out. The "push" can have a "present" to have free and independent judges.

The plain, honest people are in a large majority in both parties in Los Angeles city and county. Then why is it that the "push" dominates politics to such a large extent?

The answer is easy. Simply because the people do not turn out and attend the conventions.

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Are Now Returning and
Phoenix Grows.

Fresh Bulletin of the
News of Arizona.

A Sputtering Among Pima Indians and Nothing Worse.
Water Hunters.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE—IN THE OFFICES AND COURTS.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

Over a hundred children were vaccinated at the Health Office yesterday afternoon. A certificate is demanded before the little ones are allowed to enter the public schools. Vaccination is free.

Street Superintendent Drain has arranged for a parade of sprinkling carts to pass in review before the City Hall tomorrow. We wished to ascertain by actual count the number of sprinklers in use.

City Attorney Haas has decided that redemption from tax sale can be made at any time before the city has sold the property to a third party.

Jacob Guckert was sentenced to thirty days in the County Jail yesterday for maintaining a nuisance at his home.

Considerable friction has arisen over the appointment of a guardian for the children of the Thorp parents who are doing time in the City Jail for a horrible sort of vagrancy. The guardianship matter was continued by Judge York yesterday until October 5.

Supreme Court of California will hold its October session in Los Angeles, beginning October 1.

Judge Morgan decided the Wilms case against the complaining husband and ordered him to pay the costs.

AT THE CITY HALL— VACCINATOR'S FIELD DAY.

Procession of School Children Through the Health Office. Other Departments Dull.

Yesterday was a dull day at the City Hall. Nearly every Saturday is dull. None of the Commissions meet on that day, and there is seldom a rush in the departments. There was one exception to the general rule yesterday. That was in the Health Office.

Any one might have thought that Dr. Powers had started a kindergarten. Three little boys in knickerbockers with little military uniforms and breeches and barefoot boys. But the boys didn't have it all their own way. There was plenty of was femininity in the office and the corridor. Pretty little girls with the daintiness of dresses and a wealth of curling and others whose bright, fresh faces more sharply contrasted with a meager garb.

Some had tears stains on their faces, and pain wrinkles. Many were badly frightened. They were taking a bit of pleasure in the pain of living by the same route. Over through little Dr. Powers and his assistant went they. The school authorities decided that children shall have a certificate of vaccination before they can be admitted. The schools have just begun to open, and the circumstances he is disposed to have nothing more to do with them.

One little girl, as pale as the nose of spider, was frightened almost to death. She was dressed in the whitest of white dresses, with a blue sash around her waist, and came up to the entrance the little one behind, trembling she knew not what. Then came a cloudburst of tutti frutti. "He was hurt by honey," was the maternal advice. "Don't cry."

Not the faintest sound of controversy by ringing up the little glockenspiel and marching up the stairs. The bystanders felt sorry.

An all-pervading quiet pervaded the office on the first floor. Clerks were busy in the Clerk's department making out rebate demands for personal property taxes, but you had to look carefully to find them. In the private office Toll of the Fifth Ward, the only member of the Finance Committee sat by himself. According to precedent, the other members of the committee were absent. President Hill was the only other member present.

In the Tax Auditor's office "Billy" White (most every one calls him "Billy") was meditating on the wealth of golden sensations that would soon flow across his counter into the city treasury from the collection of the San Francisco Commission all by himself. According to precedent, the other two were discussing how lovely it was to be the only candidate for renomination.

The City Auditor was figuring out the way to get the people who were to supply the city out of the way in how many months to expect pay from the cash fund, now far behind.

City Attorney Haas looked perplexed. He was always busy, but just now seemed to be in a state of mindless indecision, among them the legal status of the Board of Freeholders. Several pensive tomes of legal lore failed to furnish a solution yesterday.

Street Superintendent Drain was thinking over the details of a tin-can parade that he had arranged for himself and which is more fully noticed elsewhere in these columns. City Engineer Guckert was up to his chin in "No Man's Land" up the river. When the engineer is not to be found he is invariably "up the river."

Water measurements, salvage water and such things as these are to be the attraction.

Mayor Eaton was in a reminiscent frame of mind. Only a little more than three months remain of his term, and he was reflecting on the many changes that have occurred since he took office. Perhaps he was preparing himself for that last day, when he will be master of his fate. Who knows? He was reading the War Cry.

When you ruminate at the City Hall you invariably end by talking politics. What the Republicans need just now is the same old story. "I'm a man to lead the municipal ticket who can save the vote of the great body of business men in the community." An attempt to make the line up the hill, already this fall in the city campaign on the Honor question. It is very well known that the man who will be named by the Democratic party will have the support of the great body of business men. The number of Republicans who can be thought that because that is the case a raid anti-saloon man must be put up on the opposing ticket. That is a great mistake.

"A perfectly fair, upright man, whose personality will dignify the office should be the party selection, and who will command the respect of the public, which is after all the deciding factor in the coming campaign. Such a man would be perfectly fair to all parties. He would be able to drive the extreme voter to the other candidate and thus insure Democratic success."

"DUST LAYERS" PARADE.

JOHN DRAKE WILL REVIEW IT.

There will be a parade tomorrow. It is safe to say the city has never seen such like. Ringing Bells, claims to the "greatest show on earth" will vanish

like a waking dream. It will occur promptly at noon, and will doubtless attract a large attendance.

The reviewing stand will be at the City Hall, and the "reviewer-in-chief," Street Superintendent Drain. He will be ably assisted by the Mayor and members of the Council.

His petition was to have been heard

yesterday, but when the matter was called by Judge York, sitting for

the trial, he said:

"Mr. Bradley, the deaconess had

just received a telegram from Thorp's

sister in Seattle, Wash., a Mrs. En-

sign, who is the herself to be ap-

pointed guardian of the children, in-

stead of Officer Craig.

Continuation was granted to investi-

gate Mrs. Ensign's qualifications and

claims to be a lady of means, and

ability, and to have offered to pay the

children's transportation to her home.

If she can have them.

OFFICER PUT OUT.

Meantime Officer Craig is greatly put out. He feels that Mrs. Bradley inter-

fered in his plans for the children; de-

prived them of their homes and discon-

tinued the best prospects for the fu-

ture. He says that Bradley has been

to visit the vagrant Thorps in jail,

and that she has come to believe

that they are persecuted. Their story

is that they are innocent, but have

made the heads of the Council's appointees.

Officer Craig petitioned to be allowed to

exhibit his records to the court, but

the Street Superintendent was ob-

ligated to do so.

In New York they have a parade of

the entire street department once each

year. Superintendent Drain thinks he

may gain some valuable points from

the show tomorrow.

TEMPEST STILLED.

THE COUNCIL MAY BUY HAY.

If the statements of interested parties are to be believed, the tempest that has been brewing in the fire department over the award of the hay contract by the Council has been stilled.

It is asserted by some members of the commission that they were nothing better than squatters in the department.

Officer Craig yesterday, however, disclosed that they were placed at the disposal of the Council, and that if things went wrong, were blamed thereto, while the Council insisted on transacting all business of any importance.

Similar statements have been made from time to time by every member that the Fire Commission has had for the last two years, but more import- antly by those who are the reformists.

They are to the fact that the 50 tons of hay were in question. Some of the commissioners asserted that samples of hay were to be taken, and the Council

had no right to award the contract without anybody's suspecting their horribleness.

DRACONESS DISCLAIMS IT.

Mrs. Bradley, however, disclosed any such motives, and avers that her action is at the suggestion of outside friends who have the children's best interests at heart. If Mrs. Ensign is a fit and proper person to care for the children and is able to do so, and wants them, Mrs. Bradley feels that she should have them. This is her opinion.

Curtis D. Wilbur, Esq., represented her in asking the court for a continuance.

Harry J. Moore, Esq., was counsel for the Humane Officer, who has been a member of the Council since 1895, and the corporation yard were unfit to be fed to the animals, he recommended another hay scandal. The Commissioners replied that the commission had fully requested them to withdraw.

CHILDREN WITH SISTER.

As a result of yesterday's develop-

ment, the three smaller minors ac-

companied their older sister, Esther, to

the place where she is living on Jack-

son street. Her home is to be with

her mother, Mrs. Thorp, in the office

and the corridor. Pretty little

girls with the daintiness of dresses

and a wealth of curling and others whose

bright, fresh faces more sharply con-

trasted with a meager garb.

Some had tears stains on their faces,

and pain wrinkles. Many were badly

frightened. They were taking a bit of

pleasure in the pain of living by the

same route. Over through little Dr. Powers and his assistant went they.

The school authorities decided that

children shall have a certificate of

vaccination before they can be ad-

mitted. The schools have just begun

to open, and the circumstances he is dis-

posed to have nothing more to do with them.

ONE CHILD DIES.

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BEHIND THE CURTAIN—V.

[SCENE—Uncle Sam's Parlor. Dramatis personae: Uncle Sam, Freedom, Gold Democrat, Merchant, Laborer, and others.]

Uncle Sam: Freedom, come hither; sit with me awhile, And let us talk together, in this still, Twilight hour, of our loved children's future, Of all of their present needs, and the dread Dangers that now do threaten my honor And thy very life. Sweet Freedom, as well As that of our dear children, who in their arms Have sheltered, and whom thou didst endow on Thy breast while they drew from it the pure milk Of blessed liberty, till they grew strong And full of noble promise, our pride and joy.

Freedom: Well doth thou speak, beloved. Thou knowest What the future of our children, and the Grand deeds, wrought in their earlier years by Our first-born son, Democracy. He was A leader amid men and valiant was He ever for the right, and he did hold All men as sovereign citizens, each Grandier than crowned kings, with their divinest Heritage—the untrammeled right to life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

And he did stand with the might of Their father's honor on their shoulders, with Their great deeds shining with luster like the Stars in the blue heavens above our heads, Were worthy of his name and of our own. But I know not this soulless bastard who His honored name hath stolen, and in the Liveries of free silver, and with loud-mouthed Barking of anti-imperialism,

Doth he stand?—I know not. Though traitor unto honor and led by Bryan as his subtle mouthpiece, seeks to Impose himself upon the people as Mine son, Democracy, he who was loved By Jefferson, and the noble sons who Cheered our earlier years. He hath not one Thought in common with them, one impulse they, Great, loyal sons, lovers of country, and Of true freedom, who would father.

Uncle Sam: Dear Freedom, thus spakest truly. This false Bastard, and his ill-begotten progeny. And the mad rabble who do follow him, Are not the children of Democracy, they Are no kin to the proud giants cradled By thee, in the glad morning of your young Wedded life. Thou didst never nurture them, But they were bred by aliens, and today They are a dire curse to us, and the Vile wine brewed from the notorious words of false Issues, which would poison Liberty, and Which doth make those who drink it blind unto Their country's needs. I could weep tears of blood To see our son, Democracy, thus Crippled by these alien hordes who have dared To strip his name, and hound him with their false Principles, and dishonorable purposes.

Trust that you he may rescue us from the vile Trap they've set to snare him, that yet among His sons may be names glorious as those Of Washington, and of our most honored And dying Jefferson. Oh, when Democracy did walk with such as they How grand the lustre of his name, how proud Of it were we, over Freedom, and of his deeds.

Freedom: O well I mind me of that glorious Past of Democracy's young manhood. A Tower of strength was he, a giant clad In the impenetrable armor of

The right, and with his strong right arm he did Smite Tyranny unto the death, and wound Oppression till its armes fled from these Fair shores and left this new world free. Oh, my Heart is in the bones again to see our son's Proud name disdained thus by those who it Have stolen and disgraced its grandeur in the Dust of shame. And some are snared by it, they Are so blinded that they deem 'tis our dear Son Democracy, with patriot soul,

Who bids them on along these byways of Distrust, where Anarchy doth walk and foul Disease catch her nursing brood within The most of their bones. Oh, when We're not for our dear younger son, our Brave Republican, whose soul is true to All the grand traditions of our past;

The grim giant of Despair would seize me. It was the storm hour of our history When he was born. Danger stood armed against Us and with drawn sword threatened thy life And mine. But mad you not how like a young Eagle he rose to meet the fiery Banner, and fearless, marched on until the Dawn of peace. How noble his sons: Lincoln, The just, wearing the crown of martyrdom; And Grant, the immortal hero whose fame Shall ever shine with luster bright as that Of Washington's; and not least of all the Proud names that I love among his children Is the unshamed name of his grand Standard-bearer, McKinley, stainless and Christian hero. He hath already led Us into the ever-broadening highway Of prosperity, and he will guide us Safely still out from the bogs of this dread Bryanic madness, which like an epidemic Hath seized upon the so-called children of Democracy; the ill-begotten hordes Who have no right to bear his honored name.

Gold Democrat: Fear not, dear Freedom, for we do love thee Still, and cast aside with scorn the platform So ill-conceived and filled with dangerous Fallacies which was brought forth, a still-born Nursing, at Kansas City. No blood of True Democracy e'er coursed within its Veins, and no true Democrat will fatter it. We love our country, and so the year we'll Vot for McKinley, for he is the man And the honor of our flag, the flag that Thou dost love and thy true sons reverence.

Merchant: Twill take but a moment—let's weigh these the Chosen candidates of the people in My scales. McKinley and prosperity, The open mills, and well-fed Industry, And the nation's honor well maintained. Then Bryan giving birth to political chancery, and Ill paid to the Labor standing with idle Hands because it hath no work to do, and Want with cruel whiplash scourging it. How Like you these measures in my scales and which Will we cast votes for in November?

Laborer: The picture is a true one, for I mind Me well how like a dredged paralysis That you did settle on us. When four years ago we thought that Bryan, Through the mad blindness of the free-silver Cratz, might be lifted to th' Presidency. We thinking laborers knew that free silver Would not fill our pockets unless we worked For it and we knew that work would not be' Plenty, and that we should go hungry with A doleful face, but not its face. Plenty Would hasten to flee from us, while cruel Wealth did snare us.

Banker: The only way to make this danger flee Is to vote for McKinley, and to bury Bryanism beneath an Avalanche of ballots at the polls.

Uncle Sam: My children will be true to Freedom and To me. I feel the pulse-beat of their grand Loyalty, and nobly stand from sea to sea.

Freedoman: My son, Democracy mine elder, and Republican, my latest born, are both hand Loyal to me, and they will clasp hands to Save me from the awful gulf Bryan Doth dig for Freedom. It's not the people's Candidate, but the servile candidate Of wild unrest of discontent and danger.

All: O Freedom, we do love thee, and thy banner o'er shall wave Above a land of freedom that knows not serv or slave, And McKinley has chosen our standard bearer he, The honest son of Democracy, he leads from sea to sea.

How to Make Her Obey.

[Chicago Post:] "At the altar," said the reverend Benedict, "woman promises to obey." The woman promised.

"She does," admitted the elderly benedict.

"But she doesn't keep that promise," was on the young man.

"Oh, well," returned the other, "that depends largely on how you treat her."

It is almost always possible to command obedience."

"How?"

"Why, I have found that the easiest way is to find out what she has firmly

determined to do, and then tell her to do it. Thus it is possible for a man to retain his dignity and self-respect."

Even the Explosions Failed.

[Philadelphia Press:] "A terrific explosion blew up a building and started a fire which burned down the remainder of the plant."

"But she doesn't keep that promise," was on the young man.

"Oh, well," returned the other, "that depends largely on how you treat her."

It is almost always possible to command obedience."

"How?"

"Why, I have found that the easiest way is to find out what she has firmly



curb and shed many and bitter tears. It is the old copper bell which the Union washed sand over and covered with an ancient canvas-covered cart. When you hear its sad notes wailing a dirge up and down Broadway and Spring, you will know that there is to be a convocation of the unhappy ants at some funeral. Wailing Stone.

It is to a manly heart to be brave, dear people, be brave, and do not let the calamitous knell drive you to suicide. Get drunk if you feel that something must be done, but spare your life; the hereafter may possibly hold tortures even worse than the Democratic call to arms.

Ding dong bell! Billy's in the well—

THE EAGLE.

RIPPLES OF MIRTH.

[Brooklyn Life:] "How do you suppose she manages to have the reputation of being so good-natured?"

"Easy enough. She never cultivates any opinions of her own."

[Baltimore American:] "Now," said the grand visier to the new poet laureate in the court of Abdul Hamed, "I wish to caution you against the unhappy life you will lead of doubtful success. Your predecessor was hawstrung because he dashed off a little gem entitled, 'Ode to America.'

[Chicago Record:] "Annie Nibbins is the most popular girl in the city."

"What variety is that?"

"She's the kind that doesn't tell anything herself, but gets you to tell all you know."

[Washington Star:] "This company," said the impresario in despair, "reminds me of the concert of Europe."

"In what way?"

"Every individual member of it wants to be the principal soloist."

[Chicago Post:] "Can you prove all the things you say in your campaign arguments?" asked the conservative voter.

"That's not the point at all," answered the practical politician. "The only question we are concerned with is whether the other people can prove them."

[Washington Star:] "Don't you get tired," said the talkative customer, standing there hour by hour ironing the stiff, bone-set shirt after the other?"

"I'm not," answered the Chinese laundryman. "It rains me to think I don't have to wear them."

[Pittsburgh Chronicle:] "I saw by the newspaper regarding the Obermann Boarder," said the Queen of May. "England has ordered that the period of mourning for her deceased husband shall be postponed until after the harvest has been gathered."

"Her motto, evidently in, 'Business before pleasure,'" added the Cross-eyed Boarder.

Porkopolis Politeness.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] Billy Granger was going home on a Walnut Hills car the other day, and trying to dig his way through the crowd, he ran into the lines of a rather seedy-looking individual, with a breath that betokened a recent contact with a lunch counter where onions are used as breath killers. The fellow, "Grubbs," is reportedly as terrible as the horrible war news from China in Mr. Granger's paper, and Billy noticed the proceeding out of the corners of his eyes. Spreading the paper, he fully exposed his cap, his collar, his oblique. Billy held it in the position and gazed at what would be Gilbert avenue scenery were it not for the solid line of twelve-foot billboards. In a few minutes he saw by the dim light again the seedy-looking neighbor who was still intently devouring the news from China. Turning and looking squarely at him, Billy said, with his blankest smile: "Have you finished this page, sir? If so, we'll turn to the sporting page."

"I'm not," replied the seedy-looking neighbor. "I've just got six lines more, pardner."

And Billy kept right on holding the paper.

Journalism in France.

[London Correspondence Philadelphia Public Ledger:] The worst newspapers in France are the most read. The Sunday edition of the Petit Journal, for example, is read by a million of French people. It foams with Anglophobia, but it is not read by the majority for its news, but for the romantic story that runs through its columns. The clients of the Petit Journal are the middle class, who are easily stirred by the narrative of love, fidelity and adventure that meanders through its pages from the 1st of January to the last of December.

So here's an one bird that spreads abroad his wings in the glorious air of loyal California and turns loose a scream for Hobson. May he have a joyful home-coming. May he never regret the time spent in his country's service. And may no better-half ever sit beside him. And when he sees any one or more of the ten thousand girls who kissed him godspeed and waited him over to the Philippines with signs of patriotic wifeliness! Hob's grinnin' at you, Hob!

So it's height for the yell of the hurtling shell, and it's ho! for the clash of steel.

For the battle's crash and the cannon's flash where the scorched battalions reel:

And it's hip! for the chance to wear stripes on our pants and hurrash for another war;

For we're sure to get kissed if we'll only enlist; so here's to the brave god Thor!

Man, 'tis an awful sight that the Eagle has looked down upon a few days past: You don't know what the sky is till you've seen through the horrors of a Democratic convention. But the crisis has passed, bless gracious! and this bird is able once more to look upon the City of the Angels with equanimity. Likewise, the fire company is taking a much-needed rest and the dead weight of the convention hall; but the aroma of a thousand and cigars still lingers in the air and the Eagle flaps his wings to clear away the haze that obscures the vision like a London fog.

But why are there no fatalities? Was it because Democracy's "honesty" is a lie? Was it avarice and "greediness" as Budyard would say? Or was the peculiar brand of uncorked inspiration too enervating? Something was surely wrong; for the air that during most Democratic powwows becomes hazy with table legs and cuspids, was perfectly clear and sweet, and the curtains of the convention hall; but the aroma of a thousand and cigars still lingers in the air and the Eagle flaps his wings to clear away the haze that obscures the vision like a London fog.

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It's Different With Widows.

[Harper's Weekly:] No panniers of the revolutionary war survive. The last one died in 1860, at the age of 100, but last year there were, and doubtless still are, four revolutionary widows on the pension rolls, none of them older than 88. Fourty-five widows are the little of the lapse of centuries. Judging by precedent it is not improbable that 150 years from now there will still be four widows on the pension rolls on account of the services of their husbands in our late war with Spain.

You have heard something lately that reminded you of a story, one wandering through the bassi brush of your Hoosier home a long, long time ago? Did it go sobbing down the street in a sort of aimless, aberrated, don't-know-where-I'm-at fashion that brought back your feeling of helpless despair? The first time you take a look at it, you will see a girl home and she refuses? Of course you've heard it! The Eagle has heard it, too; and at every repetition of its doleful clangor, this bird has felt the desire to send around a meal ticket and a fervent supplication to "move on."

That melancholy "ding-dong, ding-dong" sounds exactly like the echo of the Democratic war cry as pealed forth by the champion pealer, Mr. Bryan. One can almost hear it viewing警报!

"Great mackrel!" exclaimed the latter, "just think how I would look out!"

He Was Modest.

[Chicago Post:] "You can't wear that shirt waist in here," said the head waiter to the "new" man.

"Great mackrel!" exclaimed the latter, "just think how I would look out!"

"No, burned to a crisp. They couldn't

waken him."

FOR QUEEN OF VENTURA STREET FAIR.



MISS LEWANNE WOODRUFF.

She is one of Huene's fairest daughters, and one of the leading candidates in the lively contest for the place of honor as Queen of the Ventura Street Fair. The contest will close tomorrow evening.

VENTURA'S LADY MINSTRELS.



MISS LEWANNE WOODRUFF.

She is one of Huene's fairest daughters, and one of the leading candidates in the lively contest for the place of honor as Queen of the Ventura Street Fair. The contest will close tomorrow evening.

SENT FREE TO MEN.

A Most Remarkable Remedy Quickly Restores Lost Vision to Men.

A Free Trial Package Sent to All Who Write.

Free trial postage of a new remedy is being mailed to the State Medical Institute, so many who had failed for so long to find a cure for their eyes are now recovering their sight.

The remedy has a peculiarity of warmth and seems to do its work without any effort.

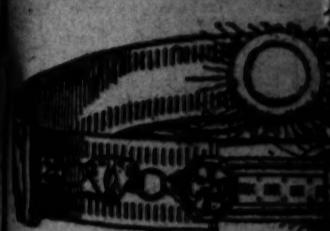
It is most effective when applied just where it is needed.

It is a sure and safe remedy.



W. W. SWEET
LADY ATTENDANT.

When a Man



DR. McLAUGHLIN
Pay When Cured.
This is my offer to all who suffer from nervous debility, various forms of rheumatism, consumption and other maladies resulting from overwork, overstrain, or want of exercise. Any man or woman in health or pain can be cured by my McLaughlin's, and need not pay until cured.

DR. M. A. M
124 West Second Street.

Couch

to securing a class of goods themselves as strictly and important requirement. For way, you can select to suit to use only those desirable for finally, we guarantee every shape couch, corduroy cover

ALLEN'S

Hotel

"1847 Rogers' Silverplate

Russell, Headland and

Table Knives in hard rubber, bone, cutlery, meat cleavers,

STEINEN-KIRCHNER CO.,

120 NORTH MAIN STREET.

Car

the Hum

Without

Volumes have been written on the cleanliness is the principal object to be heater, by utilizing the sun's rays, for the bath without fuel.

The Climax Solar War

The Ebell \$3.50

Shoes for women. Fall styles.

We hear such remarks as these about Ebell shoes: "The first pair of shoes I have worn which I did not find comfortable at first." "The Ebells I bought of you last spring are the first shoes which have ever fitted me over the instep." "Soriano's shoes always pinched my toes, but the Ebells are comfortable." "Ebell shoes seem to last longer because I do not run over the heels." "I like Ebell shoes because I can choose from so many styles." "The leather in the Ebell shoes I have is so soft and comfortable." "I can't tell you how glad I am to have a stylish shoe which at the same time is comfortable." Thousands of Los Angeles women are wearing the Ebell shoes. One secret of their success lies in the fact that there are so many styles, shapes and finishes all at one price. There is a shape for every foot..... \$3.50

Special Ribbons 1131 pieces of silk ribbon were closed out to us at a bargain, 3 1/4 to 4 3/4 inches wide. Some are plain taftas, others are moire taftas. The quality is handsome. Among 3 shades of brown, 2 shades of green, 3 shades of purple, heliotrope, beige, carnation, cardinal and 2 shades of gray. The ribbons sell regularly at 30c, 35c and 40c a yard; on sale 19c Monday at.....

A. Hamburger & Sons

SAFEST PLACE TO TRADE

MANUFACTURER'S SILK SALE

5000 pieces of silk from the Hamil & Booth Co.'s factory.

The silk weavers of America are second to none in the world. American silks now stand foremost in American markets. French silks. Among American manufacturers the Hamil & Booth Co. of Paterson, New Jersey, rank foremost. But even they miscalculate their output at times. Such a miscalculation was the cause of this sale. Our buyer secured 5000 pieces of the goods Hamil & Booth Co. were obliged to sell to preserve their credit. Of course, these silks are cheap. They are bargains. They are values. Among them are staples and fancies of the season's most desirable styles. The colors are correct and the qualities superb. There won't be another chance like this for another twelve months. Standard silks at bargain prices.

50c Moire silks for 25c.

There are 2000 yards of this moire silk and every fall shade is included among them. New grays, old rose, castor, new green, red, dahlia, purple, etc. also black. These goods are not all silk but they are desirable for waists, linings, petticoats, etc. You will find them on the bargain counter while they last at 25c a yard. No samples cut.

600 yards of black tafta silk, pure silk and rich black, 10 inches wide, the quality fine.....	50c
200 yards of black satin, with open stripes, 10 inches wide, the quality good.....	69c
Handsome black silk, in the new crochet stripes and corded brooch stripes; firm, handsome, well made, the quality regular, \$1.25 per yard.....	\$1.00

Monday at.....

\$1.00 Fancy silks for 69c.

Yes, and some of the goods are worth \$1.25 a yard, but to be safe we say \$1.00. There are 1500 yards of fancy silks in pretty stripes and plaids. Also plisse striped silks in solid colors. You will find these silks suitable for waists, gowns, trimmings, petticoats and every other purpose for which silk is used. An unequalled assortment at 69c a yard.

1000 yards of black crepe de Chine of the most elegant quality we have ever seen. As soft as silk and a \$1.50 quality.....	89c
Black crepe de Chine, a very elegant silk for collars and petticoats; beautiful black, etc.	89c
500 yards of excellent black tafta silk of extra heavy quality; it is in 30 in. bands, the quality good, \$1.25 per yard. On sale at.....	\$1.00

Monday at.....

\$2.50 Fancy silks for 95c.

3000 yards, worth up to \$2.50. The assortment includes plaids, two tone stripes, illuminated plaids, satin plaids, printed warp stripes, printed warp Dresden silks with satin stripes, Persian silks, hemstitched plisse stripes, plain taffetas with embroidered stripes, etc. A few pieces are worth no more than \$1.50; choose from the entire line for 95c.

35 pieces of regular \$2.00 multi-colored 8x12 inch satins, in panel shades; designed especially for evening wear; 27 yards each, the quality fine.....	79c
Another grade of black silk Crepe de Chine which sells regularly at \$2.00 a yard. On sale at.....	\$1.25
Black satin Duchesse of a regular \$2.00 quality. Handsome finish and excellent quality.....	89c
Handsome crepe de Lourdes. 500 yards of this elegant fabric, composed with wavy white stripes, the quality good, \$1.25 per yard. On sale at.....	\$2.00

Monday at.....

Richly made costumes.

Every late novelty can be found in our suit department. They are coming by express. Every day sees new elegance added to our assortment. For those who can afford exclusive and expensive dresses, we have a very choice collection priced between \$50.00 and \$125.00. For those who want durable suits and at the same time stylish suits between \$10.00 and \$25.00, we have an unequalled assortment. Suits which are made right in every particular and the cloths are good.

At \$20.00 we are selling some excellent black and navy blue pebble cheviot suits which have tight fitting jackets lined with taffeta silk and the new flared skirts.

At \$22.50 there are some handsome vestes made of Venetian cloth in tan, navy and black.

At \$35.00 there are some elegant blouse and tight fitting suits, entirely lined with silk.

Dress skirts of all kinds.

There is a smartness about our dress skirts which is only equalled by the best and most expensive ladies' tailors. There is a quality about the cloths which have yet to be equalled. Our line is so immense that detailed description is out of the question. It includes everything that woman kind desire. Beautiful silks and proper golf skirts and every style and quality between.

New taffeta and pearl lace skirt with gray charme. Proper length for 1000 yards. All sizes.....	\$15.00
United cloth skirts made of handsome all wool crepe, lined with mottled double faced gold quality. At.....	\$12.50

Pedestrian skirts made of handsome Oxford patterns, in various colors.....	\$15.00
Excellent golf skirts made of mixed and mottled double faced gold quality. At.....	\$4.69

Selling at.....

Our \$10.00 jackets.

The best jacket in the world for \$10.00. Look at it and see if we are not correct. Made of splendid all-wool whipcord in six-button reefer style and lined throughout with Skinner satin. Only 28 of them to be had. While they last at \$10.00.

Flannel waists at \$5.00.

These are made of genuine French crepe flannel into which the colored stripes are woven. Not heavy or bungling but fine, soft and pretty. French sleeves and plenty of tucks. Beautiful garments for \$5.00.

Drapery nets 25c

Monday we offer a special lot of drapery in regular large curtain patterns at 25c a yard. These goods come in a variety of widths and in qualities worth up to \$6.00 a yard. Either white or cream. The patterns are all desirable for assak or full length curtains. There are about twenty patterns to select from. These are the same goods you saw here last week at 35c and 50c a yard, and the qualities are durable, washable and handsome. Choose from them Monday at 25c a yard.

Japanese matting at 25c.

For those who want a good quality of matting we offer an excellent bargain at 25c a yard. Linen warp Japanese goods in assorted patterns. An immense lot of them will be placed on sale tomorrow morning. Goods that usually retail at 35c a yard. They will last longer than the ordinary kind to be much cheaper in the end. On sale at 25c a yard.

Plaitings are in vogue.

The demand for plaitings is greater than ever. The wide widths are particularly favored for skirt trimmings. The medium widths are used for jabots and waist trimmings. The narrow widths are used for edging yokes and making designs on skirts. You may rely upon the authenticity of the styles we show because our buyer has been in New York for the purpose of studying the styles and buying correct trimmings. Among the plaitings show you will

Wider shirred trimmings in one-half, one and one-half, two and two inch widths.....	10c
Medium widths of plaitings have shirring at the top and bottom, some are striped and some are finished with Van Dyke points. One kind is finished with lace insertion; prices range from \$1.00 to 25c down to.....	\$1.00

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writing that it is bad form to wear kid gloves in warm weather, and never have forgotten it entirely when they go to their wives.

The La Mazzini kid gloves are too well known to need any recommendation. No one knows that they are made of genuine French kid skin. New autumn colorings have arrived and the showing is simply superb. The most beautiful tint we have ever seen is skin and the embroidery is entirely new. If you want to what a handsome glove like, judge from these. They are always.... \$1.50

ALUMINUM TRUSSES

I have ready-made trusses for those who want them at half what others ask. However, don't imagine you ever had, or ever will have, a fit in a hand-made truss. The idea is absurd. To obtain a correct fit the truss must be made to suit each case—there is no other way. I know it by reason of 15 years' experience in fitting. This fact has also dawned on some 2000 rupture sufferers in this city and vicinity, whose names are on my records. Any one of them will admit he never knew what a fit was before. I make a truss to suit each case, not because I raise the labor it entails, but because it is necessary to do so in order to get a correct fit, according to my standards. For a moderate sum I take the contract (writing) to retain the hairless perfectly and properly, with comfort to my patient. No fit, no pay. I make these trusses from my alloy of Aluminum. No steel to rust, no elastic webbing, no straps between the limbs, no waste to them. I am the only actual maker in the city. Investigate my references.

NO CURES PROMISED. Just straight, legitimate business and satisfaction or money back.

W. W. SWEENEY, 213 West Fourth St.

Fancy Hosiery An immense choice of fancy hose to suit all styles. The swellest styles we have shown. Lace stripes, fancy dots, figured patterns, lace stripes, etc., in all the prettiest colorings. Stockings among them which sell now at \$1 and some which are worth only 75c. Cheap from the entire lot at....

Children's French Hosiery stockings with double knees and feet. The best quality of yarn. Stockings are sold regularly at 25c a pair, now a few hundred pairs which are now at 15c a pair, and 5c for 3 pairs for 50c, single price.

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When a Man Begins to Fail

He has never been pummeled into his nerves. He needs a fresh supply of energy, and a new life is just like the steels in an engine; that's what makes him go.

I've found that Electricity will replace the running water in a man's veins. It's good for the heart, and I've concluded that they were right.

It comes when the vitality flags. It comes to some men at thirty, and to others

when they're forty, and it will remain with them.

It's the best way to get around up and have failed men know that your Electricity is electrically strong. His body will pump it into your veins, and it will restore your vigor.

McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT.

Pay When Cured.

Trade Your Old Belt.

If you have tried other Electric Belts that burn holes in your back or give no current at all, I will send you a belt free of charge. This is the only belt that gives a powerful current without burning or blistering.

It is my offer to all who suffer from Back Disability, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Epilepsy, Convulsions, and other ailments resulting from overwork and neglect of the laws of Nature. And it is my offer to all who are not cured by my Electric Belt. It does not pay until cured. If they will

not be cured by my Electric Belt, it will not pay until cured.

DR. M. A. McLAUGHLIN,

129 West Second Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT.

OUR DAILY STORY.

HALF DEVIL; HALF CHILD.

BY OCTAVER THANET.

THE street car was armored against the missiles of the lighter and clumsier brand by heavily-woven strips of wire. The platform had two policemen, the car only three passengers, all men, whose eyes were all over the street and whose heads wagged portentously when, after a slow lurch around a corner, the huge yellow car body gave a sentinel quiver, settled back and stopped.

"For it now!" from one of the passengers expressed the universal feeling. The commercial traveler, a large man who perspired freely, took a precocious reconnaissance and announced that the track was blocked.

"Damm strike!" groaned the stouter of the two policemen; "it'll take half

an hour to get that truck off the track."

"Tain't our business to move it, anyhow," replied his companion. "Let the scabs wrestle with their own job!"

Meanwhile the conductor and motorman were consulting. They did not muster an entire uniform between them, one showing only a blue coat and the other a dark cap, but their haggard faces and the air of habit in their motions revealed that they were not novices in their work. The conductor was a tall man with a big mustache, the motorman was a little

want to use you rough, but you'll make me," extenuated the older man. And the crowd belied defiance and abuse and surged closer to the track.

"Now, look here, kids," said the young man of the passengers. He was a bright-eyed, clean-shaven youngster with white duck trousers, who looked like a college lad. "Say, who'll help the college lad clear the track?"

The big conductor had wiped his face; he turned it, absurdly streaked on the policemen and informed them that they let such a nut go without trying to shoot him. He added his personal opinion in regard to the courage of the force. It was not of a nature to please, hence may have excited the irritation of the policeman.

The motorman had also gone to a place that is to be inferred rather than mentioned.

The little motorman jumped on the ground, instantly followed by the conductor, and in a moment—*voilà!*—to give him time to stow away his book by the reader of Carlyle. The crowd hailed them with a furious yell and a shower of mud stones and stones from a neighboring stable. Nearest the car were the lads in their teens and disheveled women. One of these stood in the roadway, in the forenoon of the mob, with a bunch of cables stuck in the motorman's face. Her frowsy, gray hair, her savage, red face, her waving, bare arms, her unkempt figure in its scanty, homely garb, gave birth to the shout against her. She was curiously quiet: "Kill the scab!" she yelled. The crowd had burst the car body and had hastily pinned her. Directly she smoothed her gray head.

"I got all muzzled up, must git home," she said. "Look here, here she turned, the crowd was watching her, and they were curiously quiet: "Kill the scab!" she yelled. The crowd had burst the car body and had hastily pinned her. Directly she smoothed her gray head.

"I lost a baby once," she said, nodding his head; "my goodness, ain't it bad?"

In her turn she acquiesced. She looked at him, and, for the first time, became aware of the disorder of her toilet. Seeing his torn clothing and the mass of dirt all over him, with a rapid motion she seized the gap in her bodice and hastily pinned it. The woman who had seized the creature's tail, who had seized the creature's tail, had closed again. "He's all right," a woman's voice called back; "good for you."

"And how are you, grandma?" said the motorman, cheerfully.

The woman was rubbing her hands on the sides of her hips. She looked at him and a look of mirth broke over her face. "I didn't know I could hold him," she said. "You're a mighty brave feller."

"I'm not a baby like her to home," she said.

"I had once," she said.

"I lost a baby once," she said, nodding his head; "my goodness, ain't it bad?"

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BUSINESS.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL

OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

Los Angeles, Sept. 22, 1900.
LOCAL CLEARANCES. The ex-
change brought into the local clearing
house last week amounted to \$2,234,
as compared with \$2,254,272.44 in the
preceding week, and \$2,254,461.64 in
the week before that. For the correspond-
ing week in 1899 the figures were \$1,
161,000. The increase is about 31 per
cent.

LOCAL STOCKS AND BONDS. The
Los Angeles Stock and Bond Exchange
local securities are as follows:

LOS ANGELES BANKS.

Description—Big. Asked—

Bank of Commerce..... 120

California 125 130

Commerce and Merchants' 54

First Nat'l 200 200

American National 128 120

First Street Savings 50 50

Bank of California 110 110

First Bank and Trust Co. 56 56

Lombard Savings 75 75

Cal. Savings 100 100

First Trust Co. 50 50

Bank of Savings 105 105

National Nat'l. Pasadena 175 180

Central Val. F. & C. 120

Other 500 paid up, 500.

The value, \$100, all paid up.

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

Fruit Electric Co. 50 60

Fruit & Tissue Co. 22 15

Fruit & Trust Co. pfd. 102 124

BONDS.

Water Co. of Pomona 99

Fruit Electric Co. 100

Fruit Railway Co. 107

Fruit & Tissue Co. 100

Fruit & P. Co. 104

Fruit Light and Power Co. 97

Fruit Water Co. 100

Fruit Electric Co. 101

Fruit Co. 101

Fruit Gas Co. 100

Fruit Rice Railway Co. 100

COMMERCIAL.

DRY GOODS MEN.

At a meeting

on September 12 of the Selling

Committee of the Fall River print-

manufacturers, the price list of

merchandise based on 2% cents for reg-

ular withdrawal. This is owing

to the rise in cotton.

The Southern Association of Hosier

Yarn Spinners has decided on an ad-

dition of 4 to 6 cent on various num-

bers of cotton yarns.

DELIVERIES OF COFFEE. Deliv-

eries of coffee during August were un-

usually light, being much below the

year average for the month.

The delivered amount in the United States was ar-

ound \$4,500,000 bags or less, while

bags as the monthly average

for last year.

WHAT CROP SUMMARY. The

San Fran. Express summarizes the

crop harvest as follows:

GERMAN CUTLERY UP. The bet-

ter class of German scissors and shears

are advanced in price about 10 per

cent. In knife and butter knives

there has been an appreciation

of 4 to 7 per cent. and in the com-

pares of 10 to 25 per cent.

LADIES' PARCEL-ENDED KNIVES, which

are advanced largely.

The increased cost of pearl, the appre-

hension in values is not due to the

increase of raw material; it is prac-

tically due to labor troubles

and prices are expected for some

time to come, so says Bradstreet's.

DRIED FRUITS, NUTS AND RAISINS.

RAISINS—Fancy Clusters, per lb. 125;

London Lays, per box, 100; long 100;

C. & S. 100; wrapped 100; medium 100;

10%; Gibson 100; Orange blossom 100;

10%; dried 100; short 100; 10%; 10%; 10%;

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LINER SHEET.

City News.

XIIth YEAR.

METHODIST VOLLEYS.

Rattling Fire of Enthusiasm in the Conference Yesterday—Liberal Pledges for Educational Work.

they can be gotten

with the prices,

buy.

or the Table.

A 70 cent bleached linen damask; an

A 50 cent white, with 50 cent

A 50 cent cream, all-linen damask;

A weighty piece of linen at

A 50 cent linon, being

A 50 cent damask, especially adapted for

restaurants and boarding houses;

A 50 cent piece of damask, especially

A 50 cent piece of damask, never

had trouble in selling at 60¢.

Crashes.

Here is a good one, crust, pure linen,

bleached, with colored and

white stripes.

A glass toweling, 50 inches wide,

has been selling for 75¢.

A 70 cent bleached linen, 50¢

quality, and a very fine piece of

toweling.

A 50 cent piece of damask, 50¢

linen, and a very fine piece of

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Liners.

FOR SALE—
City Lots and Lands.

THEY WILL STRIKE YOU FAVORABLY:
EITHER OF THESE PROPOSITIONS.

ONE is a large lot, 100x100, in the middle of the oil field, which can sell or exchange with you for a vacant lot in the southwest.

THE OTHER is a 5-acre house, 20x41, lot, graded and sewer, streets, near school, water, electric, sewer, water, etc., \$1,000. It will take part cash, part oil stock, or trade for a small ranch toward Santa Monica Highway, if you like, or any good lot in the southwest.

HAPE INVESTMENTS,
As it is now, \$1,000 down, \$100 a month, rest piece on the street.

A large business corner on Fifth st., suitable for stores and flats; \$1,000 bargain.

10 large lots within walking distance, near and across in city; leave 100x100 of a good street, 100x100, and 100x100, same price; \$100. MCGARVIN & BRONSON, 254 W. Broadway.

FOR SALE—LOT 107, JACK C. CABLE ROAD

TRACTOR SALES, 107 W. JACK C. CABLE ROAD

TRADE-IN LOT 107, JACK C. CABLE ROAD

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Liners.

TO LET-

Rooms.

TO LET—THE REVERE, 22 W. SECOND ST., next to Telephone Side; furnished and unfurnished rooms; central; no car fare; convenient for business, shopping, town visitors; piano, piano-forte, bath, quiet, clean, and strictly first-class; rates reasonable. Call 225 W. Second St.

TO LET—IN NEW MODERN PLAT, large newly furnished sunny rooms, single or double, kitchen privilege of room; convenient to business, shopping, theater, and restaurants; suitable for gentlemen on tour; after hours only. 325 W. Hill St.

TO LET—PERSONS DESIRING EXCUSE will be given to those who will furnish themselves in small private family, are invited to call 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—AT THE JESSEMANE, 22 W. Broadway, furnished rooms, single and double; rates low; all furniture entirely new; piano, piano-forte, bath, etc.; rates reasonable. Call 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—THREE FURNISHED ROOMS for private residence; housekeeping privileges; rates reasonable. Call 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOM, LOWER floor, with grate and all modern improvements. 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—TEN FINEST SUITES OF FURNISHED rooms in the city; gas, heat, telephone; private; 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—PEACEFUL SUNNY FURNISHED rooms for householding; traction car line; rent cheap. 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—NICE FURNISHED ROOMS, single or double, electric light, bath, Apts. 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—MODERATELY FURNISHED room, with bath, telephone, rates reasonable. Call 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—TWO FURNISHED ROOMS for two adults who will furnish breakfast and dinner for two adults. Call after 5 P.M.

TO LET—PRIVATE HOME, LADY, pleasant, newly-furnished from room to suite; for two gentlemen; telephone; 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—FURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING room, will be vacated Sept. 15; \$25 a month; 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—IN S. BROADWAY; modern; housekeeping; rates reasonable. Call 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—ONE UNFURNISHED AND ONE furnished room; housekeeping; private family; 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—FIVE-FLOOR FLAT, COMPLETELY furnished; rates reasonable. 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—SUNNY, FURNISHED ROOMS, housekeeping; rates reasonable. 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—CONNECTING ROOMS, furnished for housekeeping; bath; also 2 rooms for housekeeping; rates reasonable. 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—NICE FURNISHED ROOMS for housekeeping; all outside rooms; private family; 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—TWO SUNNY ROOMS, furnished; private family; telephone; rates reasonable. 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—TO GENTLEMAN AND WIFE, 2 rooms; telephone; rates reasonable. Call 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—NICE CONNECTING ROOMS for housekeeping; bath; also 2 rooms for housekeeping; rates reasonable. 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—HOTEL BALTIMORE, CORNER Seventh and Olive, nicely furnished sunny room with bath; also single rooms. Rates reasonable. Call 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—SUNNY FRONT BAY-WINDOW room, furnished and connecting room with bath; telephone; rates reasonable. 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—NICE ROOM, BATH, FOR housekeeping; rates reasonable. 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—HORSE AND BUGGY OR HORSES and two-seated carriage. 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—FRONT BEDROOM, WITH bath, rates reasonable. Call 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—LARGE PLEASANT ROOM WITH bath, rates reasonable. Call 225 W. Hill St.

TO LET—NICE FURNISHED SUNNY ROOM for housekeeping; rates reasonable. Call 225 W. Hill St.

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